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THE

UNION COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS AND SACRED ODES,

ADDITIONAL TO THE

Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Watts.

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THE

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HYMNS AND SACRED ODES,

ADDITIONAL

TO THE

Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Watts:

ADAPTED TO

THE USE OF THE CHURCH AND THE SOCIAL CIRCLE,
THE FAMILY AND THE CLOSET.

[J. Curtis, comp.]

"Speaking to yourselves, in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs; singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord."

"Teaching and admonishing one another, in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs; singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."

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PREFACE.

CHRISTIAN PSALMODY combines, in the most interesting union, the duties and pleasures of piety and devotion. Its attractions at once captivate the mind, and excite the holiest affections to the Supreme Object of veneration and love. This delightful exercise heightened the devotional enjoyments of the primitive Christians, in circumstances of tranquillity and peace; and in seasons of persecution and distress, it proved their solace, and cheered the gloomiest hour.

In this work of joy and praise, poetry and music appear to have been united in that harmony of interest which had been preserved unbroken from the remotest antiquity.* During the middle ages of the church, their connexion was in a great measure dissolved; and, prose becoming a common associate with music, little encouragement was afforded for the cultivation of sacred poetry.

The period of the Reformation, reviving an attention to metrical psalmody, gave birth to several versions of the Psalms of David, and to many other compositions in rhyme, which were chiefly paraphrases of particular portions of scripture: but this season of poetical effort afforded little fruit of lasting flavor, till the time of the illustrious WATTS, whose

* "Pure composition," says a Musical Professor, "unites music and poetry in indissoluble bonds; and so intimate is their connexion, so equal their value, so indispensable the strictness of their union, that the rules of sense and propriety render them the echo of each other."

NATHAN'S *Essay on the History and Theory of Music.*

mighty spirit, kindling with the inspirations of a happier region, produced those fruits of surpassing genius which still retain their taste and sweetness.

The "Psalms and Hymns" of this truly Christian Poet, notwithstanding the lapse of a century since their first publication, remain unrivalled; and, with even increasing popularity, obtain the common patronage of almost every denomination of professing Christians. This excellent work has created a new impulse in the churches, and led the way to very general and important improvements in the duty of psalmody. No *individual* has yet succeeded so eminently as Dr. Watts, in this department of sacred literature. The varied talents, however, of many distinguished writers have greatly enriched its stores; and from hence materials have been obtained for numerous Supplementary Collections, the respective merits of which must be referred to the public tribunal.

That no one Collection has obtained very general use, may be attributed, in part, to the views by which their publication has been circumscribed: these appear to have been frequently confined to an individual church and congregation of professing Christians, and very rarely to have extended beyond the limits of a particular denomination. It seems, likewise, to have been a principle too commonly assumed, that psalmody is a duty almost exclusively designed for *public* worship, though there appears to be no justifiable reason for dispensing with its *general* obligation, any more than with that of other acts of Christian virtue, which engage the attention, and beautify the deportment of its professors, in the more *private* walks of life.

The "Union Collection of Hymns and Sacred Odes" is published with the view of encouraging the most unlimited practice of this interesting duty; which it is hoped will be promoted by its distinguishing characters of—Union, Variety, and Selection.

Among the various denominations which compose the Christian world, there are none which, from their general agreement in faith and practice, might be expected more readily to patronize the same Collection of hymns in divine worship, than the Baptists and the Independents: but the insertion of a small number of hymns, which distinguish the peculiar views of each party on the ordinance of baptism, has long proved a barrier to their use of the same volume, in addition to that of Dr. Watts; although his "Psalms and Hymns" have obtained their united patronage. Certainly, the attainment of the most desirable object will not justify the least sacrifice of Christian truth, or Christian obligation: but it is not necessary that every requisite for the obedience of faith, or the practice of duty, should be

included in one book. The few hymns on baptism, in harmony with the views of Baptists, and of Pædobaptists, the use of which, is, comparatively, of very infrequent occurrence, may advantageously form, for each community, a separate publication. This mode of accommodation will imply no unworthy concession—no unchristian sacrifice: and, on these principles, such compositions are excluded from this Collection, in the hope of promoting the increased intercourse and fellowship of those Christians, who, in every particular of *moral* obedience, can cordially co-operate; and of advancing the general extension of that UNION among the followers of the Redeemer, which forms so distinguishing and so lovely a feature of the present state of the church.

While the pleasing result of *union* is contemplated, the work is intended to supply suitable VARIETY of matter for the exercise of devotion, and for promoting the heart-felt pleasures of religion in every state of life, and in every frame of spirit. It is compiled with the view of affording an acceptable companion to the Christian—in the season of retirement, in the devotional enjoyments of domestic life, at stated meetings for prayer and praise, and in the more select circle of friendly intercourse, no less than in the public services of the sanctuary.

Many pieces will be found in this Collection, different in character from the usual materials of a hymn-book; but all, it is hoped, will be found to harmonize with the principles and practice of the sincere professors of Christianity. While immediate addresses to the great Object of worship, and especially hymns of praise, have the first place in their estimation, to them, "whatsoever things are lovely,"—combined with the charms of poetry and music, appear in their loveliest form, and obtain an influence over the conduct and the heart, proportioned to their lively impressions and their lasting recollections. Hence, the Apostle enjoins the duty of *teaching and admonishing one another*, and of *speaking to ourselves*, in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs: and the amplitude of subject, and the variety of address, comprehended in the sublime lays of the sweet singer of Israel, and of other holy men, recorded in the sacred volume, furnish a divinely inspired precedent for our imitation.

The claims of *variety*, however, have not been permitted to rival the superior claims of SELECTION. It is remarked, by a writer in the Eclectic Review, that, "either poetry is growing more religious, or religion more poetical." * The professors of religion, and the admirers of poetry are certainly becoming increasingly amicable: the claims of the one, and the

* October, 1825.

fascinations of the other, are more reciprocally and more justly estimated; and the time seems fast approaching, when the charms of religion and the attractions of science shall be united in one grand interest, and all will be bright and beautiful.

Had the majestic mind of Johnson been familiar with the sublime discoveries and the transcendant excellencies of the Christian revelation, he would never have conceived the idea, that *contemplative piety could not be poetical.* Religion first kindled the fire of poetic genius, and recorded its sublimest strains in the volume of inspiration; and though her splendors have been obscured, by writers more distinguished for the fervor of their piety than for the correctness of their taste, her native loveliness and her unrivalled beauty are undiminished. To present the great realities and the inestimable blessings of religion, in connexion with the refinements of cultivated taste, is a leading object in this Selection; which, as a whole, it is hoped, may in some measure be proportioned to the present advanced state of sacred literature. In attempting to bring into one view the *beauties* of the best Composers, good pieces on subjects generally useful have been increased, in preference to multiplying others, on special occasions, of inferior worth. Evangelical sentiment combined with the charms of poetry, and ardor of devotional feeling with becoming dignity of expression, have been regarded as the chief requisites in their composition.

By the general accompaniment of the names of authors, and of publications, it will be seen that the materials have been drawn from numerous and diversified sources, without regard to sect or party. In selecting those materials it would have afforded peculiar pleasure to have preserved the writings of every author entire, in their original form; but the impossibility of a rigid adherence to this course, consistently with unity of design, in gleaning from so wide a field, must be obvious to all who are conversant with such an undertaking. The *religious* sentiments expressed in every composition have been treated as sacred; and the very rare occurrence of an alteration, or addition, interfering with these, is distinguished from the original by inverted commas: occasional minor deviations are seldom noticed. A few of these, which, at first sight, might not appear to be justified by poetical taste, have been found necessary from principles of grammatical accuracy, or the more imperious claims of truth. In one or two instances, a slight alteration has been made for the purpose of rendering a composition more generally useful. This is the case with No. 21, which originated in a thought on the sea-shore—"Beyond—beyond *that* boundless sea." Its original appropriation gives it peculiar interest; but it is

thought too beautiful to be restricted to a circumstance, which few, comparatively, may have the privilege to enjoy.

A tribute of grateful remembrance is due to the many kind friends who have encouraged the undertaking; and especially to J. Montgomery, Esq. for his liberality in forwarding its objects, notwithstanding his interest in a similar publication. The selection of many valuable compositions, from other interesting writers, has incurred great obligation to their respective authors, among whom, J. Bowring, Esq. has a distinguished claim to particular acknowledgment.

In sending the little volume into the world, which has proved no inconsiderable cost of time and thought, the Compiler has not the insincerity to avow his indifference to its reception, by an impartial and discerning public. Far, however, from being himself insensible to its imperfections, he feels that it would be no less vain than fruitless, to anticipate from others, less interested, expressions of unmingled approbation: whatever be its destiny, if the Great Head of the church smile on the humble effort, and make it instrumental in the promotion of his glory, it will obtain its highest, and its happiest end.

J. CURTIS.

Bristol, May, 1827.

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THE UNION COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS AND SACRED ODES.

GOD.

The Divine Being, Perfections, and Characters.

1. L. M. STEELE.

The Divine Being manifested in the Works of Creation.

Ps. xiv. 1. xix. 1—6. liii. 1. Rom. i. 20.

THERE is a God, all nature speaks,
Thro' earth and air and seas and skies
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
As the first beams of morning rise.

2

The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3

Diffusing life, his influence spreads,
And health and plenty smile around;
And fruitful fields and verdant meads
Are with a thousand blessings crown'd.

4

Almighty goodness, pow'r divine,
The fields and verdant meads display;
And bless the Hand which made them shine
With various charms, profusely gay.

5

For man and beast, here, daily food,
In wide, diffusive plenty grows;
And there, for drink, the crystal flood,
In streams meand'ring, gently flows.

6

By cooling streams and soft'ning show'rs
The vegetable race are fed;
And trees and plants and herbs and flow'rs
Their Maker's bounty, smiling, spread.

7

Their flow'ry tribes, all blooming, rise
Above the weak attempts of art:
Their bright, inimitable dyes
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.

8

Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of THE GOD,
And bow before him, and adore.

2. D. L. M. A. MARVEL.

The Heavens declare the Being and Glory of God.

Ps. xix. 1—6. Rom. i. 20.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their Great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display;
And publishes to ev'ry land,
The work of an Almighty Hand.

2

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm their tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3

What, though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark, terrestrial ball?
What, though no real voice, nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine—
"The HAND that made us is DIVINE."

3. 11. 10. 11. 10. B. BARTON.

The Heavens declare the Being and Glory of God.

Ps. xix. 1—6. Rom. i. 20.

WHEN the sun shines forth from the gates of the morn,
Giving light and life to the landscape round;
When the dews of night are empearl'd on the thorn,
And with joyful songs the echoes resound;—

2

Oh! His is the splendor whose beauty makes dim
All that art can frame to enchant the eye;
And the music we hear is the matin hymn
Of unconscious praise to the Deity!

3

When the silence of night o'er the earth is spread,
And the moon and the stars in their courses shine,
The stillness around, and the pomp overhead,
Alike, to the heart have a voice divine.

4. L. M. WATTS.

The God of Glory.

Ex. xv. 11. 2 Sam. vii. 22. Ps. xxix. 3. Acts vii. 2.

CREATOR God, Eternal Light,
Fountain of Good, Tremendous Pow'r,
Ocean of wonders, Blissful sight!
Thy love and beauty I adore.

2

Thy glorious nature is unknown
In the dark region where I dwell!
And partial glimpses from thy throne,
Thy name in feeble whispers tell!

3

In yonder world shall all be new—
Myself—my God: oh, blest amaze!
Not my best hopes or wishes know
To form a shadow of this grace!

4

Fix'd on my God, my heart, adore!
My restless thoughts, forbear to rove!
Ye meaner passions, stir no more!
But all my pow'rs be joy and love!

5. C. M. STEELE.

The Condescension of God.

1 Kings viii. 27. 2 Chr. vi. 18. Ps. cxiii. 5, 6.

ETERNAL Pow'r, Almighty God!
Who can approach thy throne?
Accessless light is thine abode,
To angel-eyes unknown.

2

Before the radiance of thine eye
The heav'ns no longer shine;
And all the glories of the sky
Are but the shade of thine.

3

Great God! and wilt thou condescend
To cast a look below—
To this vile world thy notice bend—
These seats of sin and woe?

4

And wilt thou show thy smiling face,
And bring thy glories near?
Oh! what immeasurable grace,
To dwell with mortals here!

5

How strange, how wondrous is thy love!
With trembling we adore;
Not all th' exalted minds above
Its wonders can explore.

6

While golden harps and angel-tongues
Resound immortal lays,
Great God, permit our humble songs
To rise, and mean thy praise.

6. C. M. ROWE.

The Eternity of God.

Ps. xc. 2. Isa. xliv. 6. lvii. 15. Rev. xi. 17. xvi. 5.

THOU didst, O mighty God, exist
Ere time began its race,
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the voids of space:—

2

Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was stay'd;
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores display'd:—

3

Ere men ador'd, or angels knew,
Or prais'd thy wondrous name;
Thy bliss, O sacred Spring of life!
And glory, were the same.

4

And when the pillars of the world,
With sudden ruin, break;
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sink in the mighty wreck;—

5

When from her orb the moon shall start,
Th' astonish'd sun roll back;
And all the trembling, starry lamps
Their ancient course forsake;

6

For ever permanent and fix'd,
From agitation free,
Unchang'd, in everlasting years,
Shall thine existence be.

7. 8.7. 8.7. 8.8.7. MONTGOMERY.

The Eternity of God, contrasted with the Mortality of Man.

Ps. xc. cii. 24—27. ciii. 15—18.

LORD, thou hast been thy people's rest,
Through all their generations,
Their refuge when by danger press'd,
Their hope in tribulations:
Thou, ere the mountains sprang to birth,
Or ever thou hadst form'd the earth,
Art God, from everlasting.

2

The sons of men return to clay,
When thou the word hast spoken;
As with a torrent borne away,
Gone—like a dream when broken:
A thousand years are, in thy sight,
But as a watch amid the night,
Or yesterday departed.

3

At morn we flourish, like the grass
With dew and sunbeams lighted;
But ere the cool of ev'ning pass
The rich array is blighted:
Thy visitations, Lord, consume
Youth's tender leaf and beauty's bloom;
We fade at thy displeasure.

4

Our life is like the transient breath,
That tells a mournful story,
Early or late, cut short by death;
And where is all our glory?
Our days are threescore years and ten,
And if the span be lengthen'd then,
Their strength is toil and sorrow.

5

Lo! thou hast set before thine eyes
All our misdeeds and errors;
Our secret sins from darkness rise
At thine awak'ning terrors:
Who shall abide the trying hour?
Who knows the thunder of thy power?
We supplicate thy mercy.

6

Lord, teach us so to mark our days,
That we may prize them duly;
So guide our feet in wisdom's ways,
That we may love thee truly:
Return, O Lord, our griefs behold,
And with thy goodness, as of old,
Oh! satisfy us early.

7

Restore our comforts as our fears,
Our joy as our affliction;
Give to thy church, through changing years,
Increasing benediction;
Thy glorious beauty there reveal,
And with thy perfect image seal
Thy servants and their labors.

8. 10.7. 10.7. D. *From* BOWRING.

The Divine Faithfulness.

Is. xlix. 15, 16. Deut. vii. 9. Is. liv. 10. Lam. iii. 23. 1 Cor. i. 9.

OH! say, hast thou watch'd the maternal care
So smiling on infancy?
Hast thou ever beheld the joy-born tear
So bright in a mother's eye? [mild,
Hast thou mark'd the babe on her bosom
Slumb'ring so tranquilly yet?
Oh! she may forget her loveliest child,
But God can never forget.

2

In infinite love, our Father has weigh'd
Our share of evil and good;
And blended our portion of light and shade
In a wise vicissitude:
Our sunshine he tempers with sober gloom,
Lest light should dazzle our sense;
And gives, in mercy, a voice to the tomb,
To summon our thoughts from hence.

3

With thee are my times, in whom I confide,
Secure in thy gracious hand;
And oh, to my spirit be sanctified
Whate'er thy wisdom has plann'd!
In tempests and gloom the sun may descend,
The shades of death may appear—
My Father is there, my guardian and friend,
Then what should my spirit fear!

9. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Goodness of God.

Ex. xxxiv. 6. Ps. xxxiii. 5. cxlv. 7—9.

INDULGENT Lord, thy goodness reigns
Through all the wide, celestial plains;
And thence its streams redundant flow,
And cheer th' abodes of men below.

2

Through nature's works its glories shine;
The cares of providence are thine;
And grace erects our ruin'd frame,
A fairer temple to thy name.

3

Oh! give to ev'ry human heart
To taste and feel how good thou art!
With grateful love and holy fear,
To know how blest thy children are.

4

Let nature burst into a song;
Ye echoing hills, the notes prolong;
Earth, seas, and stars, your anthems raise,
All vocal with your Maker's praise!

5

Ye saints, with joy the theme pursue;
Its sweetest notes belong to you;
Chosen by this Celestial King
For ever round his throne to sing.

10. C. M. STEELE.

The Goodness of God.

Ex. xxxiv. 6. Ps. cxlv. 7—9. Nah. i. 7.

YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2

All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3

He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.

4

To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
'Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5

Thine eye beholds with kind regard
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.

6

Great God, to thine almighty love
What honors shall we raise?
Not all the raptur'd songs above
Can render equal praise.

11. 7s. FRANCIS.

The Greatness of God.

Ex. xv. 11. 2 Sam. vii. 22. 1 Chr. xxix. 11, 12. Ps. civ. 1. cl. 2.

GLORY to th' Eternal King,
Cloth'd in majesty supreme!
Let all heav'n his praises sing,
Let all worlds his pow'r proclaim.

2

Through eternity he reigns,
In unmeasur'd realms of light;
He the universe sustains,
As an atom in his sight.

3

Suns on suns, through boundless space,
With their systems, move or stand;
Or, to occupy their place,
New orbs rise at his command.

4

Kingdoms flourish, empires fall,
Nations live, and nations die;
All forms nothing—nothing all—
At the movement of his eye.

5

Oh! let my transported soul
Ever on his glories gaze;
Ever yield to his control,
Ever sound his lofty praise!

12. C. M. WATTS.

With God is terrible Majesty.

Job xxxvii. 22. Ps. xviii. 7—15.
Hab. iii. 3—6. Nah. i. 2—6.

WHO dares attempt th' Eternal Name
With notes of mortal sound?
Dangers and glories guard the theme,
And spread despair around.

2
Destruction waits t' obey his frown,
And heav'n attends his smile:
A wreath of lightning arms his crown,
But love adorns it still.

3
Celestial King, our spirits lie,
Trembling, beneath thy feet;
And wish, and cast a longing eye,
To reach thy lofty seat.

4
When shall we see the Great Unknown,
And in thy presence stand?
Reveal the splendors of thy throne,
But shield us with thy hand.

5
In thee what endless wonders meet!
What various glory shines!
The crossing rays too fiercely beat
Upon our fainting minds.

6
Angels are lost in sweet surprise,
If thou unveil thy grace;
And humble awe runs through the skies,
When wrath arrays thy face.

7
When mercy joins with majesty
To spread their beams abroad,
Not all the fairest minds on high
Are shadows of a God.

8
Thy works the strongest seraph sings
In a too feeble strain;
And labors hard, on all his strings,
To reach thy thoughts in vain.

9
Created pow'rs, how weak they be!
How short our praises fall!
So much akin to nothing, we,
And thou, th' Eternal All!

13. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Immutability of God, and the Mutability of the Creation.

Ps. cii. 26, 27. xc. 2—4.

GREAT Former of this various frame,
Our souls adore thine awful name,
And bow and tremble while they praise
The Ancient of Eternal Days.

2
Before thine unsurpris'd survey
Nature arose but yesterday;
And as to-morrow shall thine eye
See earth and stars in ruin lie.

3
Around thy throne of dazzling light,
Beyond an angel's vision bright,
Thy glory shines, with peerless ray,
While suns and worlds in smoke decay.

4
Our days a transient period run,
And change with ev'ry circling sun;
And, in the firmest state we boast,
A moth can crush us into dust.

5
But let the creatures fall around,
Let death consign us to the ground;
Let the last gen'ral flame arise,
And melt the earth, and burn the skies:—

6
Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see;
While grace secures us an abode
Unshaken as the throne of God.

14. L. M. WATTS.

The Incomprehensibility of God.

Job v. 9. ix. 10. xi. 7—9. xxxvii. 23.

THOU Sacred One, Almighty Three,
Great Everlasting Majesty!
What lofty numbers shall we frame,
Equal to thy tremendous name?

2
Seraphs, the nearest to the throne,
Begin, and speak the Great Unknown:
Attempt the song, attune your strings
To notes untried, and boundless things.

3
You, whose capacious pow'rs survey
Largely beyond our eyes of clay,
Yet what a narrow portion, too,
Is seen, or known, or thought by you!

4
How short your highest praises fall
Below th' immense Original!
Weak creatures, we, that strive in vain
To reach an uncreated strain.

5
Great God! forgive our feeble lays,
And sound thine own immortal praise:
A song so vast, a theme so high,
Calls for the voice that tun'd the sky.

15. L. M. WATTS.

The Incomprehensibility of God.

Job v. 9. ix. 10. xi. 7—9. xxxvii. 23.

GOD is a name my soul adores,
Th' Almighty Three, th' Eternal One;
Nature and grace, with all their pow'rs,
Confess the Infinite Unknown.

2

From thy great self thy being springs;
Thou art thine own original;
Made up of uncreated things,
And self-sufficience bears them all.

3

Thy voice produc'd the seas and spheres,
Bade the waves roar, and planets shine;
But nothing like Thyself appears,
Through all these spacious works of thine.

4

Still, restless nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run:
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

5

Thy piercing glance darts through the globes,
Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame:
Broad sheets of light compose thy robes;
Thy guards are form'd of living flame.

6

Thrones and dominions round thee fall,
And worship in submissive forms;
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
This little dwelling-place of worms.

7

How shall affrighted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace;
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of thy face!

8

Who can behold the blazing light!
Who can approach consuming flame!
None but thy wisdom knows thy might,
None but thy word can speak thy name.

16. C. M. WATTS.

The Infinite.

Ps. cxlvii. 5. Job v. 9. ix. 10. xi. 7. xxxvii. 23.

THY names, how infinite they be,
Great EVERLASTING ONE!
Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfin'd thy throne,

2

Thy glories shine of wondrous size,
And wondrous large thy grace;
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.

3

Thine essence is a vast abyss,
Which angels cannot sound;
An ocean of infinities,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4

The myst'ries of creation lie
Beneath enlighten'd minds:
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
And fly before the winds;

5

Reason may grasp the massy hills,
And stretch from pole to pole;
But half thy name our spirit fills,
And overloads our soul.

6

In vain our haughty reason swells,
For nothing's found in Thee
But boundless inconceivables,
And vast eternity.

17. L. M. BEDDOME.

The Justice and Goodness of God.

Ps. lxxxv. 10. lxxxix. 14. Isa. xxx. 18.

GREAT God, my Maker and my King,
Of thee I'll speak, of thee I'll sing;
All thou hast done, and all thou dost,
Declare thee good, proclaim thee just:

2

Thine ancient thoughts, thy firm decrees,
Thy threat'nings, and thy promises,
The joys of heav'n, the pains of hell,
What angels taste, what devils feel:

3

Thy terrors, and thine acts of grace,
Thy threat'ning rod, thy smiling face,
Thy wounding, and thy healing word,
A world undone, a world restor'd:

4

While these excite my fear and joy;
While these my tuneful lips employ;
Accept, O Lord, the humble song,
The tribute of a trembling tongue.

18. S. S. 6. S. S. 6. REV. H. MOORE.

The Love of God.

John iii. 16. 1 John iv. 8—10. 16.

MY God, thy boundless love I praise
How bright on high its glories blaze!
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thine eternal throne;
Through heav'n its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

2

'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distil;
In ev'ry vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in ev'ry gale that blows,
And glides in ev'ry rill.

3

It robes in cheerful green the ground,
And pours its flow'ry beauties round,
Whose sweets perfume the gale;
Its bounties richly spread the plain,
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,
And smile on ev'ry vale.

4

But in the gospel it appears
In sweeter, fairer characters,
And charms the ravish'd breast:
There, love immortal leaves the sky,
To wipe the drooping mourner's eye,
And give the weary rest.

5

Then let the love that makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good.

6

Dart from thine own celestial flame
One vivid beam, to warm my frame
With kindred energy;
Mark thine own image on my mind,
And teach me to be good and kind,
And love and bless like thee!

19. C. M. White.

The Power of God.

Ps. xciii. 1. 3, 4. lxii. 11. Job ix. 19. xxxvi. 5.

THE Lord our God is cloth'd with might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in his heav'nly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2

Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threat'ning aspect roar!
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3

Howl, winds of night! your force combine!
Without his high behest
Ye shall not, in the mountain-pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4

His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5

Ye nations, bend—in rev'rence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod;
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

20. Byrom.

The Omnipresence of God.

Ps. cxxxix. 1—12. Jer. xxiii. 23, 24.

THOU, Lord, art about me, go whither I will;
All the paths that I take to, I meet with thee still:
I go forth abroad, and am under thine eye;
I retire to myself, and behold thou art by.
How is it that thou hast encompass'd me so,
That I cannot escape thee, wherever I go?
Such knowledge as this is too high to attain,
'Tis a truth which I feel, though I cannot explain.

2

Whither, then, shall I flee, from thy Spirit, O Lord?
What shelter can space from thy presence afford?
If I climb up to heav'n, lo! there is thy throne;
If I go down to hell, even there thou art known;
If, for wings, I should mount on the morning's swift ray,
And remain in the uttermost parts of the sea,
Even there, let the distance be ever so wide,
Thy hand would support me, thy right hand would guide.

3

If I say, "Peradventure the dark may conceal
What distance, though boundless, is forc'd to reveal;"
Yet the dark at thy presence would vanish away,
And my cov'ring, the night, would be turn'd into day.
'Tis myself,—myself only, who could not then see;
For the darkness, O Lord, is no darkness to thee:
The night and the day are alike in thy sight;
And the darkness to thee is as clear as the light.

21. 8.6. 8.6. 8.6. CONDER.

That they should seek the Lord,—though he be not far from every one of us.

Acts xvii. 27.

BEYOND—beyond the boundless sea,
Above the lofty sky,
Further than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high:
Yet, dear the awful thought to me,
That thou, my God, art nigh:—

2

Art nigh, and yet my lab'ring mind
Feels after thee in vain;
Thee, in these works of pow'r to find,
Or to thy seat attain:
Thy messenger, the stormy wind—
Thy path, the trackless main.

3

These speak of thee with loud acclaim,
They thunder forth thy praise—
The glorious honor of thy name,
The wonders of thy ways:
But thou art not in tempest flame,
Nor in day's glorious blaze.

4

We hear thy voice when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air;
The waves obey thy dread control;
Yet still thou art not there:
Where shall I find Him, O my soul,
Who yet is ev'ry where?

5

Oh! not in circling depth or height;
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veil'd from sight—
There does his Spirit rest:
Oh! come, thou Presence Infinite,
And make thy creature blest.

22. 112th. MONTGOMERY.

The Omniscience and Omnipresence of God.

Ps. cxxxix. Jer. xxiii. 23, 24.

SEARCHER of hearts! to thee are known
The inmost secrets of my breast:
At home, abroad, in crowds, alone,
My rising hours, my peaceful rest,
My thoughts far off, through ev'ry maze,—
Thine all-discerning eye surveys.

2

How from thy presence should I go,
Or whither from thy Spirit flee;
Since all above, around, below,
Exist in thine immensity?
If up to heav'n I climb my way,
I meet thee in eternal day:

3

If in the grave my bed I make,
With worms and dust, lo! thou art there;
Or if the morning's wings I take,
And to the utmost sea repair;
I feel thine all-controlling will,
And thy right hand upholds me still.

4

In me thy workmanship display'd,
A miracle of pow'r I stand;
Fearfully—wonderfully made,
And fram'd in secret by thy hand;
I liv'd, ere into being brought,
Through thine eternity of thought.

5

How precious are thy thoughts of peace,
O God, to me! how great the sum!
New ev'ry morn, they never cease;
They were, they are, and yet shall come;
In number, and in compass, more
Than ocean's sand, or ocean's shore.

6

Search me, O God, and know my heart;
Try me, my secret soul survey:
Oh! warn thy servant to depart
From ev'ry false and treach'rous way;
And guide me, by thy watchful eye,
To life and immortality.

23. 112th. PRES. DAVIES.

The Pardoning God.

Micah vii. 18. Ps. lxxxvi. 5. Dan. ix. 9.

GREAT God of wonders! all thy ways
Are matchless, godlike, and divine;
But the fair glories of thy grace
More godlike and unrivall'd shine:
Who is a pard'ning God like thee!
Or who has grace so rich and free!

2

Crimes of such horror to forgive,
Such guilty, daring worms to spare,
This is thy grand prerogative,
And none shall in the honor share:
Who is a pard'ning God like thee!
Or who has grace so rich and free!

3

Angels and men, resign your claim
To pity, mercy, love, and grace;
These glories crown Jehovah's name
With an incomparable blaze:
Who is a pard'ning God like thee!
Or who has grace so rich and free!

4

In wonder lost, with trembling joy
We take the pardon of our God,—
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye,—
A pardon bought with Jesus' blood:
Who is a pard'ning God like thee!
Or who has grace so rich and free!

5

Oh! may this strange, this matchless grace,
This godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all th' angelic choirs above!
Who is a pard'ning God like thee!
Or who has grace so rich and free!

24. L. M. A.

Divine Pity.

Is. lxiii. 9. James v. 11.

AN heir of grief and pain and shame,
A mourner, born to weep and die;
Ne'er had I liv'd to bless thy name,
Had not thy pity, Lord, been nigh.

2

Convicted by thy righteous law,
A criminal, condemn'd to die,
No cheering ray had pierc'd the gloom,
Had not thy pity, Lord, been nigh.

3

Consign'd to everlasting death,
No friendly refuge where to fly;
I had in hopeless mis'ry dwelt,
Had not thy pity, Lord, been nigh.

4

Thy pity sent thine only Son;
That we might live, he came to die!
He bore our guilt, he paid our debt,
Because thy pity, Lord, was nigh.

25. 113th. DODDRIDGE.

The Eternal God his People's Refuge and Defence.

Deut. xxxiii. 27. 29. Ps. lxii. 2. 6, 7. lxiii. 7.

BEHOLD, the great Eternal God
Spreads his protecting arms abroad,
And calls our souls to shelter there:

Wonders of mingled pow'r and grace
To all his children he displays;
Guarded from danger, and from fear.

2

The shadow of th' Almighty's wings
Composure, unmolested, brings,
While threat'ning horrors round me crowd:

In vain the storms of rattling hail
This all-secure retreat assail,
And the wild tempest roars aloud.

3

In loftier strains my fearless tongue
Shall warble its victorious song,
My Father's graces to proclaim:

He bears his tender offspring on,
To glory radiant as his throne,
And joys eternal as his name!

26. D. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

God is our Refuge and Strength.

Ps. xlvi. 1—5. xlviii. 1—3. Heb. xiii. 6.

GOD is our refuge and defence;
In trouble our unfailing aid;
Secure in his omnipotence,
What foe can make our souls afraid?
Yea, though the earth's foundations rock,
And mountains down the gulf be hurl'd;
His people smile amid the shock:
They look beyond this transient world.

2

There is a river, pure and bright, [plains;
Whose streams make glad the heav'nly
Where, in eternity of light,
The city of our God remains:
Built by the word of his command,
With his unclouded presence blest,
Firm as his throne the bulwarks stand;
There is our home, our hope, our rest.

3

Thither let fervent faith aspire;
Our treasure and our heart be there;
Oh, for——a seraph's wing of fire?
No,—on the mightier wings of prayer
We reach at once that blest retreat;
And, rang'd among the ransom'd throng,
Fall with the Elders at *His* feet,
Whose name alone inspires their song.

27. L. M. WESLEY'S COL.

He delivereth and rescueth.

Dan. vi. 27. Ps. xxxiv. 7. 17. 19. xxxii. 7.

GOD of my life, whose gracious pow'r
Thro' varied deaths my soul has led,
Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my fainting head.

2

In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see;
Assist me still my course to run—
Still to repose my trust in thee.

3

Dangers have oft confess'd thy pow'r,
And giv'n me back to thy command;
Nor could they, Lord, my life devour,
Safe in the hollow of thy hand.

4

Oft from the margin of the grave
Thy love has lifted up my head;
And still I found thee near to save;
Diseases own'd thy touch, and fled.

5

Whither, oh! whither should I fly,
But to my Heav'nly Father's breast?
Secure within his arms to lie,
And safe beneath his wings to rest!

28. 112th. ADDISON.

The Lord is my Shepherd.

Ps. xxiii.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray;
Thy presence shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4

Though in the vale of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill;
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

29. 11. 10. 11. 10. KNOX.

The Lord is my Shepherd.

Ps. xxiii.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, he makes me repose
Where the pastures of beauty are growing;
And leads me afar from the world and its woes,
Where, in peace, the still waters are flowing.

2

He strengthens my spirit,—he leadeth my path
Where the arms of his love shall enfold me;
And when I walk through the dark valley of death,
His rod will be there to uphold me.

The Divine Being, Perfections, and Characters.

30. L. M. WATTS.

The Supreme and Self-sufficient God.

Ps. lxxxix. 6—9. Rom. xi. 34—36.

WHAT is our God, or what his name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.

2

The spacious worlds of heav'nly light,
Compar'd with him, how short they fall!
They are too dark, and he too bright:
Nothing are they, and God is all.

3

He spake the wondrous word, and lo!
Creation rose at his command!
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

4

There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
There nature leans, and feels her prop;
But his own self-sufficience bears
The weight of his own glories up.

5

The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Meas'ring its changes by the moon:
No ebb his sea of glory knows;
His age is one eternal noon.

6

Then fly, my song! an endless round;
The lofty tune let angels raise;
All nature dwell upon the sound;
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

31. L. M. BEDDOME.

God Wise and Gracious.

Ps. lxxxix. 14. xcvii. 2. Rom. xi. 32, 33.

WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will;
Tumult'ous passions, all be still!
Nor let a murm'ring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

2

He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
But, though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3

Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat:
And, 'midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

The Dominion, Government, and Works of God.

32. D. C. M. WATTS.

A Song to Creating Wisdom.

Ps. civ. 24. Jer. x. 12.

ETERNAL Wisdom! thee we praise,
To thee our songs we bring;
While with thy name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heav'n's high arches, ring:
Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold!

2

There, thou hast bid the globes of light
Their endless circles run;
There, the pale planet rules the night,
And day obeys the sun:
The stormy winds stand ready there,
Thine orders to obey;
With sounding wings they sweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.

3

On the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful show'rs around;
At thy command they sink, and drop
Their fatness on the ground:
Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

4

Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder—God:
But the sweet beauties of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesus' face,
We see, adore, and love.

33. C. M. BOWRING.

All thy Works shall praise thee.

Ps. cxlv. 10. Neh. ix. 6. Ps. xix. 1—6.

UNNUMBER'D systems, suns, and worlds,
Unite to worship thee,
Whose uncreated glory fills
A vast eternity.

2

Nature,—a temple worthy thee,—
That beams with light and love,
Whose flow'rs so sweetly bloom below,
Whose stars rejoice above;—

3

Her song of gratitude is sung
By spring's awak'ning hours;
Her summer offers, at thy shrine,
Its earliest, loveliest flow'rs:

4

Her autumn brings its ripen'd fruits,
In glorious lux'ry giv'n,
While winter's silv'ry heights reflect
Thy brightness back to heav'n!

34. D. L. M. H. M. Williams.

The day is thine, the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun. Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: thou hast made summer and winter.

Ps. lxxiv. 16, 17. cxlv. 10. Isa. vi. 3.

MY God, all nature owns thy sway!
The night is thine, and thine the day!
When all thy lov'd creation wakes,
When morning rich in lustre breaks,
And bathes in dew the op'ning flow'r,
To thee we owe her fragrant hour;
And when she pours her choral song,
Her melodies to thee belong!

2

Or when, in paler tints array'd,
The ev'ning slowly spreads her shade,
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
Can, more than day's enliv'ning bloom,
Still ev'ry fond and vain desire,
And calmer, purer thoughts inspire;
From earth the pensive spirit free,
And lead the soften'd heart to thee.

3

In ev'ry scene thy hands have drest,
In ev'ry form by thee imprest,
Upon the mountain's awful head,
Or where the shelt'ring woods are spread;—
In ev'ry note that swells the gale,
Or murm'ring stream that cheers the vale;
The cavern's depth, or echoing grove;
A voice is heard of praise and love.

4

As o'er thy works the seasons roll,
And soothe, with change of bliss, the soul.
Oh! never may their smiling train
Display their Maker's love in vain;
But oft, as on their charms we gaze,
Allure the wond'ring soul to praise;
And be the joys that most we prize,
The joys that from thy favor rise.

35. 112th. T. Moore.

The day is thine, the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun. Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: thou hast made summer and winter.

Ps. lxxiv. 16, 17. cxlv. 10. Isa. vi. 3.

THOU art, O Lord, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

2

When day, with parting beam, delays
Among the op'ning clouds of ev'n;
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heav'n;
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are thine.

3

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd dyes;—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are thine.

4

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And ev'ry flow'r the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

36. 113th. Bowring.

The Beauties of Creation manifested in our World.

Ps. viii. 1. Eccl. iii. 11. Isa. vi. 3.

OURS is a lovely world! How fair
Thy beauties, ev'n on earth, appear!
The seasons in their courses fall,

And bring successive joys: the sea,
The earth, the sky, are full of thee,
Benignant, glorious Lord of All!

There's beauty in the break of day;
There's glory in the noon-tide ray;
There's sweetness in the twilight shades;—

Magnificence in night: thy love
Arch'd the grand heav'n of blue above,
And all our smiling earth pervades.

3

And if thy glories here be found
Streaming with radiance all around,
What must the FOUNT OF GLORY be!

In Thee we'll hope,—in Thee confide,
Thou mercy's never-ebbing tide!
Thou love's unfathomable sea!

37. 7s. EDMESTON.

He hath made every thing beautiful in his time.

Eccl. iii. 11. Gen. i. 31. Ps. xxxiii. 5. civ. 24.

CALL not earth a barren spot!
Pass it not ungrateful by!
'Tis to man a lovely lot,
Though a lovelier rests on high.

2

Were the woods and hills and streams,
Earth's soft green and heav'n's pure blue—
All the radiance of its beams,
Form'd by God in vain for you?

3

True, indeed, the stain of sin
We perceive upon it all;
And the best, around, within,
Bears the tokens of the fall.

4

We may wish for purer skies,
Fields celestial, springs of bliss;
Yet with grateful ardor prize
Such a lovely world as this.

5

We may wish for souls as chaste
As the moon, or mountain snow;
Yet each hallow'd pleasure taste,
God has giv'n to man below.

6

Call not earth a barren spot!
Pass it not ungrateful by!
'Tis to man a lovely lot,
Though a lovelier rests on high.

38. C. M. TURNER.

The Works of God leading the soul to the Creator.

Ps. civ. 24. cxlv. 10. Eccl. iii. 11.

HOW fair the page of nature's book,
In air and earth and skies!
Instruction warms the grateful heart,
While beauty charms the eyes.

2

The sun his Maker's glory spreads
Through the gay worlds of light;
The silver moon, at his command,
Illumes the realms of night.

3

To him the warblers on the spray
Attune the sprightly song;
His gentle zephyrs' breezy wings
Waft their soft notes along.

4

The bleating flocks, the lowing herds,
That range the meadow o'er,
Unconscious, on his bounty call,
And find their needful store.

5

Hence would I learn, for all I have,
To sound his praises high;
And on his kind, paternal care,
For all I want, rely.

6

Thus, far and near, where'er we send
Our roving eyes abroad,
The various objects all conspire
To lead our souls to God:—

7

That God, whose word all nature form'd,
Whose eye all nature sees;
Whose hand all nature rules, sustains,
Or crushes, as he please;—

8

Before whose high and dazzling throne
Myriads of angels bow;
Whose smile is everlasting bliss,
Whose frown is endless woe.

9

Low at his feet, then, O my soul,
In prostrate homage fall;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy trust,
Thy joy, thy God, thy all.

39. 8.7. 8.7. BARTON.

The Ocean.

Ps. civ. 24, 25. cvii. 23, 24.

BEAUTIFUL, sublime, and glorious,
Mild, majestic, foaming, free;
Over time itself victorious,
Image of eternity!

2

Epithet-exhausting ocean,
'Twere as easy to control,
In the storm, thy billowy motion,
As thy wonders to unrol.

3

Sun, and moon, and stars, shine o'er thee,
See thy surface ebb and flow;
Yet attempt not to explore thee,
In thy soundless depths below.

4

Whether morning's splendors steep thee
With the rainbow's glowing grace,
Tempests rouse, or navies sweep thee,
'Tis but for a moment's space.

5

Earth—her valleys and her mountains,
Mortal man's commands obey;
Thine unfathomable fountains
Scoff his search, and scorn his sway.

6

Such art thou, stupendous ocean!
But, if overwhelm'd by *thee*,
Can we think, without emotion,
What must thy CREATOR be!

40. 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Thunder and Lightning.

Ps. xviii. 13—15. lxxvii. 18, 19.

WHEN in dark and dreadful gloom,
Clouds on clouds portentous spread,
Black, as if the day of doom
Hung o'er nature's shrinking head—
When the lightning breaks on high,
God is coming—God is nigh!

2

Then we hear his chariot wheels
As the mighty thunder rolls;
Nature—startled nature, reels
From the centre to the poles:
Then the ocean, earth, and sky,
Tremble as he passes by!

3

Darkness, wild with horror, forms
His mysterious hiding-place;
Should he, from his ark of storms,
Rend the veil and show his face,—
At the judgment of his eye,
All the universe would die!

4

God of vengeance! from above,
While thine awful bolts are hurl'd,
Oh! remember thou art love!
Spare,—oh, spare a guilty world!
Stay thy flaming wrath awhile,
Let the bow of promise smile!

5

When the last dread day appears,
Bursting wide from pole to pole;
When, amid the shiv'ring spheres,
Twice ten thousand thunders roll;—
When the dream of time shall end;
May I find the Judge my Friend!

41. L. M. WATTS.

Thunder and Lightning.

Ps. xviii. 13—15. lxxvii. 18, 19.

OTH' immense, th' amazing height,
The boundless grandeur of our God,
Who treads the worlds beneath his feet,
And sways the nations with his nod!

2

He speaks, and lo! all nature shakes,
Heav'n's everlasting pillars bow;
He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,
And shoots his fiery arrows through.

3

Well, let the nations start and fly
At the blue lightning's horrid glare;
Atheists and emp'rors shrink and die,
When flame and noise torment the air:

4

Let noise and flame confound the skies,
And rend the spacious realms below;
Yet will we sing the Thund'rer's praise,
And send our loud hosannas through.

5

Celestial King, thy blazing pow'r
Kindles our hearts to flaming joys;
We shout to hear thy thunders roar,
And echo to our Father's voice.

6

Thus shall the God, our Saviour, come,
And lightnings round his chariot play:
Ye lightnings, fly to make him room;
Ye glorious storms, prepare his way.

42. C. M. WATTS.

God's Dominion and Decrees.

1 Chr. xxix. 11. Dan. iv. 24, 25. 32. 34, 35.

KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod:
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honors of her God.

2

Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree:
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3

Chain'd to his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men;
With ev'ry angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

4

His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his councils shine;
Each op'ning leaf, and ev'ry stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.

5

Here, he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown;
And there, the following page, he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

6

Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the fav'rite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

7

My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes;
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

8

In thy fair book of life and grace
Oh! may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb!

43. Old 50th. DODDRIDGE.

The Lord of Glory Reigns.

Ps. lxvi. 7. ciii. 19. 1 Chr. xxix. 11. 2 Chr. xx. 6.

THE Lord of Glory reigns supremely great;
High in the heav'ns he builds his royal seat;
Through worlds unknown his sov'reign sway extends;
Nor space nor time his boundless empire ends:
His eye beholds th' affairs of ev'ry nation,
And reads each thought through his immense creation.

2

Lightnings and storms his mighty word obey,
And planets roll where he has mark'd their way:
Unnumber'd cherubs, veil'd, before him stand,
Waiting the signal of his high command;
His praise gives harmony to all their voices,
And ev'ry heart through the full choir rejoices.

3

Rebellious mortals, cease your tumults vain,
Nor longer such unequal war maintain;
Let clay with fellow-clay in combat strive,
But dread to dare the Pow'r by which you live:
With contrite hearts, fall prostrate and adore him,
For if he frown, ye perish, all, before him.

44. C. M. WATTS.

The Divine Sovereignty and Grace.

Isa. xlvi. 10. lxvi. 1, 2. Dan. iv. 25. 32. 34, 35.

THE Lord, how fearful is his name!
How wide is his command!
Nature, with all her moving frame,
Rests on his mighty hand.

2

Immortal glory forms his throne,
And light, his awful robe;
Whilst, with a smile or with a frown,
He manages the globe.

3

A word of his almighty breath
Can swell or sink the seas;
Build the vast empires of the earth,
Or break them, as he please.

4

Adoring angels round him fall,
In all their shining forms;
His sov'reign eye looks through them all,
And pities mortal worms.

5

His bowels to our worthless race
In sweet compassion move;
He clothes his looks with softest grace,
And takes his title—Love.

6

Then let the Lord for ever reign,
And sway us as he will;
Sick or in health, in ease or pain,
We are his children still.

7

No more let peevish passions rise,
Nor let our tongues complain;
'Tis sov'reign love that sends our joys,
And love resumes again.

45. C. M. COWPER'S GUION.

God hides his people.

Deut. viii. 2, 3. 2 Cor. xii. 7.

TO lay the soul that loves him, low,
Becomes the Only Wise;
To hide beneath a veil of woe
The children of the skies.

2

Man, though a worm, would yet be great,
Though feeble, would be strong;
Assume an independent state
By sacrilege and wrong.

3

Strange the reverse when once abas'd,
The haughty creature proves!
He feels his soul a barren waste,
Nor dares affirm he loves.

4

Scorn'd by the thoughtless and the vain,
To God he presses near;
Superior to the world's disdain,
And happy in its sneer.

5

Oh! welcome in this heart, he says,
Humility and shame!
Farewell the wish for human praise,
The music of a name.

6

Come then, my soul, and leave the Lord
To rule thee, and dispose;
Sweet is the mandate of his word,
And gracious all he does.

7

He draws from human littleness
His grandeur and renown;
And gracious hearts, with joy, confess
The tribute all his own.

8

Down, then, with self-exalting thoughts,
Thy faith and hope employ
To welcome all that he appoints,
Of sorrow or of joy.

46. 112th. CUNNINGHAM.

But the very hairs of your head are all numbered.

Matt. x. 29—31. vi. 25—34. Luke xii. 6, 7. 22—31.

THE insect that, with puny wing,
Just shoots along one summer ray;
The flow'ret which the breath of spring
Wakes into life for half a day;
The smallest mote, the tend'rest hair—
All feel our Heav'nly Father's care.

2

Ev'n from the glories of his throne
He bends to view this earthly ball;
Sees all, as if that all were one—
Loves one, as if that one were all;
Rolls the swift planets in their spheres,
And counts the sinner's lonely tears.

47. S. M. EDMESTON.

Our Ignorance of the Divine Proceedings acknowledged.

Job xlii. 3. xxxviii. 2.

WE know not what is right!
The storm that rends the air
Disperses, in its raging flight,
The hurtful vapours there.

2

The sickness that may shoot
Through ev'ry nerve and vein,
But stifles, in the early root,
Some death, or deeper pain.

3

We know not what is right!
In ev'ry seeming ill
Mercy is God's supreme delight;
He acts in kindness still.

48. 8.7. 8.7. D. BOWRING.

Futurity wisely concealed.

Matt. vi. 34. 25.

OH, how wise that God hath hidden
All the future from us here!
Oh, how kind that 'tis forbidden
We should feel to-morrow's care!
If time's page of hurrying fleetness
Were unveil'd to readers here,
Joy itself would lose its sweetness,
Sorrow would become despair.

2

Now, if storms the ocean cover,
Hope declares a calm is near;
When discordant tones are over,
Soften'd music meets the ear:
If the shadows of affliction
Round us gather as we go,
Soon some heav'nly benediction
Wakens peace from slumb'ring woe.

49. C. M. COWPER.

Light shining out of Darkness.

Ps. lxxvii. 19. cxii. 4. Mic. vii. 9.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2

Deep in unfathomable mines,
With never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

3

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

6

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

50. C. M. FAWCETT.

The Mysteries of Providence to be explained hereafter.

1 Cor. xiii. 9—12. John xiii. 7.

THY way, O Lord, is in the sea;
Thy paths I cannot trace;
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thine unbounded grace.

2

Here, the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround;
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wand'ring thoughts confound.

3

When I behold thine awful hand
My earthly hopes destroy,
In deep astonishment I stand,
And ask the reason why?

4

As through a glass I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

5

'Tis but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight:—
When will thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?

6

With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

51. S.7. 8.7. 4.7. MONTGOMERY.

A Call to Celebrate the Saviour's Birth.

Matt. ii. 1—11. Luke ii. 7—14.

ANGELS! from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2

Shepherds! in the fields abiding,
Watching o'er your flock by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the glorious light!
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3

Sages! leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar!
Seek the great Desire of Nations,
Ye have seen his natal star;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4

Saints! before the altar bending,
Waiting long, with hope and fear,
Suddenly, the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

5

Sinners! bow'd with true repentance,
Doom'd by guilt to endless pains,
Justice now repeals your sentence,
Mercy calls you,—breaks your chains!
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

52. C. M. *Ascribed to* MEDLEY.

The Song of Angels at the Saviour's Birth.

Luke ii. 7—14.

MORTALS, awake! with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2

In heav'n the rapt'rous song began;
And sweet, seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tun'd the lyre.

3

Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy, was new—
'Twas more than heav'n could hold.

4

Down through the portals of the sky,
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5

Wrapt in the silence of the night,
The world in darkness lay;
When sudden, glorious, heav'nly light
Burst in a flood of day.

6

Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious, heav'nly throng.

7

With joy the chorus we repeat,
"Glory to God on high!"
Good will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die.

8

Hail, Prince of life! for ever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life, shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

53. 11.10. 11.10. HEBER.

The Star of the East.

Matt. ii. 1, 2.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

2

Cold, on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

3

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and off'rings divine;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure:
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

54. S.7. S.7. S.S.7. MONTGOMERY.

A Visit to Bethlehem, in Spirit.

Matt. ii. 1—11. Luke ii. 7—16.

TIDINGS! glad tidings from above,
To ev'ry age and nation!
Tidings! glad tidings!—God is love;
To man he sends salvation:
His Son—his own—his only Son,
The work of mercy hath begun;
Give to his name the glory.

2

Through David's city I am led;
Here all around are sleeping;
A light directs to yon poor shed,
There lonely watch is keeping:
I enter; oh, what glories shine!
Is this Immanuel's earthly shrine?
Messiah's infant temple?

3

It is—it is! and I adore
This stranger, meek and lowly,
As saints and seraphs bow before
The throne of God thrice holy:
Faith through the veil of flesh can see
The face of thy Divinity,
My Lord, my God, my Saviour!

55. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Saviour's Mission.

Is. lxi. 1, 2. Luke iv. 18, 19.

HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.

2

He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3

He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyes oppress'd with night
To pour celestial day.

4

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

5

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

56. C. M. AM—A.

The Miracles of Jesus Christ.

Matt. ix. 35. xiv. 30, 31. xv. 30.

JESUS, and didst thou condescend,
When veil'd in human clay,
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away?

2

Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
And give the blind to see?
Jesus, thou Son of David, hear;
Have mercy, too, on me!

3

And didst thou pity mortal woe,
And sight and health restore?
Pity, O Lord, and save my soul,
Which needs thy mercy more!

4

And didst thou save a trembling frame
When sinking in the wave?
I perish, Lord! oh, save my soul!
For thou alone canst save.

57. 112th. BARTON.

The Pool of Bethesda.

John v. 2—9.

AROUND Bethesda's healing wave,
Waiting to hear the rustling wing
Which spoke the angel nigh, who gave
Its virtues to that holy spring,—
With earnest, fix'd solicitude,
Were seen th' afflicted multitude.

2

Among them there was one, whose eye
Had often seen the waters stirr'd,
Whose heart had often heav'd the sigh,
The bitter sigh of hope deferr'd;
Beholding, while he suffer'd on,
The healing virtue giv'n—and gone!

3

No pow'r had he; no friendly aid
To him its timely succour brought;
But, while his coming he delay'd,
Another won the boon he sought;—
Until the Saviour's love was shown,
Which heal'd him by a word alone!

4

Had they who watch'd and waited there
Been conscious who was passing by,
With what unceasing, anxious care
Would they have sought his pitying eye;
And crav'd, with fervency of soul,
His sov'reign pow'r to make them whole.

5

But habit and tradition sway'd
Their minds to trust to sense alone;
They only sought the angel's aid;
While in their presence stood, unknown,
A greater, mightier far, than he,
With pow'r from ev'ry pain to free.

6

Bethesda's pool has lost its pow'r!
No angel, by his glad descent,
Dispenses that diviner dow'r
Which with its healing waters went:
But HE, whose word surpass'd its wave,
Is still omnipotent to save.

58. 9.9. 8.8. CUNNINGHAM.

Jesus walking on the Waves, and stilling the Tempest.

Matt. xiv. 24—32. Mark vi. 48—51.
John vi. 18—21.

I WAS toss'd on the billows of life;
I endeavour'd their rage to control:
More fierce grew the turbulent strife;
The waters went over my soul.

2

In the midst of the pitiless storm
ONE appear'd, who was mighty to save:
The darkness was chas'd by his form;
He trod on the fathomless wave.

3

In his looks, in his words, was a charm
Which commanded the tempest to cease;
The billows were hush'd to a calm;—
Within and without there was peace.

59. 11s. M. DE FLEURY.

Kedron.

Matt. xxvi. 36—46. Mark xiv. 32—42. Luke xxii. 39—46.
John xviii. 1, 2.

THOU soft-flowing Kedron! by thy limpid stream
Our Saviour, at night, when the moon's silver beam
Shone bright on thy waters, would oftentimes stray,
And lose in their murmurs the toils of the day:
Come, saints, and adore him, come, bow at his feet;
Oh! give him the glory, the praise that is meet!
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies!

2

How damp were the vapors that fell on his head!
How hard was his pillow! how humble his bed!
The angels beholding, amaz'd at the sight,
Attended their Master with solemn delight:

Come, saints, and adore him, come bow at his feet;
Oh! give him the glory, the praise that is meet!
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies!

3

O garden of Olivet! dear, honor'd spot!
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot!
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love!
Come, saints, and adore him, come, bow at his feet;
Oh! give him the glory, the praise that is meet!
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies!

60. L. M. STEELE.

A Dying Saviour.

Matt. xxvii. 35—50. Mark xv. 25—38.
Luke xxiii. 33—46. John xix. 18—30.

STRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour dies;
Hark! his expiring groans arise!
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Descends the sacred crimson tide!

2

But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from ev'ry bleeding wound;
The vital stream, how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes!

3

To suffer in the traitor's place,
To die for man—surprising grace!
Yet pass rebellious angels by,—
Oh! why for man, dear Saviour, why!

4

And didst thou bleed, for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No, he withdrew his cheering ray,
And darkness veil'd the mourning day.

5

Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

6

Come, dearest Lord, thy pow'r impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,
Till all its pow'rs and passions move
In melting grief, and ardent love.

61. 8.8. 8.8.4. COLLYER.

A Dying Saviour.

Matt. xxvii. 35—50. Mark xv. 25—38.
Luke xxiii. 33—46. John xix. 18—30.

THOU Prince of Glory, slain for me,
Breathing forgiveness in thy pray'r;
That loving, melting look I see,
That bursting sigh, that tender tear,
For murd'rers shed!

2

Oh! while I gaze, in wonder lost,
Upon that livid, mangled form,
Teach me to calculate the cost,
To shelter from the rising storm
This guilty head!

3

Can I behold that closing eye,
Still fix'd on me, still beaming love!
And can I see my Saviour die,
Nor feel one holy passion move
Within this heart?

4

Those temples wounded by the thorn,
That visage marr'd by lines of woe,
Shall teach me to encounter scorn,—
In all that thou didst undergo,
To bear my part.

5

Let me but hear thy dying voice
Pronounce forgiveness in my breast;
My trembling spirit shall rejoice,
And feel the calm of heav'nly rest,
In all its woes.

6

Lord, thine atoning blood apply,
And life or death is sweet to me;
In life's last hour, thy presence, nigh,
From fear shall set my spirit free,
And give repose.

62. 8s. COLLYER.

Reflections on the Saviour's Grave.

Matt. xxvii. 59, 60. Mark xv. 46.
Luke xxiii. 53. John xix. 40—42.

THE grave in which Jesus was laid
Has buried my guilt and my fears;
And while I contemplate its shade
The light of his presence appears.

2

Oh! sweet is the season of rest
When life's weary journey is done,
The blush that spreads over its west,—
The last, ling'ring ray of its sun!

3

Though dreary the empire of night,
I soon shall emerge from its gloom,
And see immortality's light
Arise on the shades of the tomb.

63. L. M. WATTS.

The Saviour Dying, Rising, and Reigning.

Rom. xiv. 9. Luke xxiii. 27. xxiv. 26.
Heb. x. 12, 13. 1 Pet. i. 11.

HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!

2

Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

3

Here's love and grief beyond degree—
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo, what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

4

The mighty conqu'ror leaves the tomb;
Up to his Father's courts he flies!
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

5

Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains.

6

Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!
"Born to redeem and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"
And, "Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

64. 148th. DODDRIDGE.

The Resurrection of Jesus Christ.

Matt. xxviii. 1—7.

YES, the Redeemer rose,
The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er our hellish foes
High rais'd his conqu'ring head:
In wild dismay,
The guards around
Fall to the ground,
And sink away.

2

Behold th' angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:
Joyful, they come,
And wing their way,
From realms of day,
To Jesus' tomb.

3

Then back to heav'n they fly,
The joyful news to bear:
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say:
"Jesus, who bled,
"Has left the dead;—
"He rose to-day."

4

Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeem'd from sin and hell;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell:
Transported cry:
"Jesus, who bled,
"Has left the dead,
"No more to die."

65. 7s. COLLYER.

Jesus Rising.

Matt. xxviii. 1—7.

MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus dissipates its gloom!
Day of triumph through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise!

2

Christians, dry your flowing tears;
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his pow'r to save.

3

Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scatter'd shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay.

4

So the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres;
So returning beams of light
Chase the terrors of the night.

66. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Angel's Reply to the Women who sought the Saviour on the Morning of the Resurrection.

Matt. xxviii. 5—7.

YE humble souls that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with pleasure down, to see
The place where Jesus lay.

2

Thus low the Lord of life was brought—
Such wonders love can do!
Thus cold in death that bosom lay
Which throbb'd and bled for you.

3

A moment give a loose to grief,
Let grateful sorrows rise;
And wash the bloody stains away
With torrents from your eyes.

4

Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqu'ror could detain.

5

High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
His once dishonor'd head;
And through unnumber'd years He reigns
Who dwelt among the dead.

6

With joy like his shall ev'ry saint
His empty tomb survey:
Then rise, with his ascending Lord,
To realms of endless day.

67. L. M. C. WESLEY.

The Ascension.

Ps. xxiv. 7—10. Acts i. 9.

THE mighty Conqu'ror leaves the dead,
Jesus the Lord ascends on high;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2

There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

3

Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims these mansions as his right,
Receive the King of Glory in."

4

"Who is the King of Glory, who?"
"The Lord that all our foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell, o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conqu'ror's name."

5

Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way."

6

"Who is the King of Glory, who?"
"The Lord of boundless pow'r possest,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest."

68. L. M. HEGINBOTHOM.

The Saviour's Advent, Exaltation, and Second Appearing.

Heb. ix. 28. 1 Tim. iii. 16.

COME, saints, and shout the Saviour's praise,
To him your grateful tribute bring;
Let angels hear the notes you raise,
And strike their golden harps, and sing.

2

Sing how he left the heav'nly throne,
And laid his splendid robes aside,—
Put all our mortal weakness on,
And groan'd and labor'd, wept and died!

3

Now lift your songs to nobler strains,
High let your ardent passions soar;
See where the great Redeemer reigns,
And all the hosts of heav'n adore.

4

Again he comes,—a mighty cloud
Bears him in sacred triumph down;
Th' archangel's trumpet sounds aloud,
And seraphs shout his high renown.

History of Jesus Christ.

5
From realms of death beneath the ground,
The saints in countless millions rise:
Cherubic armies wait around,
And view the change with vast surprise.
6
Hail, mighty Prince! thy kingdom, now,
Thy bliss and triumph, are complete;
To thee the ransom'd myriads bow,
And lay their glories at thy feet.
7
Oh, could I hope my guilty soul
Might share the honors of that day!
Then, let thine awful chariot roll,
I'll fly to meet thee on thy way.

69. C. M. TURNER.

Jesus Christ seen of Angels.

1 Tim. iii. 16.

BEYOND the glitt'ring, starry skies,
Far as th' eternal hills,
There, in the boundless worlds of light,
Our dear Redeemer dwells.
2
Immortal angels, bright and fair,
In countless armies shine:
At his right hand, with golden harps,
They offer songs divine.
3
Hail! Prince, they cry, for ever hail!
Whose unexampled love
Mov'd thee to quit these glorious robes
And royalties above.
4
Whilst, here, our gracious Lord vouchsaf'd
To suffer rude disdain,
They cast their honors at his feet,
And waited in his train.
5
In all his toils and conflicts here,
Their Sov'reign they attend;
And pause—and wonder how at last,
This scene of love will end!
6
When all the pow'rs of hell combin'd
To fill his cup of woe,
Their wond'ring eyes beheld his tears
In blood and anguish flow.
7
As on the torturing cross he hung,
And darkness veil'd the sky,
Amaz'd, they saw that awful sight,—
THE LORD OF GLORY DIE!
8
Anon, he bursts the gates of death,—
Subdues the tyrant's pow'r;
They saw th' illustrious conqu'ror rise,
And hail'd the blissful hour!
9
They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne;
Clapp'd their triumphant wings, and cried,
"The glorious work is done!"
10
My soul the joyful triumph feels,
And thinks the season long
Ere she her gracious Saviour see,
And join the rapt'rous song.

The Perfections, Characters, and Offices of Jesus Christ.

70. C. M. STEELE.

Jesus Christ the Supreme Beauty.

Is. xxxiii. 17. Cant. v. 10—16. Matt. xvii. 2. Rev. i. 16.

SHOULD Nature's scenes, to please the eye,
In sweet assemblage join,
Her loveliest charms would droop and die,
Jesus, compared with thine.
2
Vain were her fairest beams display'd,
And vain her blooming store;
Her glories languish into shade,
Her beauty is no more.
3
But ah, how far from mortal sight
The Lord of glory dwells!
A veil of interposing night
His radiant face conceals.
4
Oh! could my longing spirit rise
On strong, immortal wing,
And reach thy palace in the skies,
My Saviour and my King!—
5
There myriads worship at thy feet,
And there, (divine employ!)
The triumphs of thy love repeat
In songs of endless joy.

6

Thy presence beams eternal day,
O'er all the blissful place:
Who would not drop this load of clay,
And die to see thy face!

71. C. M. S. STENNETT.

Chief among Ten Thousand; or, the Saviour's Excellencies.

Cant. v. 10—16.

TO Christ, the Lord, let ev'ry tongue
Its noblest tribute bring:
When he's the subject of the song,
Who can refuse to sing!

2

Survey the beauties of his face;
On all his glories dwell;
Think of the wonders of his grace,
And all his triumphs tell.

3

Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd
Upon his sacred brow;
His head with peerless light is crown'd;
His lips with grace o'erflow.

4

No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer he is than all the fair
That fill the heav'nly train.

5

He saw me plung'd in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

6

His hand a thousand blessings pours
Upon my guilty head;
His presence gilds my darkest hours,
And guards my sleeping bed.

7

To him I owe my life, my breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

8

To heav'n, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

9

Since from thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine;
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine!

72. L. M. WATTS.

The Eternal Life.

John xiv. 6. x. 10. Col. iii. 4.

WHERE shall the tribes of Adam find
The sov'reign good to fill the mind?
Ye sons of moral wisdom, show
The spring whence living waters flow.

2

In vain I ask—for Nature's pow'r
Could only reach this mortal hour:
'Twas but a poor relief she gave
Against the terrors of the grave.

3

Jesus, our kinsman and our God,
Array'd in majesty and blood,
Thou art our life! our souls in thee
Possess a full felicity!

4

All our immortal hopes are laid
In thee, our Surety and our Head;
Thy lowly cross, thy lofty throne,
Are big with glories yet unknown.

5

Then let my soul for ever lie
Beneath the blessings of thine eye:
'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above,
To see thy face, to taste thy love.

73. C. M. STEELE.

The Heavenly Guest.

Rev. iii. 20.

AND will the Lord thus condescend
To visit sinful worms?
Thus at the door shall Mercy stand,
In all her winning forms?

2

Surprizing grace!—and shall my heart
Unmov'd and cold remain?
Has it no soft—no tender part?
Must Mercy plead in vain?

3

Shall Jesus for admission sue,
His charming voice unheard?
And shall my heart, his rightful due,
Remain for ever barr'd?

4

'Tis sin, alas! with tyrant pow'r
The lodging has possess'd;
And crowds of traitors bar the door
Against the Heav'nly Guest.

5

Dear Lord, exert thy conqu'ring grace;
Thy mighty pow'r display:
One beam of glory from thy face
Can drive my foes away.

6

Ye treach'rous inmates, hence depart;
Dear Saviour, enter in;
And guard the passage to my heart,
And keep out ev'ry sin.

74. L. M. GRIGG.

The Heavenly Guest.

Rev. iii. 20.

BEHOLD a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knock'd before;
Has waited long, is waiting still:
You use no other friend so ill.

2

Oh, lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and open hands;
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!

3

Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine;
Turn out that hateful monster, Sin,
And let the Heav'nly Stranger in.

4

Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
Where Jesus comes, he comes to reign—
To reign with universal sway:
Ev'n thoughts must die that disobey.

5

Sov'reign of souls! thou Prince of Peace!
Oh, may thy gentle reign increase!
Throw wide the door, each willing mind;
And be his empire—all mankind.

75. Old 150th. DODDRIDGE.

The Head of Saints and Angels.

Col. ii. 10. Eph. i. 22.

HAIL! great Immanuel, ever honor'd name!
Spread it, ye angels, through heav'n's sacred frame:
Ye sceptred cherubim before his throne,
And flaming seraphim, bow humbly down:
He is your Head; with prostrate awe adore him,
And lay, with joy, your radiant crowns before him.

2

Array'd in his refulgent beams ye shine,
And draw existence from his source divine;
Grateful, ye wait the signal of his hand,
Pleas'd to obey your Sov'reign's high command;
In Him th' indwelling Deity admiring,
To bear his brighter image still aspiring.

3

Mortals with you in cheerful homage join,—
Their sweetest songs of praise with yours combine:
Mean as we are, with sins and griefs beset,
We glory that in him we stand complete:
He is our Head, and we with you adore him,
And pour our wants, our joys, our hearts before him.

76. 112th. GRANT.

The Sympathizing High Priest.

Heb. iv. 15.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few;
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienc'd ev'ry human pain:
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2

When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies;
Then He, who once vouchsaf'd to bear
Our load of guilt, our load of care,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

3

And oh !—when I have safely pass'd
Through ev'ry conflict but the last ;
Unchanging still, he'll watch beside
My dying bed,—for he has died :
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

77. S.S. 8.8. 10.10. COLLYER.

The Sympathizing High Priest.

Heb. iv. 15.

DEAR Lord, 'tis known to thee—the sigh
That softly from the bosom steals ;
Grief's dew-drop trembling in the eye,—
The anguish that the spirit feels :
Each human woe was once sustain'd by thee,
And still is felt in tend'rest sympathy.

2

The thorns that pierc'd thy bleeding brow,
Wound, as I pass, my pilgrim feet ;
A stranger I, like thee below,
Seek in the grave my last retreat :
There shall I slumber, free from rude alarms,
From pain's sharp conflict, and from life's deep harms.

3

Safe from the false world's summer smiles,
Safe from the winter's angry frown,
Safe from the tempter's cruel wiles,
With thee, my Lord, I lay me down,
Low in the grave,—till angels bid me rise,
To share thy triumphs in thy native skies.

78. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Saviour's Immutability.

Heb. i. 12. xiii. 8.

WITH transport, Lord, our souls proclaim
Th' immortal honors of thy name :
Assembled round thy gracious throne,
We make thy matchless glories known.

2

High on his Father's royal seat,
The Saviour shone divinely great,
Ere Adam's clay with life was warm'd,
Or Gabriel's nobler spirit form'd.

3

Through all succeeding ages, he
The same has been, the same shall be :
Immortal radiance crowns his head,
Though stars and suns wax old and fade :

4

The same his pow'r his saints to guard,
The same his bounty to reward ;
The same his faithfulness and love,
To saints on earth and saints above.

5

Let nature change and sink and die;
Jesus shall raise his follow'rs high ;
And fix them near his stable throne,
In glory changeless as his own.

79. L. M. STEELE.

Intercessor.

Heb. vii. 25. 1 Tim. ii. 5.

HE lives ! the great Redeemer lives !
What joy the blest assurance gives !
And now, before his Father God,
He pleads the merit of his blood.

2

Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And Justice arm'd with frowns appears ;
But, in the Saviour's lovely face,
Sweet Mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3

Hence then, ye black, despairing thoughts
Above our fears, above our faults,
His pow'rful intercessions rise ;
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4

In ev'ry dark, distressing hour,
When sin and Satan join their pow'r,
Let this bright hope repel the dart—
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

5

Great Advocate ! Almighty Friend !
On him our humble hopes depend :
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

80. C. M. NEWTON.

The Name of Jesus.

Matt. i. 21. Luke i. 31. ii. 21.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In the believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2

It makes the wounded spirit whole
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3

Dear name! the rock on which I build;
My shield, my hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace!

4

Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend;
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End;
Accept the praise I bring.

5

Weak is the effort of my heart,—
Too cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6

Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath:
Oh! may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death!

81. C. M. STEELE.

The Pearl of Great Price.

Matt. xiii. 46. 1 Pet. ii. 7.

YE glitt'ring toys of earth, adieu;
A nobler choice be mine:
A real prize attracts my view,—
A treasure all divine.

2

Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense:
Inestimable worth appears,—
The Pearl of price immense!

3

Jesus, to multitudes unknown,
O name divinely sweet!
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.

4

Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted stores resign;
With joy I would renounce them all
For leave to call thee mine.

5

Should earth's vain treasures all depart,—
Of this dear gift possess'd,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be for ever blest.

6

Dear Sov'reign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the wish *that* love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine.

82. L. M. SCOTT.

The Great Physician.

Jer. viii. 22. Numb. xxi. 8, 9. Ps. xlii. 11. John iii. 14, 15.

WHY droops my soul, with grief oppress'd?
Whence these wild tumults in my breast?
Is there no balm to heal my wound,—
No kind physician to be found?

2

Raise to the cross thy tearful eyes;
Behold, the Prince of Glory dies!
He dies, extended on the tree,
And sheds a sov'reign balm for thee.

3

Dear Saviour, at thy feet I lie,
Here to receive a cure, or die;
But grace forbids that painful fear,—
Infinite grace, which triumphs here.

4

Thou wilt extract the poison'd dart,
Bind up and heal the wounded heart;
With blooming health my face adorn,
And change the gloomy night to morn.

5

Now give a loose, my soul, to joy;
Hosannas be thy blest employ,
Salvation thine eternal theme,
And swell the song with Jesus' name.

83. 7. 6. 7. 6. NEWTON.

The Great Physician.

Jer. viii. 22. Numb. xxi. 8, 9. John iii. 14, 15.

HOW lost was my condition
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sinful soul!

2

The worst of all diseases
Is light, compar'd with sin;
On ev'ry part it seizes,
But rages most within.

3

A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from anguish frees us,
And saves the soul from death.

4

Come, then, to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,—
'Tis only—Look and live.

84. L. M. STEELE.

The Great Physician.

Jer. viii. 22. Num. xxi. 8, 9. John iii. 14, 15.

DEEP are the wounds which sin has made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
The work exceeds all nature's pow'r.

2

Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
With fatal strength, in ev'ry part;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.

3

And can no sov'reign balm be found?
And is no kind Physician nigh,—
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly?

4

There is a Great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live!
See in his heav'nly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give.

5

See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow!
'Tis only this dear, sacred flood,
Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe.

6

Sin throws in vain its poison'd dart,
For here a sov'reign cure is found;
A cordial for the fainting heart,
A balm for ev'ry painful wound.

85. 7s.

Refuge.

Is. xxxii. 2. Heb. vi. 18.

JESUS, Refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high:
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

2

Other refuge have I none,—
Hangs my helpless soul on thee!
Leave, oh! leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me!
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last!

86. S. M. MISS E. M.

Jesus the Believer's Rest.

Matt. xi. 28, 29.

DELUSIVE world, farewell!
By grief and sin distress'd,
On one delightful thought I dwell,—
That thou art not my rest.

2

Once thou wert all I sought
To fill this anxious breast;
And then it was a mournful thought,
That thou wert not my rest.

3

But oft would guilt appear,
In legal horrors drest;
And many a sad, foreboding fear
Denied my hope of rest.

4

And long, with heart-felt pain,
By inward foes oppress'd,
Some friendly hand I ask'd in vain,
To point a place of rest:

5

Till, hast'ning from above,
A self-invited guest,
The Saviour, with a smile of love,
Proclaim'd himself my Rest.

87. C. M. STEELE.

Saviour.

Luke ii. 11. Acts v. 31. xiii. 23.
1 John iv. 14.

COME, heav'nly love, inspire my song
With thine immortal flame;
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue,
The Saviour's lovely name.

2

The Saviour! oh, what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound!
Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.

3

Here, pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless woe.

4

Wrapt in the gloom of dark despair,
We, helpless, hopeless lay;
But sov'reign mercy reach'd us there,
And smil'd despair away.

5
God's only Son (stupendous grace!)
Forsook his throne above;
And, swift to save our wretched race,
He flew on wings of love.
6
Th' almighty Former of the skies,
Stoop'd to our vile abode;
While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes,
And hail'd th' incarnate God.
7
Oh, the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss, a bound'less store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,—
I cannot wish for more!
8
On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all!

88. L. M. STEELE.

The Only Saviour.

Acts iv. 12. John xiv. 6.

JESUS, the spring of joys divine, [flow,
Whence all our hopes and comforts
Jesus, no other name but thine
Can save us from eternal woe.
2
In vain would boasting Reason find
The way to happiness and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd, in a dubious road.
3
No other name will Heav'n approve;
Thou art the true, the living way,
(Ordain'd by everlasting love,)
To the bright realms of endless day.
4
Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from the heav'nly path depart:
Still let thy Spirit, gracious Guide!
Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.
5
Oh! guide us through this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains,—
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

89. S. M. STEELE.

Shepherd.

Ps. xxiii. John x. 11.

WHILE my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear;
My wants are all supplied.
2
To ever fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand, indulgent, leads,
And guards my sweet repose.
3
Along the lovely scene
Cool waters gently roll,
Transparent, sweet, and all serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.
4
Here let my spirit rest:
How sweet a lot is mine!
With pleasure, food, and safety blest:
Beneficence divine!
5
Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wand'ring feet restore;
And guard me with thy watchful eye,
And let me rove no more.

90. C. M. HEGINBOTHOM.

I am the good Shepherd: the good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

John x. 11. Ps. xxiii.

TO thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise;
Oh! let the feeblest of thy flock
Attempt to speak thy praise.
2
But how shall mortal tongues express
A subject so divine?
Do justice to so vast a theme,
Or praise a love like thine?
3
My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To this amazing love;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.
4
To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppress'd;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.
5
Nay, should I walk thro' death's dark vale,
With double horrors spread;
Thy rod would guide my doubtful steps,
And guard my drooping head.
6
Lead on, dear Shepherd! Led by thee,
No evil shall I fear;
Soon shall I reach thy fold above,
And praise thee better there.

91. 7.6. 7.6. EDMESTON.

Star.

Rev. xxii. 16. Luke i. 78, 79.

STAR of my hope! depart not;
My soul's unclouded light;
'Tis darkness where thou art not—
Worse than Egyptian night.

2

Though many a star of splendor
Around the concave shine;
Their beams no comfort render,
Till lighted up by thine.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
It is—the Star of Bethlehem!

2

Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark:
My vital energies were froze;
Hopeless, I ceas'd the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was—the Star of Bethlehem!

3

Fairest of all the stars of light,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the terrors of the night,
It led me to the port of peace:
Now, safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore,—
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

92. D. L. M. WHITE.

The Star of Bethlehem.

Matt. ii. 2. 9, 10. Luke i. 78, 79.

WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye:

93. 10s. STEELE.

Sun of Righteousness.

Mal. iv. 2. 2 Cor. iv. 6. Rev. i. 16.

GREAT Sun of Righteousness! thy beams impart,
And cheer my eyes, and warm my languid heart;
Thou Source of Beauty! Everlasting Fair!
In thee ten thousand thousand charms appear.

2

Where'er I turn, thy glories are display'd:
The morn, the noon, the grateful ev'ning shade,
Present thy matchless beauties to my sight,
And strike with wonder, or inspire delight.

3

Thy pow'r and love, in plenty's smiling form,
O'er the wide fields, each grateful bosom warm:
From thee the gentle ev'ning's breezes spring,
And waft refreshment on their balmy wing:

4

Thy beauty glitters in the pearly dew;
And smiles amid the bright, ethereal blue,
Which paints yon spacious arch; and charms our eyes
In ev'ning's soft, inimitable dyes.

5

Jesus, thy glory, beaming from afar,
Great Source of light, illumines ev'ry star:
Thy word inform'd the planets where to roll,
And station'd ev'ry orb that gilds the pole.

6

To thee, 'midst all the glories of the skies,
To thee alone, I raise my longing eyes;
Let me but dwell beneath thy light divine,
And all the charms of nature I resign.

94. C. M. STEELE.

The Necessity of the Holy Spirit's Influences to renew the Heart.

Ezek. xxxvi. 26, 27. John iii. 5. Tit. iii. 5.

HOW helpless guilty Nature lies,
Unconscious of her load!
The heart unchang'd can never rise
To happiness and God.

2

Can aught beneath a pow'r divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, Eternal Spirit, thine,
To form the heart anew.

3

'Tis thine, the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes;—

4

To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live:
A beam of heav'n, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

5

Oh! change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine!
Then shall our passions and our pow'rs,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

95. 11s. CUNNINGHAM.

The Influences of the Holy Spirit Desired.

Ps. li. 10—12. John xiv. 16, 17. Gal. v. 22, 23.

OH! come, with thine olive-branch, Spirit of love!
With all thy sweet graces, descend from above:
Bring with thee the purity, concord, repose,
Thy peaceful and permanent presence bestows.

2

As days of "clear shining" that follow the rain,
Thy heart-soothing presence can cheer me again:
In tenderness visit this sorrowing breast,
And make it for ever the seat of thy rest.

96. L. M. HEGINBOTHOM.

The Influences of the Holy Spirit Desired.

Ps. li. 10—12. John xiv. 16, 17.
Gal. v. 22, 23.

UP to thy seat, Eternal God!
Now would my ardent passions soar;
Fain would I view thy bright abode,
And love, and wonder, and adore.

2

Spirit of peace! Immortal Dove!
Here let thy gentle influence reign:
Come, fill my soul with heav'nly love,
And all the graces of thy train.

3

Not all the sweets beneath the sky,
Nor corn, nor oil, nor richest wine,
Could raise my tuneful song so high,
Or yield me pleasures so divine.

4

Blest with thy presence, I could meet
Death, though in all his terrors drest;
Nor, while I taste a joy so sweet,
One fear disturb my peaceful breast.

97. L. M. STEELE.

The Influences of the Holy Spirit Experienced.

John xiv. 16, 17. 1 Cor. iii. 16. vi. 19.

DEAR Lord! and shall thy Spirit rest
In this polluted heart of mine?
Unworthy dwelling! glorious Guest!
Favor astonishing, divine!

2

Yes, the blest Comforter is nigh!
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hopes for ever die,
And ev'ry cheering ray depart.

3

What less than thine almighty word,
Can raise my heart from earth and dust?
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust?

4

Oh! let thy Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, thou God of love!
And light and heav'nly peace impart,—
Sweet earnest of the joys above!

98. C. M. STEELE.

The Excellencies of the Scriptures.

Ps. xix. 7—10. John v. 39.
2 Tim. iii. 15—17.

FATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.

2

Here, mines of heav'nly wealth disclose
Their bright, unbounded store:
Earth's glitt'ring gem no longer glows,
And India boasts no more.

3

Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a rich repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4

Amid these gloomy wilds below,
When dark and sad we stray,
Here, heav'nly beams relieve our woe,
And guide to endless day.

5

Here, springs of consolation rise,
To cheer the fainting mind;
Here, thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

6

When guilt and terror, pain and grief,
United, rend the heart;
Here, sinners meet divine relief,
And cool the raging smart.

7

Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

8

Oh! may these heav'nly pages be
My soul's sincere delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

9

Divine Instructor! gracious Lord!
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

99. C. M. COWPER.

The Light and Glory of the Scriptures.

Ps. xliii. 3. cxix. 105. Prov. vi. 23.
2 Pet. i. 19.

A GLORY gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun:
It gives a light to ev'ry age;
It gives—but borrows none.

2

The Pow'r that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
Its truths upon the nations rise;
They rise—but never set.

3

Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heav'nly day.

4

My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

100. L. M. HEGINBOTHOM.

Thou hast magnified thy Word above all thy Name.

Ps. cxxxviii. 2. xix. 7—10.

GREAT God! the heav'ns thy pow'r proclaim;
Earth echoes back thy mighty name;
Thy glory gilds returning days,
And nights in silence speak thy praise.

2

All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below, and worlds above;
But in thy glorious word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

3

There, what delightful truths I read!
There, I behold a Saviour bleed:
His names salutes my list'ning ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.

4

There, Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my lab'ring conscience peace;
Raises my grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

5

Hail, great Immanuel! let my song
Through endless years thy praise prolong;
And distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

101. L. M. WATTS.

Why will ye Die?

Ezek. xviii. 31. xxxiii. 11. Jer. xxvii. 13.

SINNER, oh! why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die?
Daring to leap to worlds unknown!
Heedless against thy God to fly!

2

Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams?
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3

Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains;
And hear the Lord of life unfold
The glories of his dying pains—
For ever telling, yet untold!

102. 11s. KNOX.

Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace.

Job xxii. 21. Prov. iii. 21—26.

ACQUAINT thee, O mortal! acquaint thee with God;
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road;
And peace, like the dew-drop, shall fall on thy head;
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

2

Acquaint thee, O mortal! acquaint thee with God;
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad:
Thy safeguard, in danger that threatens thy path,—
Thy joy, in the valley and shadow of death.

103. C. M.

The Invitation of Wisdom.

Prov. viii. ix. 1—6. i. 20—23.

LO! Wisdom stands, with smiling face,
And courts us to her arms;
Who can resist the wondrous grace,
Or slight her pow'rful charms!

2

Eternal pleasures fill her train,—
Pleasures that never cloy;
Come, drink of bliss, unmix'd with pain,
And taste celestial joy.

104. C. M. STEELE.

The Saviour's Invitation.

John vii. 37. Isa. lv. 1. Rev. xxi. 6.

THE Saviour calls—let ev'ry ear
Attend the heav'nly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.

2

For ev'ry thirsty, longing heart,
Here, streams of bounty flow;
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3

Ye sinners, come, 'tis Mercy's voice;
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heav'nly joys,—
And can you yet delay?

4

Dear Saviour! draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

105. 112th. L. H. COL.

The Saviour's Invitation.

Matt. xi. 28. Jer. viii. 22.

SWEET as the shepherd's tuneful reed,
From Zion's mount I heard the sound:
Gay sprang the flow'rets of the mead,
And gladden'd nature smil'd around:
The voice of peace salutes my ear,
And speaks the Lord, my Saviour, near:—

2

"Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive [moan
Has taught these rocks the notes of woe;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow:
Behold the precious balm is found,
That lulls thy pain, and heals thy wound.

3

As spring, the winter,—day, the night,—
Peace, sorrow's gloom shall chase away;
And smiling Joy, a seraph bright,
Shall tend thy steps, and near thee stay;
While Glory weaves th' immortal crown,
And waits to claim thee for her own."

106. 8.7. 8.7. 4.7. HART.

Come and welcome to Jesus Christ.

Matt. xi. 28.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Come—'tis mercy's welcome hour;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, join'd with pow'r:
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

2

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

3

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

4

Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! the Saviour prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finished!"—
Sinners, will not this suffice?

5

Lo! th' incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merits of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

6

Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of glory
Sweetly echo with his name;
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

107. 7s. HAWEIS.

Come and welcome.

John xix. 30. Matt. xi. 28.

FROM the Mount of Calvary,
Where the Saviour deign'd to die,
What melodious sounds I hear,
Bursting on my ravish'd ear!
"Love's redeeming work is done!
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

2

Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
All thy sins on me are laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid:
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

3

Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest dainties stor'd;
To thy Father's bosom press'd,
Once again a child confest,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

108. D. L. M. G. CLAYTON.

Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house; so shall the King greatly desire thy beauty; for he is thy Lord, and worship thou him.

Ps. xlv. 10, 11. 2. Prov. viii.

SAY, sinner, wilt thou go with me,
And leave yon gay, delusive scene;
Where dang'rous snares are laid for thee,
And ruin smiles with treach'rous mien?
Ah! quit awhile the flatt'ring bait,
While I my gracious suit declare:
All heav'nly charms around me wait,
For I am Fairest of the fair.

2

For thee I left the realms of light,
Nor cast one sorrowing look behind;
For thee endur'd the darkest night,
And bore the blast of winter's wind:
I cloth'd myself in mortal clay,
Humble my birth, and hard my fare,
That hopeless sorrows to allay,
Though I am Fairest of the fair.

3

Come, and I'll pardon all thy sin,
And take thy load of guilt away;
Will make thy spotted nature clean,
And turn thy darkness into day;
Through life I'll guide thee with mine eye,
And make thee my perpetual care;
For ev'ry want there's rich supply
In me, the Fairest of the fair.

4

And in the shade, when thou must die,
I will receive thy parting breath;
Will soften each expiring sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death:
Angels shall watch thy breathless clay,
And dry the fond survivor's tear;
And waft thee on their wings away,
T' embrace the Fairest of the fair.

109. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Invitation to the Gospel Feast.

Luke xiv. 16—23. Isa. lv. 1.

THE King of heav'n his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2

Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life, are giv'n,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise the soul to heav'n.

3

Ye hungry poor, who long have stray'd
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.

4

Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

5

Yet is his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come;
Nor could the whole assembled world
O'er-fill the spacious room.

6

All things are ready,—sinners, come;
Nor weak excuses frame:
Crowd to the glorious gospel-feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

110. C. M. STEELE.

Invitation to the Gospel Feast.

Luke xiv. 16—23. Isa. lv. 1.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where Mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For ev'ry humble guest.

2

There, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see,—there yet is room:—

3

Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.

4

In him the Father, reconcil'd,
Invites your souls to come;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.

5

Oh! come, and, with his children, taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast,
Of nobler joys above.

6

There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
In ecstasies unknown.

7

And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
And enter while there's room.

111. S.7. 8.7. 7.7. MONTGOMERY.

Sinners invited to the Fountain opened for Sin and Uncleanness.

Zech. xiii. 1. John xix. 34. Rev. xxi. 6.

COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruin'd by the fall;
Here, a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you—to me—to all,
In a full, perpetual tide,—
Open'd when the Saviour died.

2

Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here, the guilty, free remission—
Here, the troubled, peace may find:
Health, this fountain will restore;
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

3

He that drinks shall live for ever;
'Tis a soul-reviving flood:
God is faithful;—God will never
Break his covenant in blood;—
Sign'd, when our Redeemer died,—
Seal'd, when he was glorified.

112. L. M. COLLYER.

Return, ye backsliding children.

Jer. iii. 22. 12. 14. Hos. xiv. 1. 4.

RETURN, ye wand'rers,—oh! return;
And seek a Father's melting heart;
Whose pitying eyes your griefs discern,
Whose tender hand can heal your smart.

2

Return, ye wand'rers,—oh! return;
He heard the deep, repentant sigh;
He saw the soften'd spirit mourn,
When no relieving tear was nigh.

3

Return, ye wand'rers,—oh! return;
Your Saviour calls,—he bids you live:
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4

Return, ye wand'rers,—oh! return,
And wipe away the falling tear:
Your Father calls,—no longer mourn,—
'Tis Mercy's voice invites you near.

5

Return, ye wand'rers,—oh! return;
Regain your lost, lamented rest:
Jehovah's melting bowels yearn
To clasp his children to his breast.

113. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Fear thou not; for I am with thee.

Is. xli. 10. 14. Josh. i. 9.

AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,—
Our God for ever near?

2

Dost thou a Father's bowels feel,
For all thy humble saints?
And in such friendly accents speak,
To soothe their sad complaints?

3

Why droop our hearts—why flow our tears,
While such a voice we hear?
Why rise our sorrows and our fears,
While such a Friend is near?

4

To all thine other favors, add
A heart to trust thy word;
And death itself shall hear us sing
While resting on the Lord.

114. L. M. STEELE.

Because I live, ye shall live also.

John xiv. 19. vi. 57.

WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to thee I lift my eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2

Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die,—
Fix'd on thine everlasting word,—
That word which built the earth and sky?

3

If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure:
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here let me build, and rest secure.

4

Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Immovable the promise stands:
Not all the pow'rs of earth, or hell,
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5

Here, O my soul, thy trust repose!
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself,—that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

115. 112th. BOWRING.

Life and Immortality brought to light by the Gospel: or, Christianity superior to the Light of Nature.

2 Tim. i. 10. 1. Rom. xvi. 25, 26. 1 Cor. xv. 19, 20. 1 Pet. i. 3.

TRUE! visions haunt the gen'ral breast
Of man—of worlds beyond the skies:
But that may be a dream, at best,
Like other dreams and vanities;
For man is but a breath, betray'd
By ev'ry sense, by ev'ry shade.

2

Around him, o'er him, he creates
A thousand faneies, to delude;
Which time—(truth-trier)—dissipates,
Bright though they be, and fair, and good:
They are but dreams at last—that leave
Our disappointed hopes to grieve.

3

But infinitely happier he,
Who, from the waste of grief and care,
Assur'd of immortality,
Retreats, and builds securely there;
And smiles, as from a splendid star,
To see the shadows disappear.

4

Yes! happier, who, from earthly woes,
Turns his fix'd vision to the skies,
And knows and feels that Jesus rose,
And is assur'd that *he* shall rise—
With faith, whose energy sublime
Can triumph over death and time.

5

All else is vain:—the days to come
Are shrouded in obscurity;
But Jesus burst his mortal tomb,
And rose to set the pris'ner free:
There's bliss enough in this, to cheer
The deepest shades of misery here.

6

Yes! Jesus rose,—and while the wreck
Of nature leaves that thought to bless,
The sigh of bursting grief I'll check.
And calm the tumult of distress:—
For Jesus rose, and I shall rise,
To endless life, and boundless joys.

116. L. M. WATTS.

Sinai and Calvary: or, The Superiority of the Gospel to the Law of Moses.

Heb. xii. 18—24. Acts xiii. 38, 39. Gal. ii. 16.

WHILE Sinai roars, and, round the earth,
Thunder and fire and vengeance flings;
Jesus, thy dear, expiring breath,
And Calvary, speak gentler things:—

2

Pardon, and peace, and boundless love,
Streaming along a Saviour's blood;
And life, and joys, and crowns above,
Purchas'd by our redeeming Lord.

3

Hark! how he prays—(the charming sound
Dwells on his dying lips!)—FORGIVE!
And ev'ry groan, and ev'ry wound,
Cries—FATHER, LET THE REBELS LIVE!

4

Go, you that rest upon the law,
And toil, and seek salvation there;
Look to the flames that Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair!

5

But I'll retire beneath the cross;
Saviour, at thy dear feet I'll lie;
And the keen sword that Justice draws,
Flaming and red,—shall pass me by.

117. L. M. STEELE.

Religion the Source of Consolation and Hope.

1 Tim. iv. 8. vi. 6. Rom. v. 1—5.

IS there no kind, no lenient art,
To heal the anguish of the heart?
To ease the heavy load of care,
Which nature must, but cannot bear?

2

Should Reason's dictates be obey'd,—
Too weak, alas! her strongest aid!
Oh! let Religion, then, be nigh!—
Her consolations never die.

3

Her pow'rful aid supports the soul,
And nature owns her kind control:
While she unfolds the sacred page,
Our fiercest griefs resign their rage.

The Excellence and Importance of the Christian Religion.

4

Then, gentle patience smiles on pain;
The fainting soul revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

5

The promise guides her ardent flight;
And joys unknown to sense, invite
Those blissful regions to explore,
Where pleasure blooms to fade no more.

118. 148th. J. B.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

Prov. iii. 13—18. viii. ix. 1—6. i. 20—23.

THE Wisdom of the Lord,
Descending from above,
Invites the sons of men
In language full of love:
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are paths of peace.

2

Her riches are divine;
Her treasures, always full,
Brighter than rubies shine,
And satisfy the soul:
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are paths of peace.

3

She is a tree of life,
And fruit celestial yields—
Fruit—sin can never give,
In all its blasted fields:
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are paths of peace.

4

In Wisdom's pleasant ways
The sun will always shine,
To cheer the soul with peace,
And prospects all divine:
Oh! come, and try her pleasant ways,
And you shall find her paths are peace.

The Doctrines and Blessings of the Christian Religion.

119. 11s. CUNNINGHAM.

The Ministry of Angels.

Heb. i. 14. Luke xvi. 22.

HOW cheering the thought, that the spirits in bliss
Should bow their bright wings to a world such as this!
And leave the sweet songs of the mansions above,
To breathe o'er our bosom some message of love.

2

They come—on the wings of the morning they come,
To convoy the stranger in peace to his home;
The pilgrim to waft from this stormy abode,
And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

120. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Rainbow around the Throne: or, The Divine Covenant Unchangeable.

Rev. iv. 3. Gen. ix. 13—17. Is. liv. 9, 10. Ez. i. 28.

NEVER shall deluges of woe
The new-created world o'erflow:
Jesus, our Sun, his beams displays,
And gilds the clouds with beauteous rays.

2

Around thy throne the rainbow shines,
Fair emblem of thy kind designs;
Bright pledge, that speaks thy cov'nant sure,
Long as thy kingdom shall endure.

3

No gems so bright, no forms so fair,—
Mercy and truth still triumph there:
Thy saints shall bless the peaceful sign,
When stars and suns forget to shine.

121. C. M. TURNER.

The Power of Faith.

1 John v. 4. Acts xv. 9. Heb. xi. 1. 1 Pet. i. 8, 9.

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid in ev'ry duty brings,
And softens all my cares:—

2

Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heav'nly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

3

The wounded conscience knows its pow'r
The healing balm to give:
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

4

Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain:—

5

Shows me the precious promise, seal'd
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

6

There—there unshaken would I rest,
Till this frail body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise.

122. C. M. COWPER.

Faith the Gift of God.

Eph. ii. 8. 1 Cor. xii. 9. Gal. v. 22. Heb. xii. 2.

OF all the gifts thy hand bestows,
Thou Giver of all good,
Not heav'n itself a richer knows
Than my Redeemer's blood.

2

Faith, too,—th' appropriating grace,
From the same hand we gain;
Else, sweetly as it suits our case,
That gift had been in vain.

3

We praise thee, and would praise thee more:
To thee our all we owe:—
The precious Saviour,—and the pow'r
That makes him precious too.

123. C. M. COWPER.

The Fountain Opened.

Zech. xiii. 1. 1 John i. 7. Rev. i. 5. vii. 14.

THERE is a fountain, fill'd with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2

The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain, in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3

Dear, dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.

4

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5

And when this lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave;
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save.

124. 148th. DODDRIDGE.

Fruitful Showers, Emblems of the salutary Effects of the Gospel.

Is. lv. 10, 11.

MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain:
To heav'n, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again;
But waters earth through ev'ry pore,
And calls forth all its secret store.

2

Array'd in living green,
The hills and valleys shine;
And man and beast is fed
By Providence divine:
The harvest bows its golden ears,—
The copious seed of future years.

3

"So, (saith the God of grace,)
My gospel shall descend;
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend:
Millions of souls shall feel its pow'r,
And bear it down to millions more."

125. 8.9. 8.9. 8.8. A. A. WATTS.

Hope.

Rom. xv. 4. 1 Cor. xv. 19.
Tit. i. 2.

THERE is a thought, can lift the soul
Above the narrow sphere that bounds it,—
A star, that sheds its mild control
Brightest, when grief's dark cloud surrounds it;
And pours a soft, pervading ray,
Life's ills can never chase away.

2

When earthly joys have left the breast,
And ev'n the last fond hope it cherish'd
Of mortal bliss—too like the rest—
Beneath woe's with'ring touch has perish'd,
With fadeless lustre streams *that* light—
A halo on the brow of night.

3

And bitter were our sojourn here,
In this dark wilderness of sorrow,
Did not that rainbow beam appear,—
The herald of a brighter morrow,—
A friendly beacon from on high,
To guide us to ETERNITY.

126. S. M. BOWRING.

In hope of eternal life; which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began.

Tit. i. 2. Rom. xv. 4.
1 Cor. xv. 19.

HOW dark—how desolate
Would many a moment be,
Could we not spring on Hope's bright wing,
O Lord! to heav'n and thee!

2

The cheering morn will dawn,
When ev'ning shades are o'er,
Whose smiling ray shall wake a day,
That night shall cloud no more.

3

Blest hope!—and sure as blest!
Life's shades of misery
Shall soon be past,—and joy, at last,
Waft us to heav'n and thee.

127. D. L. M. *From* BOWRING.

The hope of the righteous shall be gladness.

Pr. x. 28. Rom. xii. 12. 1 Cor. xv. 19.

IF all our hopes, and all our fears,
Were prison'd in life's narrow bound;—
If, trav'llers through this vale of tears,
We saw no better world beyond;—
Oh! what could check the rising sigh,
When nothing earthly could relieve?
Oh! who could venture then to die?
Oh! who could then endure to live?

2

And such were life, without the ray
From Hope's delightful prospects giv'n:
'Tis this that makes our darkness day:
'Tis this that makes our earth a heav'n:
Bright is the golden sun above,
And beautiful the flow'rs that bloom,—
And all is joy, and all is love,
Reflected from a world to come!

128. C. M. STEELE.

Pardoning Love.

Jer. iii. 12. 22. Hos. xiv. 1. 4. Mic. vii. 18, 19.

HOW oft, alas! this treach'rous heart
Has wander'd from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2

Yet Sov'reign Mercy calls, RETURN!
Dear Lord,—and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn:
Oh! take the wand'rer home.

3

And canst thou—wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4

Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore:
Oh! keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

129. C. M. SCOTT.

Mercy and Truth met together.

Ps. lxxxv. 10. John i. 17. Rom. iii. 25, 26.

WHEN first the God of boundless grace
Disclos'd his kind design,
To rescue our apostate race
From misery, shame, and sin;—

2
Quick, thro' the realms of light and bliss,
The joyful tidings ran;
Each heart exulted at the news,
That God would dwell with man.
3
Yet, 'midst their joys, they paus'd awhile,
And ask'd, with strange surprise,—
"But how can injur'd Justice smile,
Or look with pitying eyes?
4
Will the Almighty deign again
To visit yonder world;
And hither bring rebellious men,
Whence angels once were hurl'd?
5
Their tears, and groans, and deep distress,
Aloud for mercy call;
But, oh! must truth and righteousness
To mercy, victims fall?"
6
So spake the friends of God and man,
Delighted, yet surpris'd;
Eager to know the wondrous plan
That Wisdom had devis'd.
7
The Son of God, attentive, heard,
And quickly thus replied:—
"In me let Mercy be rever'd,
And Justice satisfied.
8
Behold! my vital blood I pour,
A sacrifice to God;
Let injur'd Justice now no more
Demand the sinner's blood."
9
He spake,—and heav'n's high arches ring;
Praise ev'ry tongue employs;—
He died,—th' admiring angels sing,
Nor cease their rapt'rous joys.

130. C. M. STEELE.

Redeeming Mercy.

Col. i. 14. Rom. iii. 24, 25. Eph. i. 7. John x. 11.

THE weary traveller, lost in night,
Breathes many a longing sigh;
And marks the welcome dawn of light,
With rapture in his eye.
2
Thus sweet the dawn of heav'nly day,
Lost, weary sinners find;
When mercy, with reviving ray,
Beams o'er the fainting mind.
3
To slaves oppress'd with cruel chains,
How kind, how dear the friend,
Whose gen'rous hand relieves their pains,
And bids their sorrows end!
4
Thus kind, thus dear, that Friend Divine,
Who ransoms captive souls;
Unbinds the cruel chains of sin,
And all its pow'r controls.
5
Jesus! to thy celestial light,
My dawn of hope I owe;
Once wand'ring in the shades of night,
And lost in helpless woe.
6
Thy gracious hand redeem'd the slave,
And set the pris'ner free:
Be all I am, and all I have,
Devoted, Lord, to thee.
7
Here at thy feet I wait thy will,
And live upon thy word:
Oh! give me warmer love and zeal,
To serve my dearest Lord.

131. L. M. WATTS.

The Wonders of Redemption.

Phil. ii. 8, 9. Col. i. 20. ii. 14, 15. Heb. ii. 14, 15.

BEGIN, my soul, the heav'nly song,—
A burden for an angel's tongue:
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
He tunes and summons all his strings.
2
Proclaim inimitable love!—
Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the God in mortal clay!
3
He that distributes crowns and thrones,
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds, and groans!
The Prince of Life resigns his breath!
The King of glory bows in death!
4
But see the wonders of his pow'r,—
He triumphs in the dying hour!
And while by Satan's rage he fell,
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.
5
Thus were the hosts of death subdued,
And peace proclaim'd thro' Jesus' blood:
Now, Lord of all, he reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love.

6

Who shall fulfil this boundless song!
The theme surmounts an angel's tongue:
How low, how vain are mortal airs,
When Gabriel's nobler harp despairs!

132. 8.7. 8.7. 4.7. F.

It is finished.

John xix. 30. 28. xvii. 4. Rom. x. 4.
Heb. ix. 26—28. x. 10. 12. 14.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See! it rends the rocks asunder,—
Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
"It is finish'd!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry!

2

It is finish'd!—oh, what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heav'nly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us through Christ the Lord!
It is finish'd!
Saints, the dying words record!—

3

Finish'd—all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law:
Finish'd—all that God had promis'd:
Death and hell no more shall awe:
It is finish'd!
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,—
Join to sing the pleasing theme:
All in earth and heav'n uniting,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

133. L. M. S. STENNETT.

The Triumphs of the Cross.

Gal. vi. 14.

NO more, dear Saviour, will I boast
Of beauty, wealth, or loud applause:
The world has all its glories lost,
Amid the triumphs of thy cross.

2

In ev'ry feature of thy face,
Beauty her fairest charms displays;
Truth, wisdom, majesty, and grace,
Shine thence in sweetly-mingling rays.

3

Thy wealth the pow'r of thought transcends;
'Tis vast, immense, and all divine:
Thine empire, Lord, o'er worlds extends;
The sun, the moon, the stars are thine.

4

Yet—(oh, how marvellous the sight!)
I see thee on a cross expire!
Thy godhead veil'd in sable night!
And angels from the scene retire!

5

But why from Calvary retreat?
Why with your wings your faces hide?
He ne'er appear'd so good, so great,
As when he bow'd his head and died.

6

Those triumphs of stupendous grace
Surprise, rejoice, and melt my heart:
Lord, at thy cross I stand and gaze,
Nor would I ever thence depart.

134. C. M. WATTS.

Salvation: or, God glorious and Sinners saved.

Is. xliv. 23. Rom. i. 16. v. 8—11.
Heb. ii. 10. Luke ii. 14.

FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

2

Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
We read thy patience still.

3

Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ;
They show the labor of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet.

4

But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms;—

5

Our thoughts are lost in rev'rend awe:
We love, and we adore:
The first archangel never saw
So much of God before.

6

Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone—
The justice or the grace.

7

When sinners break the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones:
Oh, the dear myst'ries of his cross!
The triumph of his groans!

8

Now, the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains;
Archangels learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

9

Oh, may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

135. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Salvation by Grace.

Eph. ii. 5. 8. 2 Tim. i. 9. Tit. iii. 5.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2

Grace first contriv'd a way,
To save rebellious man;
And all its steps, *that grace* display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3

Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heav'nly road:
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4

Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days:
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

136. C. M. EVAN. MAG.

Sacred Truth.

Ps. xliii. 3. John i. 17. viii. 32.

HAIL, Sacred Truth! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night;
Diffusing o'er the mental world,
The healing beams of light.

2

Till thou appear, the wounded soul,
In agonizing pain,
The way of peace intensely seeks,
But finds her efforts vain.

3

Philosophy and moral sense,
With high, officious pride,
Conduct to labyrinths of woe
Whom they presume to guide.

4

Jesus! thy word, with friendly aid,
Restores our wand'ring feet;
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.

5

Oh! send thy light and truth abroad,
In all their radiant blaze;
And bid th' admiring world adore
The glories of thy grace.

6

The banner of thy cross display—
(Dear signal of thy love!)—
Till ev'ry tongue confess thy sway,
And ev'ry heart approve.

137. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Waters of the Sanctuary.

Ez. xlvii. 1—12. Rev. xxii. 1, 2.

GREAT Source of being and of love!
Thou wat'rest all the worlds above;
And all the joys which mortals know,
From thine exhaustless fountain flow.

2

A sacred spring, at thy command,
From Sion's mount, in Canaan's land,
Beside thy temple cleaves the ground,
And pours its limpid stream around.

3

This gentle stream, with sudden force,
Swells to a river in its course;
Through desert realms its windings play,
And scatter blessings all the way.

4

Close by its banks, in order fair,
The blooming trees of life appear;
Their blossoms fragrant odors give,
And on their fruit the nations live.

5

Flow, wondrous stream! with glory crown'd,
Flow on to earth's remotest bound;
And bear us, on thy gentle wave,
To him who all thy virtues gave.

138. *From* Rev. T. Grinfield.

The Marriage Union.

Gen. ii. 18.

WHAT are all the charms of earth,
All its pride, its treasure worth,
No companion at our side,
Thoughts and feelings to divide!
Friends divide the weight of trouble,
Make the sweetest pleasures double:
Parted floods more calmly flow,
Parted flames more brightly glow.

2

In the nuptial tie, we find
Love the loveliest in its kind;
Two in one united whole,
One in body, one in soul:
Virtuous and delightful feeling,—
Joy promoting, sorrow healing;
While the love of joys above,
Heightens all the joys of love!

3

Ev'ry earthly joy excels,
Where the Saviour's spirit dwells:
Heav'n is shadow'd in his word,
As the bridal of the Lord:
'Tis the Saviour's sweet communion
Sweetens nature's tend'rest union:
'Tis the Saviour's dying love
Fits us for the joys above.

139. 8.7. 8.7. Steele.

Address to an Infant.

CAN I bid thee, little stranger,
Welcome to a world of care?
Where attends thee many a danger,
Where awaits thee many a snare?

2

Hence away, ye dark surmises,
Hope presents a fairer scene;
Many a blooming pleasure rises,
Many a sunbeam shines serene.

3

Oh, may Providence defend thee!
Circled in his guardian arms,
Dangers shall in vain attend thee,—
Safe amid surrounding harms.

4

Shall I wish the world caressing?
Wish thee pleasure, grandeur, wealth?
No—but many a nobler blessing—
Wisdom, virtue, friendship, health.

5

May'st thou know the gracious Donor;
Early know, and love, and praise!
Then shall real wealth and honor,
Peace and pleasure, crown thy days.

140. C. M. S. Stennett.

Jesus blessing little Children.

Mark x. 16.

JESUS, I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While children in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.

2

"I take these little lambs, (said he,)
And lay them in my breast:
Protection they shall find in me,—
In me be ever blest.

3

Their feeble frames my pow'r shall raise,
And mould with heav'nly skill;
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will."

4

His words the happy parents hear,
And shout, with joys divine—
"Dear Saviour, all we have and are
Shall be for ever thine."

141. L. M. Mrs. C. B. Wilson.

Home.

LET others bow at fashion's shrine,
And thro' the maze of pleasure roam;
The calmer joys of life be mine,—
My cheerful hearth, my quiet home!

2

The brightest cheek that ever bloom'd,
Is turn'd, by dissipation, pale:
The heart's best feelings are entomb'd
In scenes where guilty joys prevail.

3

Let others shine in gay attire,
And range through fashion's giddy round;
Give me the calm, domestic fire,
Where peace and holy joys abound!

142. BARTON.

Home.

WHERE burns the fire-side brightest,
Cheering the social breast?
Where beats the fond heart lightest,
Its humble hopes possess'd?
Where is the hour of sadness
With meek-eyed patience borne?
Worth more than those of gladness,
Which mirth's gay cheeks adorn!
Pleasure is mark'd by fleetness,
To those who ever roam;
While grief itself has sweetness,
At home—sweet home!

2

There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,—
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits, when most brief:
There, eyes, in all their splendor,
Are vocal to the heart;
And glances, bright and tender,
Fresh eloquence impart:
Then, dost thou sigh for pleasure?
Oh! do not widely roam;
But seek that hidden treasure
At home—sweet home!

3

Does pure Religion charm thee
Far more than ought below?
Wouldst thou that she should arm thee
Against the hour of woe?
Her dwelling is not only
In temples built for prayer;
For home itself is lonely,
Unless her smiles be there:
Wherever we may wander,
'Tis all in vain we roam,
If worshipless her altar
At home—sweet home!

143. *From* MONTGOMERY.

Domestic Duties and Enjoyments.

Gen. xviii. 19.

ONWARD—heav'nward let us press,
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,—
Excellence, true beauty.
Minds are of celestial birth;
Let us make a heav'n on earth.

2

Sweetest bonds of friendship, here,
Bind our hearts together;
Where our fire-side comforts cheer,
In the wildest weather:
Oh! they wander wide, who roam,
For the joys of life, from home!

3

Bonds of everlasting love
Draw our souls in union,
To our Father's house above,
To the saints' communion:
Thither may our hopes ascend;
There may all our labors end.

144. 8.8.7. 8.8.7. KNOX.

Family Harmony.

Ps. cxxxiii.

OH! sweet as vernal dews that fill
The closing buds on Zion's hill,
When ev'ning clouds draw thither,—
So sweet, so heav'nly 'tis, to see
The members of one family
Live peacefully together.

2

The children, like the lily flow'rs,
On which descend the suns and show'rs,
Their hues of beauty blending;—
The parents, like the willow boughs,
On which the lovely foliage grows,
Their friendly shade extending.

3

But leaves the greenest will decay,—
And flow'rs the brightest fade away,
When autumn winds are sweeping;
And be the household e'er so fair,
The hand of death will soon be there,
And turn the scene to weeping.

4

Yet leaves again will clothe the trees,
And lilies wave beneath the breeze,
When spring comes smiling hither;
And friends who parted at the tomb,
May yet renew their loveliest bloom,
And meet in heav'n together.

145. C. M. Watts.

The Danger of Inordinate Earthly Affections.

Matt. x. 37. Luke xiv. 26.

WHERE'ER my flutt'ring passions rove,
I find a lurking snare:
'Tis dang'rous to indulge our love
Beneath th' Eternal Fair.

2

Souls whom the tie of friendship binds,
And partners of our blood,
Seize a large portion of our minds,
And leave the less for God.

3

Nature has soft, but pow'rful bands,
And reason she controls;
While children, with their little hands,
Cling closely to our souls.

4

Thoughtless, they act th' old serpent's part:
What tempting things they be!
Lord, how they twine about the heart,
And draw it off from thee!

5

Our hasty wills rush blindly on,
Where rising passion rolls;
And thus we make our fetters strong,
And bind our captive souls.

6

Dear Saviour! break these fetters off,
And set our spirits free;
Thou in thyself art bliss enough,
For we have all in thee.

146. C. M. Mrs. C. B. Wilson.

A Mother's Retrospect.

LANGUAGE is weak, to paint the joy
The youthful mother knows,
When first she clasps her blooming boy,
Or lulls him to repose.

2

What golden visions then will fill
That scheming world—her breast;
As o'er his cradle-bed she leans,
To watch his rosy rest!

3

Long, smiling years, in bright array,
Glide swiftly through her mind;
That all life's sunny hours display,—
But leave its storms behind.

4

But when pale sickness dims his eye,
And veils that orb of light;
Oh! then she feels—acutely feels—
Hope's chill and with'ring blight.

5

She sees, beneath the touch of pain,
Each earth-born prospect flies;
And learns hope's visions to restrain,
Or fix them in the skies.

147. 8.6. 8.6. 8.8. Mrs. C. B. Wilson.

Parental Reflections, by the Death-bed of a Pious Youth.

AND thou must die—my darling boy!
I see the fatal shade,
That o'er thy blooming cheek of joy
The hand of death has laid;
And soon th' appointed hour must come,
To bear thy ransom'd spirit home!

2

I lov'd to gaze upon thy face,
And mark thine open brow;
Where care as yet had stamp'd no trace
To picture human woe;
Where all was peaceful, all was fair,—
Like the calm smile that rested there!

3

Must I no more behold that smile,
Nor feel thy hand entwine,
In fond, endearing love, awhile,
Its gentle clasp in mine?
Or see thine ardent spirit glow
With joys that only youth can know?

4

Ah! I shall miss thee in my train,
When spring's first flow'rets bloom;
When summer clothes the verdant plain,
Or autumn breathes perfume;
And by the winter fire, will be
An empty space, once fill'd by thee!

5

But these are selfish thoughts—that wrong
A Christian parent's love;
Vain thoughts, that suit the worldly throng,
Who never look above [sphere,
Earth's bounded scene—earth's narrow
But centre all their treasures here.

6

Let me not mourn that thou wilt be
A tenant of the sky ;—
Escap'd from life's tumultuous sea,
And frail mortality :
When storms arise, and tempests blow,
No adverse gale thy bark shall know.

7

Let me rejoice to think, that thou
Hast early join'd the blest;
Before thy youthful heart could know
Ought to disturb its rest;—
Before earth's chilling storms had giv'n
A blight to fruit prepar'd for heav'n.

148. 8.7. 8.7. CECIL.

A Dying Child's Address to its Mother.

CEASE here longer to detain me,
Fondest mother, drown'd in woe :
Now thy kind caresses pain me,—
Morn advances—let me go !

2

See yon orient streak appearing !
Harbinger of endless day ;
Hark ! a voice, the darkness cheering,
Calls my new-born soul away !

3

Lately launch'd, a trembling stranger,
On the world's wide, boist'rous flood ;
Pierc'd with sorrows, toss'd with danger,
Gladly I return to God.

4

Now my cries shall cease to grieve thee,
Now my trembling heart shall rest ;
Kinder arms than thine receive me,—
Softer pillow than thy breast.

5

Weep not o'er these eyes that languish,
Upward turning to their home ;
They will soon forget all anguish,
While I wait to see thee come.

6

There, my mother, pleasures centre :
Weeping, parting, care, or woe,
Ne'er our Father's house shall enter—
Morn advances !—let me go !

7

Through this calm, this holy dawning,
Softly glides my parting breath,
To an everlasting morning :—
Gently close my eyes in death.

8

Though to leave thee sorrowing, grieve me,
Yet again the voice I hear!—
See ! the op'ning heav'ns receive me !
Rise—and seek to meet me there !

149. T. C. M. ALARIC A. WATTS.

Address to a Parent, on the Death of a Child.

LOOK up, look up, and weep not so—
Thy darling is not dead ;
His sinless soul has enter'd now
Yon sky's empurpled bed :
His spirit drinks new life and light,
'Mid bow'rs of endless bloom ;
It is but perishable stuff
That moulders in the tomb :
Then hush, oh ! hush the swelling sigh,
And dry the falling tear !
Look upward, to the bliss of heav'n,
And joy that he is there.

2

Already he has gain'd the goal,
And tasted of the bliss,—
The peace that God's eternal love
Prepares for souls like his:
He hovers round the throne of thrones,
On light and airy wings ;
Attending with unmingled joy
Upon the King of kings !
Then calm thy sorrow-stricken heart,
And smile away despair:
Think of the home thy child has won,
And joy that he is there !

3

When summer ev'ning's golden hues
Are burning in the sky ;
And odorous gales, from balmy bow'rs,
Are breathing softly by ;—
When earth is bright with sunset-beams,
And flow'rs are blushing near ;
And grief, all chasten'd and subdued,
Is gath'ring to a tear ;—
How sweet 'twill be, at such an hour,
And 'mid a scene so fair,
To lift thy tearful eyes to heav'n,
And think that he is there !

150. 10s. ROWE.

The Resignation.

Job i. 21. Ps. lxxiii. 25.

'TIS done! the darling idol I resign,
Unfit to share a heart so justly thine:
I see the hand—I worship and adore;
And justify the great Disposing Pow'r.

2

Whate'er the restless mind of man desires,
Whate'er an angel's loftier thought admires,—
In thee 'tis found in its sublimest height,
Thou First Great Spring of beauty and delight!

3

Ye gay varieties of earth, adieu!
However soft and pleasing to the view:
Ye sparkling skies! your blandishments are vain;
Nor can created good my soul detain.

4

Oh! come, ye sacred gusts, ye pure delights,
Ye heav'nly sounds, ye intellectual sights,
Ye gales of Paradise that lull to rest,
And fill with silent calm my peaceful breast.

5

'Tis done at last—with ev'ry joy I part,—
To live to thee, to give thee all my heart:
It triumphs in the change—it fixes here,
Nor needs another separation fear.

6

No scenes to come, no change of time or place,
Shall e'er thine image from my soul efface;
Nor all the pow'rs below, nor pow'rs above,
Nor life, nor death, shall part me from thy love.

GOOD AND EVIL.

Sources of Suffering and Sorrow.

151. S.7. 8.7. D. COLLYER.

The Frown of Jesus.

Ps. xxx. 7.

WHEN the wintry storm, o'ershading,
Veils the brightness of the sky;
Nature's beauteous flow'rets, fading,
Hang their drooping heads and die;—
So my choicest comforts languish,
Like a lily overblown;
And my heart is fill'd with anguish,
When I see my Saviour frown.

2

Nipping frosts, the wave congealing,
Bind the gently-flowing stream,
Where, across the meadow stealing,
Lately fled the sultry beam:
But the stream of life more slowly
Creeps along, with lingering pace,
If the frown of Jesus wholly
Hide the beauties of his face.

3

Oft, in summer, pealing thunder
Threatens, as it gathers near;
Lightnings cleave the cloud asunder,
Filling guilty man with fear:
But no sky by tempests shrouded,
Half so desolate can be,
As this dreary bosom clouded,
Jesus! by a frown from thee.

4

Sad is death to shrinking nature;
Sad, the last, the parting sigh;
Sad, the pale, distorted feature;
Sad, the slowly-closing eye:
Summer's storms, and winter's horrors,
Death's sad tear, and long-drawn groan,
All are bitter—but more sorrows,
Jesus! gather in thy frown.

152. 8. 9. 11. 8. CUNNINGHAM.

Backsliding.

Matt. xxiv. 12. Rev. ii. 4, 5.

IS this the same heart which I knew,
So awake to the tidings from heav'n?
The branch of the morn, which so loftily grew,
Has shed its fair blossoms at ev'n!

2

O Lord! when I'm tempted to rove,—
When I'm tempted thy name to disown;
Around my frail heart throw the cord of thy love,
And fix me, and make me thine own.

153. L. M. MRS. C. B. WILSON.

Despondency.

Job vi. 11. xiii. 26—28. xvii. 15.

NO idle passion fills my breast,
The phantom of youth's thoughtless day;
The grief that robs *my* soul of rest,
No time—no art can steal away!

2

It haunts me through each varied scene,
It shades the present and the past:
Light griefs may fade; but fresh and green
My sorrow all through life will last!

3

It is a deep and silent wound,
That knows no rest,—that finds no cure;
Like streams that wander underground,
Unseen it flows, and must endure!

4

Talk not to hearts like mine, of peace,
Nor say that joy will soon return:
Who can bid MEMORY'S scorpions cease,
Or heal the hopeless wound I mourn?

5

Memory—sad memory—still will bloom
On soils whence other plants have flown;
As cypress blossoms on the tomb,
In mournful majesty, alone!

6

Yes,—*now*, life's fairest scenes must be
A weary waste of tedious hours;
A gloomy, cheerless blank to me,
Where thorns usurp the place of flow'rs!

7

The *past*,—it now might almost seem
The phantom of a feverish brain,—
But that, to prove 'twas not a dream,
Its image and my griefs remain!

8

The *future*,—'tis a cheerless gloom,
That has no ray of hope for me,—
Save what is veil'd beyond the tomb,
And shrouded in eternity!

154. 8.7. 8.7. BYRON.

The Venom of Sin.

Ps. lviii. 4. Prov. xviii. 32.

THE serpent of the field, by art
Is tam'd, and won from harming;
But that which coils around the heart—
Oh! who hath pow'r of charming?

2

It will not list to wisdom's lore,
Nor music's voice can lure it;
But there it stings, for evermore,
The soul that must endure it!

155. C. M. S. STENNETT.

Who will show us any good?

Ps. iv. 6. Eccl. vi. 11, 12.

IN vain the giddy world inquires,
Forgetful of their God,
"Who will supply our vast desires,
Or show us any good?"

2

Through the wide circuit of the earth
Their eager wishes rove,
In chase of honor, wealth, and mirth,
The phantoms of their love.

3

But oft these shadowy joys elude
Their most intense pursuit;
Or, if they seize the fancied good,
There's poison in the fruit.

4

Lord, from this world withdraw my love;
Set my affections right;
Bid me aspire to joys above,
And walk no more by sight.

156. C. M. STEELE.

The Pleasures of the World transitory and unsatisfying.

Job xxx. 15.

IN vain the world's alluring charms
Our fond pursuits invite;
Pleasure still mocks th' extended arms,—
False shadow of delight!

2

Unsatisfied and tired, at last
We must resign our breath,
Life's empty cares and follies past,
And ev'ning close in death.

3

Thus children, weary of their play,
With fretfulness oppress'd,
Throw all their little toys away,
And gently sink to rest.

4

Happy the mind by heav'n inspired
To scorn earth's empty toys;
And, with divine ambition fired,
Pursue sublimer joys.

5

Then, when the cares of life are o'er,
The parting soul shall rise;
And scenes of happiness explore,
Immortal, in the skies.

157. C. M. GOSPEL MAG.

The Insufficiency of all created Good to satisfy the Soul.

Ps. iv. 6, 7. Eccl. vi. 11, 12.

HIGH-BORN, immortal is the soul!
Not the creation yields
An equal, a sufficient bliss,
In all its ample fields.

2

Let honor deck the brow with crowns,
Or gild it with her rays;
Unsatisfied the mind remains,
And sighs amid the blaze.

3

Let gold, in mountains of Peru,
Or India's wealth, be ours;
Our souls in wretchedness would groan,
And starve amid their stores.

4

Father of spirits! in thy love
Spirits alone are blest;
Thy presence makes eternal day,
And gives eternal rest.

158. 6. 7. 6. 7. BARTON.

All is vanity.

Eccl. i. 2. 14. xii. 8.

OH! what can be more frail,
Than all this world can grant us!
Why should its pow'r avail
So often to enchant us?

2

In vain the chase, when won,
Declares our hopes defeated;
Lured by fresh objects on,
We cherish what has cheated!

3

If rapture's brightest hour
Be soon by sorrow shaded;
If pleasure's fairest flow'r
Scarce bloom before 'tis faded;—

4

If wealth, with all its toys,
Shrink at death's stern ordeal;
If Fancy's boasted joys,
Be, like herself, unreal;—

5

What can this world bestow,
That should enchain us to it;
Or compensate the woe
All feel, who journey through it?

159. 8.9. 8.9. KNOX.

All is vanity.

Eccl. i. 2. 14. xii. 8. Ps. xvi. 11.

'TIS vain, with eager heart to grasp
At earthly joy, or earthly treasure;
For time shall still thy hand unclasp,
And dash away thy cup of pleasure.

2

Honor is vain—the voice of fame
Is changeful as the changeful breezes;
Now, fans thy glowing heart to flame,
And now, thy stream of comfort freezes.

3

And wealth is vain—the ev'ning gale
Oft strips the bough that bloom'd at morning;
As quickly may thy riches fail,
With all the pomp of wealth's adorning.

4

And love is vain—for she, so fair,
So full of joy, so free from sorrow,
So fond, so sweet—thy bliss, thy care—
May leave thee for the grave, to-morrow.

5

Yet, while, through each deceitful dream,
Time bears thee, like a rapid river,
Religion's beauteous prospects beam
With pleasures that endure for ever.

160. 8.6. 8.8.8.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY BOWRING.

All is vanity.

Eccl. i. 2. Job xiv. 2. Prov. xxxi. 30.

OH, how cheating! oh, how fleeting
Is our earthly being!
'Tis a mist in wintry weather,
Gather'd in an hour together,
And as soon dispers'd for ever.

2

Oh, how cheating! oh, how fleeting
Are the world's enjoyments!
All the hues of change they borrow,
Bright to-day, and dark to-morrow—
Ever mingling joy and sorrow!

3

Oh, how cheating! oh, how fleeting
Is all earthly beauty!
Like a summer's flow'ret flowing,
Scatter'd by the breezes blowing
O'er the bed on which 'twas growing.

4

Oh, how cheating! oh, how fleeting
Ev'ry thing that's earthly!
All below is fading—flying—
Man is mortal—earth is dying:
Christian! live, on Heav'n relying.

161. L. M. MRS. C. B. WILSON.

When I looked for good, then evil came unto me: and when I waited for light, there came darkness.

Job xxx. 26. xvii. 12.
Eccl. xi. 8.

THERE is an hour that all must feel,
A pang that ev'ry heart must know,—
A wound all study to conceal,
That thro' life's lingering years must flow.

2

'Tis when the magic veil's remov'd;
And, gazing round with startled eye,
We see the world, once so much lov'd,
Appear in stern reality:—

3

Stript of the dazzling hues that youth,
Love, fancy, hope, had o'er it thrown;
And, by the clear, cold light of truth,
In all its real mis'ry shown!

4

When ev'ry joy young bosoms prize,
Tint after tint dissolves away;
As sun-beams in the western skies,
That vanish with departing day;—

5

Then falls a blight upon the heart,
When thus it finds its hopes were vain:
Like the crush'd flow'r—no time, no art
Can ever make it bloom again!

162. 12s. T. MOORE.

Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; and the end of that mirth is heaviness.

Prov. xiv. 13. Esth. v. 13.

AS a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below;
So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm, sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

2

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes;
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm, and affliction no sting!—

3

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead, leafless branch, in the summer's bright ray;
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,—
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again!

163. 8.6. 8.8.6. T. MOORE.

Every thing Earthly transitory and delusive.

1 Cor. vii. 31. 1 Pet. i. 24. 1 John ii. 17.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
A vain illusion giv'n:
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but heav'n!

2

Poor wand'rers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we 're driv'n;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There's nothing calm but heav'n!

3

And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of ev'n;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb—
There's nothing bright but heav'n!

164. 8.6. 8.8.6. ANONYMOUS.

Heavenly Joys on Earth.

Rom. xiv. 17.

OH! say no more, There's nought but heav'n
That's calm, and bright, and true;
Say not our only portion's care,—
That man is ever doom'd to wear
The cypress wreath of woe.

2

Are there not pleasures of the soul
To feeble mortals giv'n?
Feelings so pregnant with delight,—
A joy so pure, so calm, so bright,
So near allied to heav'n—

3

That the rapt spirit has forgot
Its tenement of clay;
And fondly wish'd its conflict o'er,
To gain the tranquil, happy shore
Of never-ending day?

4

Oh! say no more, There's nothing true
But the bright scenes of heav'n:
There's truth in mercy's cheering page;
Directing youth, consoling age,
Declaring sin forgiv'n.

5

Oh! say no more, There's nought but heav'n
That's calm, or true, or bright:
Bright are the beams the Saviour sheds,—
The radiance that the gospel spreads,
Amid this realm of night.

6

Though loud the blast, though dark the day,
We oft have peace at ev'n:
And if we *here* have such delight,
A bliss so sacred, and so bright,
How calm—how bright is *heav'n!*

165. 7s. BOWRING.

Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life.

John vi. 68.

WHITHER—whither shall we go?
Lord, the word of life is thine!
Nothing of our way we know,
If thy light refuse to shine:
We are wand'rers lost and lone,
If thy hand refuse to guide;
Toiling on our path, forlorn,
Up life's dreary mountain's side.

2

But, with thee to lead us on—
Light above, and peace below—
We no longer lost and lone
Up life's dreary mountain go:—
Verdure deeks the springing ground,
Nature smiles in joy and love:
Sweetest pleasures here abound—
Heav'n and glory wait above!

166. L. M. STEELE.

Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life.

John vi. 68.

THOU only Sov'reign of my heart,
My Refuge, my Almighty Friend,—
And ean my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2

Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wand'rer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3

Eternal life thy words impart;
On these my fainting spirit lives:
Here, sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.

4

Let earth's alluring joys combine,
While thou art near in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord! outweighs them all.

5

Thy name my inmost pow'rs adore;
Thou art my life, my joy, my care:
Depart from thee?—'tis death,—'tis more!
'Tis endless ruin—deep despair!

6

Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine:
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life—eternal life is thine.

167. C. M. STEELE.

Refuge and Strength in the Mercy of God.

Ps. ix. 9. xxxvii. 39, 40. xlvi. 1. Nah. i. 7.

DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'Tis here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2

'Tis here my faith resolves to dwell;
Nor shall I be afraid
Of all the pow'rs of earth or hell,
If thou vouchsafe thine aid.

3

My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish ev'ry fear.

4

My great Protector, and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh! let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

5

Oh! never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy pow'r and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

168. C. M. STEELE.

God the only Refuge of the troubled Mind.

Ps. ix. 9. xxvii. 8. l. 15.

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,—
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2

While hope revives, tho' press'd with fears,
And I can say, "My God;"
Beneath thy feet I spread my cares,
And pour my woes abroad.

3

To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For ev'ry pain I feel.

4

But oh! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

5

Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust:
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

6

Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sov'reign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

7

No—still the ear of sov'reign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer:
Oh, may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!

8

Thy mercy-seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

169. C. M. T. MOORE.

God the God of all Comfort.

2 Cor. i. 3, 4. Ps. ix. 9. xxvii. 10. Is. li. 12. 2 Thes. ii. 16, 17.

O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceiv'd and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!

2

The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3

But thou wilt heal the wounded heart;
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

4

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And ev'n the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too!—

5

Oh! who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
One peace-branch from above!

6

Then, sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

170. L. M. STEELE.

God an unfailing Source of Consolation amid Scenes of the deepest Distress.

Hab. iii. 17, 18.

SHOULD famine o'er the mourning field
Extend its desolating reign;
Nor Spring her blooming beauties yield,
Nor Autumn swell the golden grain:—

2

Should lowing herds, and bleating sheep,
Around their famish'd shepherd die;
And hope itself despairing weep,
While life deplores its last supply:—

3

Amid the dark, the dismal scene,
If I can say, "The Lord is mine;"
The joy shall triumph o'er the pain,
And glory dawn, though life decline.

4

Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart,
Though ev'ry earthly comfort die;
Thy smile can bid my pains depart,
And raise my sacred pleasnres high.

5

Oh! let me hear thy blissful voice,
Inspiring life and joys divine:
The barren desart shall rejoice—
'Tis Paradise if thou art mine!

171. S.7. S.7. MONTGOMERY.

The Joy of Grief.

SWEET the hour of tribulation,
When the heart can freely sigh;
And the tear of resignation
Twinkles in the mournful eye.

2

Have you felt a kind emotion
Tremble through your troubled breast,—
Soft as ev'ning o'er the ocean,
When she charms the waves to rest?

3

Have you lost a friend—a brother?
Heard a father's parting breath?
Gazed upon a lifeless mother
Till she seem'd to wake from death?—

4

O'er the yielding brow of sadness,
One faint smile of comfort stole;
One soft pang of tender gladness
Exquisitely thrill'd your soul.

5

While the wounds of woe are healing,
While the heart is all resigned,
'Tis the solemn feast of feeling,
'Tis the sabbath of the mind.

6

Pensive memory then retraces
Scenes of bliss for ever fled;
Lives in former times and places;
Holds communion with the dead.

7

You have seen a friend—a brother;
Heard a dear dead father speak;
Prov'd the fondness of a mother;
Felt her tears upon your cheek!

8

Then, to heav'n your wishes bending,
Rose in extacy sublime;
Thither all your hopes ascending,
Triumph'd over death and time.

172. 8.7. 8.7. BARTON.

Affliction yields the peaceable Fruits of Righteousness.

Heb. xii. 11.

THE peaceful fruits of righteousness,
A prize beyond expression!
Have far more pow'r the heart to bless
Than earth's most proud possession.

2

What though, amid life's lovely bloom,
Our path be darkly shaded
By sorrow's clouds, beneath whose gloom
Some brighter tints have faded:—

3

Still may we trust in HIM whose love
Can turn each pain to pleasure;
Then ev'n the darkest clouds shall prove
Replete with richest treasure.

4

The rose, which in the sun's bright rays
Might soon have droop'd and perish'd,
With grateful scent the show'r repays,
By which its life is cherish'd.

5

And thus have ev'n the young in years
Found flow'rs within—that flourish,
And yield that fragrance, fed by tears,
Joy's sunshine could not nourish.

173. C. M. ADDISON.

Safety in God.

Ps. cvii. 4—8. 23—31.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3

Thy mercy sweetens ev'ry soil,
Makes ev'ry region please;
The hoary, frozen hills it warms,
And smooths the boist'rous seas.

4

When, by the dreadful tempest, borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

5

The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

6

In 'midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

174. L. M. RAFFLES.

Broken Cisterns, and the Fountain of Living Water.

Jer. ii. 13. xvii. 13. John iv. 14.

THIS world, that we so highly prize,
And seek so eagerly its smile—
What is it?—vanity and lies—
A broken cistern all the while.

2

Pleasure—with her delightful song,
That charms, th' unwary to beguile—
What is it?—the deceiver's tongue—
A broken cistern all the while.

3

And earthly friendships, fair and gay,
That promise much, with artful wile—
What are they?—only treachery—.
A broken cistern all the while.

4
Riches, that so absorb the mind
In anxious care, and ceaseless toil—
What are they?—faithless as the wind—
A broken cistern all the while.
5
Yes—all are broken cisterns, Lord!
To those that wander far from thee:
The living stream is in thy word,
Thou FOUNT OF IMMORTALITY!

175. C. M. STEELE.

False and True Pleasure.

HOW vain a thought is bliss below!
'Tis all an airy dream:
How empty are the joys that flow
On pleasure's smiling stream!
2
Transparent now, and all serene,
The gentle current flows;
While fancy paints the flatt'ring scene,
How fair the landscape shows!
3
But soon its transient charms decay,
When ruffling tempests blow;
The soft delusions fleet away,
And pleasure ends in woe.
4
O let my nobler wishes soar
Beyond these seats of night;
In heav'n substantial bliss explore,
And permanent delight!
5
There, pleasure flows for ever clear;
And, rising to the view,
Such dazzling scenes of joy appear
As fancy never drew.
6
No fleeting landscape cheats the gaze,
Nor airy form beguiles:
But everlasting bliss displays
Her undissembled smiles.
7
Adieu to all below the skies!
Celestial guardian, come!
On Faith's bright wing my soul would rise
To her eternal home.

176. S.7. S.7. MRS. C. B. WILSON.

Transient and Lasting Happiness.

TELL me, wand'rer! wildly roving
From the path that leads to peace,
Pleasure's false enchantments loving,—
When will thy delusion cease?
2
Once, like thee, by joys surrounded,
I, too, knelt at pleasure's shrine;
Once, too, all my hopes were founded
In delights as false as thine!
3
Then,—the moments flew unheeded
As the wave that rolls along;
Soon as one bright hope succeeded,
Came another smiling on!
4
But those cloudless hours that blest me,
Vanish'd as a dream when o'er;
And the world that once caress'd me,
Charm'd me with its smiles no more.
5
"Such is pleasure's transient story!—
Lasting happiness is known
Only in the path to glory—
In the Saviour's love alone."

177. L. M. E.

God the Source of all Good.

Jam. i. 17. Rom. xi. 36. 1 Tim. vi. 17.

FATHER of Lights! thou Great Supreme!
Our spirits live beneath thy beam:
Whate'er is great, or good, or fair,
Buds at thy feet, and blossoms there.
2
On all life's changing seasons shine;
In winter let thy light be mine:
Though storms arise, and tempests blow,
Thy smiles can gild each scene of woe.

178. L. M. BOWRING.

In thy light shall we see light.

Ps. xxxvi. 9.

LORD, where thy radiant beams are shed,
The stars are brighter o'er our head;
And brighter is the sunny glow,
O'er all above—around—below.
2
And ev'ry stream more gently flows;
And ev'ry breeze more softly blows;
And ev'ry flow'r more freshly smells;
And ev'ry note more sweetly swells.

3

Ev'n darkness has a cheering smile,
Each heart-felt sorrow to beguile:
Visions of Eden round us play,
And darkness kindles into day.

179. C. M. STEELE.

The Chief Good.

Ps. iv. 6, 7. Eccl. vi. 11, 12. Ps. xvi. 11. xxx. 5. lxiii. 3. Is. lv. 2.

IN vain the erring world inquires
For some substantial good;
While earth confines their low desires,
They live on airy food.

2

Illusive dreams of happiness
Their eager thoughts employ;
They wake, convinc'd their boasted bliss
Was visionary joy.

3

Begone, ye gilded vanities!
I seek some solid good:
To real bliss my wishes rise—
The favor of my God.

4

Immortal joy thy smiles impart,
Heav'n dawns in ev'ry ray;
One glimpse of thee will cheer my heart,
And turn my night to day.

5

Not all the good which earth bestows
Can fill the craving mind;
Its highest joys have mingled woes,
And leave a sting behind.

6

Should boundless wealth increase my store,
Can wealth my cares beguile?
I should be wretched still, and poor,
Without thy blissful smile.

7

Grant, gracious God, this one request:—
Oh! be thy love alone
My ample portion—here I rest,
For heav'n is in the boon.

180. C. M. STEELE.

True Happiness in God alone.

Ps. xvi. 11. xxx. 5. lxiii. 3.

WHEN fancy spreads her boldest wings,
And wanders, unconfin'd,
Amid the boundless scene of things
Which entertain the mind;—
In vain I trace creation o'er
In search of solid rest;
The whole creation is too poor—
Too mean to make me blest.

3

Let earth and all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind;
In God alone this restless heart
An equal bliss can find.

4

Thy favor, Lord, is all I want;
Here would my spirit rest:
Oh! seal the rich, the boundless grant,
And make me fully blest.

181. L. M. STEELE.

True Happiness in God alone.

Ps. xvi. 11. xxx. 5. lxiii. 3.

HOW barren of sincere delight
Are all the fairest scenes below!
Though beauteous colors charm the sight,
They only varnish real woe.

2

Were I to mount the flying wind,
And search the wide creation round,—
There's nothing here to suit the mind;
No solid happiness is found.

3

Oh! could my weary spirit rise,
And, panting with intense desire,
Reach the bright mansions in the skies,
And mingle with the blissful choir;—

4

How should I look with pitying eye,
On earth's low scenes of gloomy care;
And wonder how my soul could lie
Wrapp'd up in shades and darkness there!

5

Say, happy natives of the sky,
What is it makes your heav'n above?
You dwell beneath your Father's eye,
And feast for ever on his love.

6

My God! thy presence can impart
A glimpse of heav'n to earth and night;
Oh! smile, and bless my mournful heart,
Sweet foretaste of sincere delight!

7

So shall my soul contented stay,
Till my Redeemer call me home:
And then with holy transport say,
"Come, O my Lord—my Saviour, come!"

182. L. M. COWPER'S GUION.

Happiness in God every where.

TO me remains nor place nor time ;
My country is in ev'ry clime ;
I can be calm and free from care
On ev'ry shore, since God is there.

2

At home, abroad, what sweets they prove
Whose souls are fired with sacred love !
In heav'n, in earth, or on the sea,—
Where'er they dwell, they dwell with thee.

3

While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none ;
But if thy smiles attend our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

4

Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

5

Oh ! then, to his embrace repair,
My soul—thou art no stranger there !
There, love divine shall be thy guard,
And peace and safety thy reward.

183. 7s. EDMESTON.

An ever-present God the Christian's Happiness.

Ps. xlvi. 7. Jer. xxiii. 23, 24.

GOD is here—how sweet the sound !
All I feel, and all I see,—
Nature teems—above—around,
With the present Deity.

2

Is there danger ? Void of fear,
Though the death-wing'd arrows fly,
I can answer,—God is here :
I am safe beneath his eye !

3

When I pray, he hears my pray'r ;
When I weep, he sees my grief ;
If I wander, he is there,
Ready to afford relief.

4

Could I for a moment deem
God is not in all I see,
Oh ! how dreadful were the dream
Of a world devoid of thee !

5

But, since thou art ever near,
Ruling all that falls to me,
I can smile at pain or care,
Since it comes in love from thee.

184. 7s. TOPLADY.

True Happiness in Jesus Christ alone.

Phil. i. 21.

HAPPINESS, thou lovely name,
Where's thy seat ? Oh ! tell me where !
Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,
All exclaim, "It is not here."
Not the wisdom of the wise
Can inform me where it lies ;
Not the grandeur of the great
Can the bliss I seek create.

2

Object of my first desire,
Jesus ! crucified for me,—
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in thee :
Thee to praise, and thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below ;
Thee to see, and thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.

3

While I feel thy love to me,
Ev'ry object teems with joy :
Here, oh ! may I live to thee,
Then to thee, dear Saviour, die !
Let me but thyself possess,
Total sum of happiness,
Real bliss I then shall prove,—
Heav'n below, and heav'n above.

185. 8. 7. 8. 7. D. COLLYER.

The Smile of Jesus.

LOVELY is the face of nature,
Deck'd with spring's unfolding flow'rs ;
While the sun shows ev'ry feature,
Smiling through descending show'rs :
Birds, with songs the time beguiling,
Chaunt their little notes with glee—
But to see a Saviour smiling
Is more soft, more sweet to me.

2

Morn, her melting tints displaying,
Ere the sluggard is awake;
Ev'ning zephyrs gently straying
O'er the surface of the lake;
Melting hues, and whisp'ring breezes,
All have pow'rful charms for me—
But no earthly beauty pleases
When, my Lord! compar'd with thee.

3

Soft and sweet are show'rs, descending
On the parch'd, expecting ground;
Fragrance to the meadows lending,
As their drops distil around:
These, with ev'ry earthly blessing,
Loudly for thanksgiving call;
But, one smile of thine possessing,
Jesus! far exceeds them all.

4

Sweet is sleep to weary nature—
Sweet to labor is repose:
Sweet is life to ev'ry creature—
Sweet the balm that hope bestows:
But, though spring, and ev'ning's breezes,
Sleep, and hope, and life, to me
All are pleasant—nothing pleases,
Jesus! like a smile from thee.

THE KINGDOM AND CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST.

The Saviour's Reign, and Missionary Interests.

186. C. M. STEELE.

Jesus the King of Saints.

Matt. xxi. 5. John i. 49.

COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The sov'reign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2

Behold your King, your Saviour, crown'd
With glories all divine;
And tell the wond'ring nations round,
How bright those glories shine.

3

While majesty's effulgent blaze
Surrounds his sacred brow;
Ev'n angels tremble, as they gaze,
And, veil'd, adoring bow.

4

But love attempers ev'ry ray,—
Love, how divinely sweet!
That stoops to view the sons of clay,
And calls them to his feet!

5

Infinite pow'r, and boundless grace,
In him unite their rays:
You that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praise?

6

When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

7

And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise!
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

8

Oh, happy period! glorious day!
When heav'n and earth shall raise,
With all their pow'rs, the raptur'd lay
To celebrate thy praise.

187. 8.7. 8.7. 4.7. KELLY.

And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh, a name written, KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS!

Rev. xix. 16. Phil. ii. 10, 11. 1 Tim. vi. 15. Rev. xvii. 14.

LOOK! ye saints,—the sight is glorious;
See "the man of sorrows" now;
From the fight return'd victorious,
Ev'ry knee to him shall bow:
Crown him! crown him!
Crowns become the victor's brow.

2

Hark! those bursts of acclamation—
Hark! those loud triumphant chords—
Jesus takes the highest station:
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
Crown him! crown him!
KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS!

188. C. M. SHRUBSOLE.

He is Lord of all.

Acts x. 36. Phil. ii. 10, 11.

ALL hail the great Immanuel's name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2

Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4

Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5

Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6

Oh! that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
And join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

189. 7.6. 7.6. MONTGOMERY.

The Saviour's Glorious Reign.

Ps. lxxii. cxxxii. 18. Is. ix. 6, 7.
Zech. ix. 9, 10. Luke i. 32, 33.

HAIL to the Lord's anointed!
Great David's greater Son;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!

2

He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

3

Before him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4

Arabia's desart-ranger
To him shall bow the knee,—
The Ethiopian stranger,
His glory come to see.

5

With off'rings of devotion,
Ships from the Isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

6

Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore him,
The universal King.

7

For him shall pray'r unceasing,
And daily praise, ascend;
His kingdom still increasing—
A kingdom without end.

8

O'er ev'ry foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest.

190. 148th. DR. RYLAND.

The Saviour's Triumphant Reign.

Ps. lxxii. 8. Zech. ix. 9, 10.
Matt. xiii. 31—33. Luke xiii. 19—21.

REJOICE! the Saviour reigns
Among the sons of men;
He breaks the pris'ners chains,
And makes them free again:
Let hell oppose God's only Son!
In spite of foes his cause goes on.

2

All pow'r is in his hand,
His people to defend;
To his most high command
Shall millions more attend:
All heav'n with smiles approves his cause,
And distant isles receive his laws.

3

The little seed from heav'n
Shall soon become a tree;
The ever-blessed leav'n
Shall spread from sea to sea:
Till God the Son shall come again,
It must go on! Amen—amen!

191. 7.6. 7.6. D. HEBER.

Come over,—and help us.

Acts xvi. 9.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2

What, though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle;
Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?—
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn:
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim;
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss return to reign.

192. 8.7. 8.7. 7.7. KELLY.

Thou shalt cause the Trumpet of the Jubilee to sound.

Lev. xxv. 9. Matt. x. 8. xxviii. 19.
Mark xvi. 15. Luke xxiv. 47.

HARK! the solemn trumpet sounding,
Loud proclaims the jubilee:
'Tis the voice of grace abounding,—
Grace to sinners, rich and free:
Ye who know the joyful sound,
Publish it to all around.

2

Is the name of Jesus precious?
Does his love your spirits cheer?
Do you find him kind and gracious,
Still removing doubt and fear?
Think, that what he is to you,
Such he'll be to others too.

3

Were you once at awful distance,
Wand'ring from the fold of God?
Could no arm afford assistance,—
Nothing save but Jesus' blood?
Think, how many still are found,
Strangers to the joyful sound.

4

Brethren, join in supplication;
Join to plead before the Lord:
'Tis his arm that brings salvation;
He alone can give the word:
Father, let thy kingdom come;
Bring thy wand'ring outcasts home.

5

Brethren, let us freely offer;
All we have is from above:
Let us *give*, and *act*, and *suffer*:
What is this to Jesus' love!
Did he die our souls to save?
Then we 're his, and all we have.

6

Hark! the saints' triumphant chorus!
"Worthy is the Lamb," they cry:
They have gain'd the prize before us;
Soon we hope to share their joy:
But while here, remember still,
They who love him do his will.

7

Till we reach the wish'd-for vision,
Till we see him as he is,
Let us scorn the world's derision,
Let us prove that we are his:
Let us sound through all the earth,
Christ's inestimable worth.

193. 7.6. 7.6. D. M. M. E.

Britain's grateful Return for Missionary Blessings.

Matt. x. 8.

WHEN first its pious herald,
To Britain's happy shore,
The tidings of a Saviour,
With heav'nly triumph, bore;
How dreary was the prospect
Presented to their view!
For missionary labors,
What horrors to subdue!

2

On ev'ry side around them,
What darkness they beheld!
The curse of man's transgression
On all his race entail'd:
Engulph'd in superstition,
Our rude forefathers lay,
Till heav'n's bright Orb of glory
Turn'd darkness into day.

3

But, soon as Jesus' banner,—
Which o'er the heathen world
Was marching on in triumph,—
In Britain was unfurl'd;
The idol altars trembled,
Unable to withstand;
And long-benighted Britain
Became a Christian land.

4

Now, grateful for the blessings
Britain to strangers owes,
She lends her pious labours
To soften others woes:
Their darkness she enlightens,
Their ignorance dispels;
And pours the oil of gladness
Wherever woe prevails.

5

To Europe's farthest bound'ry,
And India's distant shores;
To Iceland's chilly regions,
She sends her heav'nly stores:
The swarthy sons of Afric
Her gen'rous bounty share;
And prove no race or nation
Beneath her tender care.

194. 11.11. 11.12.

An American Hymn.

The Missionaries' Farewell.

LAND, where the bones of our fathers are sleeping!
Land, where our dear ones and fond ones are weeping!
Land, where the light of Jehovah is shining!
We leave thee, lamenting, but not with repining.

2

Land of our fathers! in grief we forsake thee!
Land of our friends! may Jehovah protect thee!
Land of the church! may the light shine around thee;
Nor darkness, nor trouble, nor sorrow confound thee!

3

God is thy God! thou shalt walk in his brightness!
Gird thee with joy! let thy robes be of whiteness!
God is thy God! let thy hills shout for gladness!
But ah! we must leave thee—we leave thee in sadness.

4

Dark is our path o'er the dark, rolling ocean;
Dark are our hearts; but the fire of devotion
Kindles within;—and a far distant nation
Shall learn from our lips the glad song of salvation.

5

Hail to the land of our toils and our sorrows!
Land of our rest!—when a few more to-morrows
Pass o'er our heads, we shall seek our cold pillows,
And rest in our graves, far away o'er the billows.

6

Jesus, we pray for thy Spirit to lead us;
Jesus, we pray for thy pow'r to succeed us;
Then, when thy grace from our toils shall release us,
Thy love in the mansions of glory shall bless us.

195. 7s. FRANCIS.

Missionary Collection.

Matt. x. 8.

PRAISE the Saviour, all ye nations;
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine, victorious love.

2

See—how beauteous on the mountains
Are their feet, whose grand design
Is to guide us to the fountains
That o'erflow with bliss divine!

3

Be his kingdom now promoted;
Let the earth her Monarch know;
Be my all to him devoted;
To my Lord my all I owe.

4

With my substance will I honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word.

5

While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends of ev'ry nation
Gladly join to spread his fame.

196. 7s. BOWRING.

Watchman! what of the night?

Is. xxi. 11.

WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are:
Trav'ller! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretel?
Trav'ller! yes: it brings the day,—
Promis'd day of Israel!

2

Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends:
Trav'ller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ller! ages are its own,
And it bursts o'er all the earth.

3

Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn:
Trav'ller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman! let thy wand'rings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home:
Trav'ller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

197. L. M. METHOD. MAG.

Remonstrance to the Jews.

Ps. cxxxvii. 1—6.

WHY, on the bending willows hung,
Israel! still sleeps thy tuneful string?—
Still mute remains thy sullen tongue,
And Zion's song denies to sing?

2

Awake! thy sweetest raptures raise;
Let harps and voice unite their strains:
Thy promis'd King his sceptre sways;
Jesus, thine own Messiah, reigns!

3

No taunting foes the song require;
No strangers mock thy captive chain:
But friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.

4

Nor fear thy Salem's hills to wrong,
If other lands thy triumph share:
A heav'nly city claims thy song;
A brighter Salem rises there.

5

By foreign streams no longer roam,
Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's flood:
In ev'ry clime behold a home,—
In ev'ry temple see thy God.

198. C. M. REV. W. WARD.

Prayer for Missionaries, and the Success of Missionary Undertakings.

Ps. lxvii. 1, 2.

LORD, smile on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays;
And build, on sin's demolish'd throne,
The temple of thy grace.

2

Oh! charge the waves to bear our friends
In safety o'er the deep:
Let the rough tempest speed their way,
Or bid its fury sleep.

3

Whene'er they preach the Saviour's word
Beneath the Banian's shade,
Let the poor Hindoo feel its pow'r,
And grace his soul pervade.

4

Oh! let the heav'nly shaster spread;
Bid the new caste arise;
And Brahmans preach the gospel-word;
And India taste its joys.

199. C. M. GIBBONS.

The Out-pouring of the Holy Spirit implored.

Is. xxxii. 15—17. xliv. 3. xlv. 8. lv. 11—13.

LORD, pour thy Spirit from on high;
Then shall the desart rise,
With sudden greens and fruits array'd,
A blooming paradise.

2

Peace, with her olive-branch, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore;
No trump shall raise the rage of war,—
No murd'rous cannon roar.

3

The dawnings of these glorious days
Our cheerful songs inspire;
Oh! haste their full meridian blaze,
And bid the world admire.

4

Amen! with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumber'd millions cry:
Amen! with joy divine, let heav'n's
Unnumber'd choirs reply!

200. 8.7. 8.7. 4.7. P. WILLIAMS.

The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord.

Hab. ii. 14. Ps. xliii. 3. Is. xi. 9. lx. 1—5.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul,—be still, and gaze;
See the promises advancing
To a glorious day of grace!
Blessed jubilee!
Let thy glorious morning dawn!

2

Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude Barbarian, see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtain'd on Calvary:
Let the gospel
Loud resound, from pole to pole!

3

Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchas'd, win the day!

4

Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel;
Win and conquer—never cease!
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase:
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around!

201. J. E. GILES.

Babylon the Great is fallen, is fallen!

Rev. xviii. 2—23. 2 Thes. ii. 8. Rev. xiv. 8. xvi. 19. xix. 1—3.

SHE is fall'n! she is fall'n! from the height of her glory!
And lowly in ruin she lies:—
No more shall her greatness be sounded in story—
No more shall her praises arise.

2

One moment beheld her in brightness and beauty,
Erecting her head undefied;
'Tis past—and the storm, in the zeal of its duty,
Has blasted the bloom of her pride.

3

In the red flames of vengeance her temples are blazing;
The smoke of her torment ascends;
The scythe of destruction her glory is razing,
And widely her ruin extends.

4

Bewailing and wonder, distraction and weeping,
At once from her millions arise;
While the breath of Jehovah is suddenly sweeping
Their fav'rite, their joy, from their eyes.

5

But shout, O ye heav'ns! with rapture and gladness
Your harps and your voices employ;
And light, in the flames of her ruin and sadness,
The torch that shall kindle your joy.

6

The flatt'ring deceiver, the harlot of nations,
So shameless, so wanton before,
Like a millstone has sunk, by her own fornications:—
Her glory shall dazzle no more.

202. 148th. DODDRIDGE.

The Wilderness transformed; or, The Happy Effects of the Gospel.

Is. xi. 6—9. xxxv. 1, 2. xli. 18—20. lv. 13. lxv. 17.

AMAZING, beauteous change!
A world created new!
My thoughts with transport range,
The lovely scene to view:
In all I trace,
Saviour divine,
The work is thine,—
Be thine the praise.

2

See crystal fountains play
Amid the burning sands;
The river's winding way
Glides through the thirsty lands:
New grass is seen,
And o'er the meads
Its carpet spreads,
Of living green.

3

Where pointed brambles grew,
Entwin'd with piercing thorn,
Gay flow'rs, for ever new,
The painted fields adorn:
The blushing rose
And lily, there,
In union fair,
Their sweets disclose.

4

Where the bleak mountains stood
All bare and disarray'd,
See the wide-branching wood
Diffuse its grateful shade:
Tall cedars nod,—
And oaks and pines
And elms and vines
Confess the God.

5

The tyrants of the plain
Their savage chase give o'er:
No more they rend the slain;
They thirst for blood no more:
But infant hands
Fierce tigers stroke,
And lions yoke
In flow'ry bands.

6

Oh! when, Almighty Lord,—
When shall these scenes arise,
To verify thy word,
And bless our wond'ring eyes?
That earth may raise,
With all its tongues,
United songs
Of ardent praise!

203. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Praying always, with all prayer.

Eph. vi. 18. Acts ix. 11.

PRAY'R is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2

Pray'r is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

3

Pray'r is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Pray'r, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4

Pray'r is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold he prays."

5

Pray'r is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watch-word at the gates of death:—
He enters heav'n with pray'r.

6

In pray'r, on earth, the saints are one,
In word, in deed, and mind;
When with the Father and his Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

7

Nor pray'r is made on earth alone;—
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

8

O thou by whom we come to God—
The life, the truth, the way!
The path of pray'r thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray.

204. L. M. COWPER.

The Worth of Prayer.

Matt. xxi. 22. Phil. iv. 6, 7.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who, that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wishes to be often there?

2

Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

3

Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight;
Pray'r makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles, when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4

Have you no words? ah! think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

5

Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heav'n in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,—
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

205. 9. 8. 9. 8. CUNNINGHAM.

Hindrances to Prayer surmounted.

Matt. xx. 31.

THRO' the skies, when the thunder is hurl'd,
The child to its parent will flee;
Thus, amid the rebukes of the world,
I turn, O my Father, to thee.

2

All in vain would they bid me retire;
In vain would they silence my pray'r;
'Tis my eye-sight—'tis life I require;
I seek to be snatch'd from despair.

3

In this valley of sorrow and strife,
Pray'r shall rise with my earliest breath:
It shall mix in the business of life,
And soften the struggles of death.

206. L. M. WATTS.

Drawing near to God in Prayer.

Ps. lxxiii. 28. Job xxiii. 3, 4. Jam. iv. 8.

MY God, I bow before thy feet;
When shall my soul approach thy seat?
When shall I see thy glorious face
With mingled majesty and grace?

2

How should I love thee, and adore,
With hopes and joys unknown before!
And bid this trifling world be gone,
Nor tease my heart so near thy throne.

3

My soul should pour out all her cares
In flowing words, or flowing tears;
Thy smiles would ease my sharpest pain,
Nor should I seek my God in vain.

207. L. M. COWPER.

The House of Prayer.

Matt. xxi. 13. Mark xi. 17. Luke xix. 46.

THY mansion is the Christian's heart;
O Lord, thy dwelling place secure!
Bid the unruly throng depart,
And leave the consecrated door.

2

Devoted as it is to thee,
A thousand foes frequent the place;
They steal away my joys from me,
And rob my Saviour of his praise.

3

I know them, and I hate their din,—
Am weary of the bustling crowd;
For while their voice is heard within,
I cannot serve thee as I would.

4

O for the joy thy presence gives!
What peace shall reign when thou art here!
Thy grace can make this den of thieves
A calm, delightful house of pray'r.

208. C. M. BOWRING.

Sincere Worship.

John iv. 23, 24.

THE off'rings which to thee arise,
Of mingled praise and pray'r,
Are but a worthless sacrifice
Unless the heart be there.

2

My off'rings will indeed be blest
If sanctified by thee;—
If thy pure spirit touch my breast
With its own purity.

3

Oh! may that spirit warm my heart
To gratitude and praise;
And ev'n to earth's low vale impart
The rapture of the skies!

209. 11. 11. 11. 5. *From* BOWRING.

Humble Devotion.

Job xxxvii. 19. Acts ix. 11. Rom. viii. 26.

FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit,
My humble pray'r ascends—O Father, hear it!
Borne on the trembling wings of fear and meekness:
Forgive its weakness!

2

I know—I feel how mean, and how unworthy
The lowly sacrifice I pour before thee:
What can I offer thee, O Thou most holy!
But sin and folly.

3

Lord, in thy sight, who ev'ry bosom viewest,
Cold are our warmest vows, and vain our truest;
Thoughts of a hurrying hour—our lips repeat them—
Our hearts forget them!

4

We see thy hand—it leads us—it supports us:
We hear thy voice—it counsels, and it courts us;
And then we turn away!—and still thy kindness
Pardons our blindness!

5

Who can resist thy gentle call, appealing
To ev'ry gen'rous thought and grateful feeling!
Oh! who can hear the accents of thy mercy,
And never love thee!

6

Kind Benefactor! plant within this bosom
The seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom,
In fragrance, and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

7

Then place them in those everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens;
Where ev'ry flow'r, brought safe through death's dark portal,
Becomes immortal.

210. 104th. BOWRING.

The Pleasures of Devotion.

Ps. lxv. 4.

IF ever on earth the visions of heav'n,
Of glory and beauty, to mortals are giv'n,
'Tis when on the wings of devotion we soar,
And trust in the Godhead we humbly adore.

2

Though faint be the ray that breaks from above,
Its smile is the brightness of peace and of love,—
The pledge and the promise of glory to come,
When joy shall be harbour'd secure in its home.

211. C. M. H. M. WILLIAMS.

Habitual Devotion.

Phil. iv. 6.

FATHER, in all my comforts here
Thy gracious hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.

2

Thy love the pow'rs of thought bestow'd—
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd—
That mercy I adore.

3

When gladness wings my favor'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lour,
My soul shall meet thy will.

4

In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
In ev'ry pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in pray'r.

212. C. M. S. STENNETT.

Prayer for Divine Forgiveness.

Ps. xxv. 11. 18.

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2

If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3

But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou has shed,—
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

4

Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word,
That bids the sinner live.

213. C. M. BROWNE.

Sinners pleading for Mercy.

Luke xviii. 13.

LORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With heavy heart and downcast eye,
Thy favor we implore.

2

On us the vast extent display
Of thy forgiving love;
Take all our heinous guilt away;
This heavy load remove.

3

'Tis mercy—mercy we implore;
We would thy pity move;
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.

4

Oh! for thine own, for Jesus' sake,
Our num'rous sins forgive;
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,
And, breaking, soon relieve.

5

Thus melt us down, thus make us bend,
And thy dominion own;
Nor let a rival more pretend
To re-possess thy throne.

214. 8.7. 8.7. TURNER.

Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.

Mark x. 47.

JESUS, full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
Let me know thy great salvation,
Ere I languish, faint, and die.

2

Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelm'd with helpless grief,
Prostrate at thy feet, repenting,
Send—oh, send me quick relief!

3

Without thee, the world possessing,
I should be a wretch undone,—
Search through heav'n, the land of blessing,
Seeking good, and finding none.

4

In the world of endless ruin,
Let it never, Lord, be said,
"Here's a soul, that perish'd, suing
"For the boasted Saviour's aid!"

5

Sav'd!—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above;
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptur'd with thy love!

215. 12s. HEBER.

Lord, save us: we perish!

Matt. viii. 25. Luke viii. 24.

WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Master: "Lord! save, or we perish."

2

O Jesus! once rock'd on the breast of the billow,
Arous'd by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries, in his anguish, "Lord! save, or we perish."

3

And oh! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Then send down thy grace, thy redeem'd ones to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer: "Lord! save, or we perish."

216. C. M. ADDISON.

Judgment anticipated, and Mercy implored.

2 Tim. i. 18. Jude 21.

WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face—
Oh, how shall I appear!

2

If now, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;—

3

When thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh, how shall I appear!

4

Then see my sorrows, gracious Lord;
Let mercy set me free;
Whilst in the confidence of pray'r
My heart takes hold on thee.

5

For never shall my soul despair
Thy mercy to procure;
Since thy beloved Son has died,
To make that mercy sure!

217. 112th. RAFFLES.

Prayer for Divine Consolation.

Ps. xxxi. 16.

FATHER of mercies, God of love,
Oh! hear a humble suppliant's cry;
Bend from thy lofty seat above,
Thy throne of glorious majesty:
Oh! deign to listen to my voice,
And bid my drooping heart rejoice.

2

I urge no merits of my own,
No worth, to claim thy gracious smile:
No—when I bow before the throne,—
Dare to converse with God awhile,—
Thy name, blest Jesus, is my plea,—
The dearest, sweetest name to me!

3

Father of mercies, God of love!
Then hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
Bend from thy lofty seat above,
Thy throne of glorious majesty:
One pard'ning word can make me whole,
And soothe the anguish of my soul.

218. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Abba, Father.

Rom. viii. 15. Gal. iv. 6. 2 Cor. vi. 18.

SOV'REIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while a worm would raise his head,
Disdain a Father's name.

2

My Father, God! how sweet the sound!
How tender, and how dear!
Not all the harmony of heav'n
Could so delight the ear.

3

Come, Sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

4

Cheer'd by a signal so divine,
Unwav'ring I believe;
And, "Abba, Father," humbly cry;
Nor can the sign deceive.

219. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.

Ps. xxxv. 3.

SALVATION! oh! melodious sound,
To wretched, dying men!
Salvation, that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again!—

2

That saves from hell's eternal gloom,
From fiends, and fires, and chains;
And gives a paradise of bliss,
Where love triumphant reigns!

3

But may a poor, bewilder'd soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine?

4

My Saviour, God, no voice but thine
These dying hopes can raise;
Speak thy salvation to my soul,
And turn my pray'r to praise.

5

"My Saviour, God," this broken voice
Transported shall proclaim;
And call on all th' angelic harps
To sound so sweet a name.

220. L. M. STEELE.

Desiring Assurance of the Divine Favor.

Ps. iv. 6. xxxv. 3.

IN vain the world's alluring smile
Would my unwary heart beguile:
Deluding world! its brightest day,
Dream of a moment, fleets away.

2

To nobler bliss my soul aspires;
Come, Lord, and fill these vast desires
With pow'r, and light, and love divine:
Oh! speak, and tell me thou art mine.

3

The blissful word, with joy replete,
Shall bid my gloomy fears retreat;
And heav'n-born hope, serenely bright,
Irradiate my darkest night.

4

So shall my joyful spirit rise,
On wings of faith, above the skies;—
Then dwell for ever near thy throne,
In joys to mortal thought unknown.

221. C. M. STEELE.

Desiring Assurance of the Divine Favor.

Ps. iv. 6. xxxv. 3.

ETERNAL Source of joys divine,
To thee my soul aspires;
Oh! could I say, "The Lord is mine!"
'Tis all my soul desires.

2

Thy smile can give me real joy,
Unmingled and refin'd;
Substantial bliss, without alloy,
And lasting as the mind.

3

Thy smile can gild the shades of woe,
Bid stormy trouble cease;
Spread the fair dawn of heav'n below,
And sweeten pain to peace.

4

My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord,
Assure me of thy love;
Oh! speak the kind, transporting word,
And bid my fears remove.

5

Then shall my thankful pow'rs rejoice,
And triumph in my God;
Till heav'nly rapture tune my voice
To spread thy praise abroad.

222. 7s. NEWTON.

Prayer for the Lord's promised Presence.

John xiv. 18.

GRACIOUS Leader! now appear—
Shine upon us with thy light!
Like the spring, when thou art near
Days and suns are doubly bright!

2

As a mother counts the days,
Till her absent child she see,—
Longs and watches, weeps and prays—
So our spirits long for thee!

3

Come, and let us feel thee nigh;
Then thy sheep shall feed in peace;—
Plenty bless us from on high;
Evil from among us cease!

4

Let thy light be ne'er withdrawn;
Golden days afford us long!
Thus we pray at early dawn—
This shall be our ev'ning song.

223. 7s. DR. RYLAND.

There be many that say, Who will show us any good? Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.

Ps. iv. 6.

JESUS, King of love and grace,
Oh! reveal thy smiling face;
Break through ev'ry cloud, and shine;
Cheer me with thy light divine.

2

All in vain is winter gone,
Charming spring in vain comes on,—
If my Lord no more I see,
Nature's charms are nought to me.

3

Rise, thou Sun of Righteousness;
With thy beams my spirit bless;
Winter then may stay or flee,—
Lord, 'tis all alike to me.

4

If in life I share thy grace,
If in death I see thy face,
Life may stay, or life may flee,—
Lord, 'tis all alike to me.

224. C. M. Rowe.

Breathing after Heavenly Things.

TO thee, my gracious God, I sigh,—
But not for golden stores ;
I covet not the brightest gems
On India's wealthy shores ;—

2

Nor that deluding, empty joy,
Men call a mighty name ;
Nor proud ambition's loftiest forms
My restless thoughts inflame.

3

Nor pleasure's soft, enticing charms
My fond desires allure :
Far greater things than earth can yield
My wishes would secure.

4

Those blissful, those transporting smiles,
That brighten heav'n above ;
The boundless riches of thy grace,—
The treasures of thy love :—

5

These are the mighty things I crave :
Oh! make these blessings mine,
And all the glories of the world
I'll cheerfully resign.

225. 8.8. 8.4. Bowring.

Thy will be done.

Matt. vi. 10. xxvi. 42. Luke xi. 2. xxii. 42. Acts. xxi. 14.

"THY will be done!" In devious way
The hurrying stream of life may run;
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,
"Thy will be done!"

2

"Thy will be done!" If o'er us shine
A gladd'ning and a prosp'rous sun,
This pray'r will make it more divine—
"Thy will be done!"

3

"Thy will be done!" Though shrouded o'er
Our path with gloom, one comfort—one
Is ours :—to breathe, while we adore,
"Thy will be done!"

226. 7s. Bowring.

Father, glorify thy name.

John xii. 28.

"FATHER! glorify thy name :"
Whatsoe'er our portion be ;
Wheresoever led by thee ;
If to glory—if to shame—
"Father! glorify thy name."

2

Let thy name be glorified !
If in doubt and darkness lost,
Hope deceiv'd—our purpose cross'd,
Nothing good can be denied :
Let thy name be glorified !

3

"Father! glorify thy name ;"
Vain and blind our wishes are :
This can be no idle pray'r,
This can be no worthless claim,—
"Father! glorify thy name."

227. C. M. Steele.

Desiring to know and love Christ more.

THOU lovely Source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore ;
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2

Thy glory o'er creation shines ;
But in thy sacred word
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3

'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love with cheering beams of hope
My fainting heart supplies.

4

But ah! too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain ;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.

5

Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
Oh ! come with blissful ray ;
Break through the gloomy shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

6

Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love :
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

228. C. M. STEELE.

Desiring to love the Saviour without wandering.

YE earthly vanities, depart;
For ever hence remove:
Jesus alone deserves my heart,
And ev'ry thought of love.

2

His heart, where love and pity dwelt
In all their softest forms,
Sustain'd the heavy load of guilt
For lost, rebellious worms.

3

Can I my bleeding Saviour view,
And yet ungrateful prove?
And pierce his wounded heart anew,
And grieve his injur'd love?

4

Dear Lord, forbid! oh! bind this heart,—
This roving heart of mine,—
So firm that it may ne'er depart,
In chains of love divine.

229. C. M. COWPER.

Longing for a closer Walk with God.

Job xxix. 2—4. Gen. v. 24.

OH! for a closer walk with God,—
A calm and heav'nly frame;
A light, to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4

Return, O Holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

230. C. M. STEELE.

The Request.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let *this* petition rise:—

2

"Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
"From ev'ry murmur free;
"The blessings of thy grace impart,
"And make me live to thee.

3

"Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
"My life and death attend;—
"Thy presence through my journey shine,
"And crown my journey's end."

231. S.8.6. S.8.6. OGILVIE.

Invocation to Universal Praise.

Ps. cxlviii.

BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay:
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name!
Lo! heav'n, and earth, and seas, and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme!

2

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
Where gay, transporting beauty reigns;
Ye scenes divinely fair;
Your Maker's wondrous pow'r proclaim;
Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
And breath'd the fluid air!

3

Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound;
While all th' adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing:
Let ev'ry list'ning saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string!

4

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir;
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid:
Soon as grey ev'ning gilds the plain,
Thou moon, protract the melting strain,
And praise him in the shade!

5

Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,
Who call'd yon worlds from night:
"Ye shades, dispel!" th' Eternal said;—
At once th' involving darkness fled,
And nature sprang to light!

6

Whate'er a blooming world contains,
That wings the air, that skims the plains,
United praise bestow:
Ye dragons, sound his awful name
To heav'n aloud; and roar acclaim,
Ye swelling deeps below!

7

Let ev'ry element rejoice:
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
To him who bids you roll:
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul!

8

To him, ye graceful cedars, bow;
Ye tow'ring mountains, bending low,
Your great Creator own;
Tell, when affrighted nature shook,
How Sinai kindled at his look,
And trembled at his frown!

9

Ye flocks, that tread the humble vale,
Ye insects, flutt'ring on the gale,
In mutual concourse rise;
Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,
And waft its spoils and sweet perfume
In incense to the skies!

10

Wake, all ye mounting tribes, and sing;
Ye plumy warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise,
To him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise!

11

Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the reas'ning head,
In heav'nly praise employ;
Spread his tremendous name around,
Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the sound,—
The gen'ral burst of joy!

12

Ye, whom the charms of grandeur please
Nurs'd on the downy lap of ease,
Fall prostrate at his throne:
Ye princes—rulers—all—adore; [pow'r
Praise him, ye kings, who makes your
An image of his own!

13

Ye fair, by nature form'd to move,
Oh! praise th' Eternal Source of love
With youth's enliv'ning fire:
Let age take up the tuneful lay,
And sing his name, then soar away
And ask an angel's lyre!

232. C. M. WATTS.

Invocation to Universal Praise.

Ps. cxlviii.

PRAISE ye the Lord, immortal choir,
That fill the realms above;
Praise him, who form'd you of his fire
And feeds you with his love.

2

Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode;
Or veil your little, twinkling eyes
Before your brighter God.

3

Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
And own your borrow'd rays.

4

Ye stars, return the honors paid
To your inferior names;
And tell the world your orbs are fed
By his o'erflowing flames.

5

Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud
Through the ethereal blue;
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.

6

Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your tumultuous roar;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.

7

Thunder, and hail, and fires, and storms,
The troops of his command,—
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.

8

But gentler things shall tune his name
To softer notes than these,—
Young zephyrs, breathing o'er the stream,
Or whisp'ring through the trees.

9

Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bids you grow;
Sweet clusters, bend the fruitful vines
On ev'ry grateful bough.

10

And while the meaner creatures sing,—
Ye mortals, catch the sound;
Echo the glories of your King
Through all the nations round.

233. 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Invocation to Universal Praise.

Ps. cxlviii.

PRAISE the Lord, ye hosts above,
Spirits perfected in love;
Sun and moon, your voices raise;
Sing, ye stars, your Maker's praise.

2

Ocean's hallelujahs, flow;
Praise him from the depths below;
Lightning, vapor, wind and storm,
Hail and snow, his will perform.

3

Vales and mountains, burst in song;
Rivers, roll with praise along;
Clap your hands, ye trees, and hail
Him who comes in ev'ry gale.

4

Birds, on wings of rapture soar;
Warble at his temple door;
Joyful sounds, from herds and flocks,
Echo back, ye caves and rocks.

5

Kings, your Sov'reign serve with awe;
Judges, own his righteous law;
Princes, venerate his claim;
Earth and heav'n, adore his name.

6

High above all height his throne;
Excellent his name alone;
Him let all his works confess;
Him let ev'ry being bless.

234. C. M. ROWE.

Invocation to Praise.

Ps. cxlviii. 1, 2. 4. 8. 13. 14.

BEGIN the high, celestial strain,
My ravish'd soul, and sing
A solemn hymn of grateful praise
To heav'n's almighty King.

2

Ye curling fountains, as you roll
Your silver waves along,
Murmur to all your verdant shores
The subject of my song.

3

Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings,
To distant climes away;
And round the wide extended world
The lofty theme convey.

4

Take the glad burthen of his name,
Ye clouds, as you arise
To decorate the golden morn,
Or shade the ev'ning skies.

5

Long let it tremble round the spheres,
And echo through the sky,
Till angels, with immortal skill,
Improve the harmony:—

6

While we, with sacred rapture fir'd,
The blest Creator sing;
And chant our consecrated lays,
To heav'n's Eternal King.

235. 6. 6. 6. 6. 7. 7.

CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN.

Invocation to Praise.

Ps. xcviii. 7—9. cxlviii. 1, 2. 8. 11—13.

ANGELS, assist to sing
The honors of your God;
Touch ev'ry tuneful string,
And sound his name abroad:
Pour the trembling notes along;
Swell the grand, immortal song.

2

And ye of meaner birth,
Your joyful voices raise;
Inhabitants of earth,
Your great Redeemer praise:
Let your loud hosannas rise;
Shake the earth, and pierce the skies!

3
Let day and dusky night,
In solemn order, join
His praises to recite,
And speak his pow'r divine:
Ev'ry hill, and ev'ry vale,
Echo with the sacred tale.

4
Ye winds and raging seas,
With wild, tempestuous roar,
Resound, in mightier lays,
His name from shore to shore:
Thunders, spread his name abroad;
Lightnings, flash before your God.

5
Let ev'ry creature sing
The honors of our God;—
Touch ev'ry tuneful string,
And spread his praise abroad:
Pour the trembling notes along;
Swell the universal song.

236. 148th. STEELE.

Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.

Ps. cl. 6.

LET ev'ry creature join
To bless Jehovah's name;
And ev'ry pow'r unite
To swell th' exalted theme:
Let nature raise,
From ev'ry tongue,
A gen'ral song
Of grateful praise.

2
But oh! from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow;
And ev'ry thankful heart
With warm devotion glow:
Your voices raise,
Ye highly blest;
Above the rest
Declare his praise.

3
Assist me, gracious God;
My heart, my voice inspire;
Then shall I humbly join
The universal choir:
Thy grace can raise
My heart and tongue;
And tune my song
To lively praise.

237. 8.7. 8.7. E. W. B.

The Works of Nature invoked to praise the Lord.

Ps. xcviii. 7—9. cxlviii. 7—9.

LET the sea swell Jehovah's praise;
Yea, let the floods adore him:
Let ev'ry lofty mountain raise
The song of joy before him.

2
Ye zephyrs, let the heav'nly lay,
Borne on your gentle pinions,
The great Creator's fame convey
Throughout his vast dominions.

3
Let the wild wind's tremendous roar,
The mighty chorus swelling,
Fly through the world, from shore to shore,
Jehovah's goodness telling.

4
Ye dreadful caverns of the deep,
Send back the joyful story;
Nor longer let your echoes sleep,
Unmindful of his glory.

238. Old 50th. BARBAULD.

Praise ye the Lord.—Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.

Ps. cl. 1, 2.

JEHOVAH reigns! let ev'ry nation hear,
And at his footstool bow with holy fear;
Let heav'n's high arches echo with his name;
Let the wide peopled earth his praise proclaim;
Then send it down to hell's deep gloom resounding,
Through all her caves in dreadful murmurs sounding.

2

He rules with wide and absolute command
O'er the broad ocean and the steadfast land:
Jehovah reigns unbounded and alone,
And all creation hangs beneath his throne:
He reigns alone; let no inferior nature
Usurp, or share the throne of the Creator.

3

He saw the struggling beams of infant light
Shoot through the massy gloom of ancient night;
His spirit hush'd the elemental strife,
And brooded o'er the kindling seeds of life:
Seasons and months began their long procession,
And measur'd o'er the year in bright succession.

4

The joyful sun sprung up th' ethereal way,
Strong as a giant, as a bridegroom gay;
The feebler moon diffus'd her shadowy light
Superior o'er the dusky brow of night;
Ten thousand glitt'ring lamps the skies adorning,
Num'rous as dew-drops from the womb of morning.

5

Earth's blooming face with rising flow'rs he dress'd,
And spread a verdant mantle o'er her breast;
Then, from the hollow of his hand, he pours
The circling waters round her winding shores,
The new-born world in their cool arms embracing,
And with soft murmurs still her banks caressing.

6

At length—she rose complete in finish'd pride,
All fair and spotless, like a virgin bride
Fresh with untarnish'd lustre:—as she stood,
Her Maker bless'd his work, and call'd it good:
The morning stars, with joyful acclamation,
Exulting sang, and hail'd the new creation.

7

Yet this fair world, the creature of a day,
Though built by God's right hand, must pass away;
And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
The fate of empires, and the pride of kings:
Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,
And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

8

The sun himself, with weary clouds oppress'd,
Shall in his silent, dark pavilion rest;
His golden urn shall broke and useless lie,
Amid the common ruins of the sky;
The stars rush headlong in the wild commotion,
And bathe their glitt'ring foreheads in the ocean.

9

But fix'd, O God! for ever, stands thy throne;
Jehovah reigns, a universe alone:
Th' eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,
Collected or diffus'd, is still the same:
He dwells within his own unfathom'd essence,
And fills all space with his unbounded presence.

10

But oh! our highest notes the theme debase,
And silence is our least injurious praise:
Cease—cease your songs, the daring flight control;
Revere him in the stillness of the soul:
With silent duty meekly bend before him,
And deep within your inmost hearts adore him.

239. 112th. BOWRING.

All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord; and thy saints shall bless thee.

Ps. cxlv. 10.

NATURE,—with all her countless throng,
And sun, and moon, and planet's song,
And ev'ry flow'r that light receives,
And ev'ry dew-drop on the leaves,
And ev'ry murmur of the sea—
Tunes its sweet voice to worship Thee.

2

So may we tune our cheerful voice,
While all our hearts in thee rejoice,
And love, and praise, and worship thee,
Thou infinite Divinity!
And hold, above inferior things;
Communion with the King of kings.

240. 7s.

From BOWRING'S RUSSIAN POETS.

The Song of the Cherubim.

Rev. iv. 6—8. Is. vi. 1—3.

SEE the glorious Cherubim [throne;
Thronging round th' ETERNAL'S
Hark! they sing their holy hymn
To the unknown THREE IN ONE:
All-supporting Deity,
Praise—eternal praise to thee!

2

Rest, ye worldly tumults, rest!
Here let all be peace and joy;—
Grief, no longer rend our breast;
Tears, no more bedew our eye:
All-supporting Deity,
Praise—eternal praise to thee!

3

Heav'n-directed spirits, rise
To the temple of the skies!
Join the ranks of angels bright,
Near th' ETERNAL'S dazzling light:
All-supporting Deity,
Praise—eternal praise to thee!

241. S. M. WATTS.

Obligations to Praise.

ALMIGHTY Maker, God!
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad,
Through the creation's frame!

2

Nature, in ev'ry dress,
Her humble homage pays;
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Her undissembled praise.

3

In native white and red
The rose and lily stand;
And, free from pride, their beauties spread,
To show thy skilful hand.

4

The lark mounts up the sky,
With unambitious song;
And bears her Maker's praise on high
Upon her artless tongue.

5

My soul would rise and sing
Her great Creator too;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the tribute due.

6

Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days;
And to my God my soul ascend,
In sweet perfumes of praise.

242. 7.7. 7.7. 8.7. BOWRING.

What is man, that thou art mindful of him!

Ps. viii. 4.

FATHER! Source of light and love!
Thou, whose throne of majesty,
From the glorious realms above,
Gladdens all the earth with joy,—
Mercy streaming, promise beaming,—
Let thy praise my soul employ.

2

What is man, that he should share
Goodness bright and blest as thine?
What is man, that heav'nly care,
Heav'nly kindness, pow'r divine,—
Ever guiding, joy providing,—
Should be his, and should be mine?

3

From this narrow vale of clay,
Let me waft my thoughts to thee;—
Waft them to the realms of day;
And in thy benignity
Seek my pleasures—find my treasures:
Earth can be no home to me.

4

On thy holy name I call;
On thy lovely footstool stand;
All sprung forth from good—and all
Tends to good, beneath thy hand:
Streams the purest, joys the surest,
Flow and smile at thy command.

243. C. M. STEELE.

Praise for Creation and Providence.

Ps. cvii. 8. 15. 21. 31. cxxxix. 14—18.

LORD, when our raptur'd thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid our souls adore.

2

Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.

3

The living tribes, of countless forms,
In earth, and sea, and air;
The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
Almighty pow'r declare.

4

Thy wisdom, pow'r, and goodness, Lord,
In all thy works appear:
And, oh! let man thy praise record,—
Man—thy distinguish'd care!

5

From thee the breath of life he drew;
That breath thy pow'r maintains;
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.

6

Yet nobler favors claim his praise,
Of reason's light possess'd;
By revelation's brightest rays,
Still more divinely blest.

7

Thy providence, his constant guard
When threat'ning woes impend,
Will the impending danger ward,
Or timely succour lend.

8

On us that providence has shone,
With gentle, smiling rays;
Oh, let our lips and lives prolong
Thy goodness and thy praise!

244. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Praise to God for his wonderful Works to the Children of Men.

Ps. cvii. 8. 15. 21. 31.

YE sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his pow'r and goodness sound
Through all your tribes, the earth around.

2

Let the high heav'ns your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light;
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.

3

Sing, earth, in verdant robes array'd;
Thy herbs and flow'rs, thy fruits and shade;
Peopled with life of various forms,
Of fish, and fowl, and beasts, and worms.

4

View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns;
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.

5

But oh! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns Incarnate Love!—
God's only Son, in flesh array'd,
For man a bleeding victim made!

6

Thither, my soul, with rapture soar;
There, in the land of praise, adore;
The theme demands an angel's lay,—
Demands an everlasting day.

245. L. M. GIBBONS.

What hath God wrought!

Numb. xxiii. 23.

WHAT hath God wrought! might Israel say,
When Jordan roll'd its tide away,
And gave a passage to their bands,
Safely to march across its sands.

2

What hath God wrought! might well be said,
When Jesus, rising from the dead,
Scatter'd the shades of pagan night,
And bless'd the nations with his light.

3

What hath God wrought! ye Britons, see—
Freed from the plagues of popery,—
Its tenfold night, its iron chains,
Its galling yoke, its cruel pains.

4

What hath God wrought! the glad surprise
Shall fill the earth, and rend the skies,
When, like a mill-stone in the main,
Proud Rome shall sink, nor rise again.

5

What hath God wrought! oh, blissful theme!
Are we redeem'd, and call'd by him?
Shall we be led the desart through—
And safe arrive in glory too?

6

The news shall ev'ry harp employ,—
Fill ev'ry tongue with rapt'rous joy!
When shall we join the heav'nly throng,
To swell the triumph and the song?

246. 10.11. 11.11. 12.11. 10.11. T. MOORE.

The Song of Miriam.

Ex. xv. 1—21.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah hath triumph'd! his people are free!
Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken;
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave,—
How vain was their boasting! the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave!
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah hath triumph'd! his people are free!

2

Praise to the Conqueror! praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow—his breath was our sword!
Who shall return, to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
The Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide:
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah hath triumph'd! his people are free!

247. L. M. C. WESLEY.

The Mariner's Song of Praise.

Ps. cvii. 23—31.

GLORY to Thee, whose pow'rful word
Bids the tempestuous wind arise;
Glory to Thee, thou Sov'reign Lord
Of air, and earth, and seas, and skies.

2

Let air, and earth, and skies obey,
And seas thine awful will perform:
From them we learn to own thy sway,
And shout to meet the gath'ring storm.

3

What, though the floods lift up their voice?
Thou hearest, Lord, our louder cry;
They cannot damp thy children's joys,
Or shake the soul when God is nigh.

248. 7s. BARBAULD.

Praise to God under all the circumstances of Life.

Hab. iii. 17, 18.

PRAISE to God! immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days:
Bounteous Source of ev'ry joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2

For the blessings of the field;
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the vine's refreshing juice;
For the gen'rous olive's use:—

3

Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews;
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse:—

4

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that lib'ral Autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores:—

5

These, to that dear Source we owe
Whence our sweetest comforts flow;
These, through all my happy days,
Claim my cheerful songs of praise.

6

Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the rip'ning ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green, untimely fruit;—

7

Should the vine bud forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall:—

8

Lord, to thee my soul should raise
Grateful, never-ending praise;
And, when ev'ry blessing 's flown,
Love thee—for THYSELF alone.

249. C. M. STEELE.

Praise for the Blessings of Providence and Grace.

Ps. ciii. 2.

ALMIGHTY Father! Gracious Lord!
Kind Guardian of my days!
Thy mercies let my heart record,
In songs of grateful praise.

2

In life's first dawn my tender frame
Was thine indulgent care;
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the youthful pray'r.

3

How many blessings round me shone,
Where'er I turn'd my eye!
How many pass'd almost unknown,
Or unregarded by!

4

Each rolling year new favors brought
From thine exhaustless store;
But oh! in vain my lab'ring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

5

While sweet reflection through my days
Thy bounteous hand would trace;
Still dearer blessings claim thy praise,—
The blessings of thy grace.

6

Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord!
For favors more divine;
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.

7

But frail mortality in vain
Attempts the blissful song;
The high, the vast, the boundless strain,
Claims an immortal tongue.

8

Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And ev'ry weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

9

Then shall my joyful pow'rs unite
In more exalted lays;
And join the happy sons of light
In everlasting praise.

250. L. M. HEGINBOTHOM.

The Divine Goodness acknowledged in prolonging Life and Happiness.

Ps. cxxxv. 3. Jer. xxxiii. 11.

GREAT God! let all my tuneful pow'rs
Awake, and sing thy mighty name:
Thy hand revolves my circling hours—
Thy hand, from whence my being came.

2

Seasons and moons, still rolling round
In beauteous order, speak thy praise;
And years, with smiling mercy crown'd,
To thee successive honors raise.

3

My life, my health, my friends, I owe,
All to thy vast, unbounded love;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

4

Thus will I sing till nature cease,
Till sense and language are no more;
And after death thy boundless grace
Through everlasting years adore.

251. C. M. BOYCE.

Life reviewed, and the Divine Goodness acknowledged.

Deut. viii. 2.

WHEN, o'er the trodden paths of life,
Backward I turn my eyes,
What varied scenes, throughout the road,
Awaken my surprise!

2

Thousands, to whom my natal hour
Imparted vital breath,
Just look'd on life—then clos'd their eyes,
And slept the sleep of death.

3

Thousands, who climb'd to manhood's stage
Safe through unnumber'd snares,
Travell'd not far, before they sunk
Amidst its thorns and cares.

4

Follow'd, through ev'ry changing scene,
With goodness all my days,
Deny me not a heart to love,—
A tongue to speak thy praise.

5

Ten thousand thousand thanks to thee
Echo along the road:
Oh! may I join those endless songs
That fill thy blest abode.

252. L. M. SCOTT.

The Barren Fig-Tree spared.

Luke xiii. 6—9.

GOD of my life, to thee belong
The grateful heart, the joyful song;
Touch'd by thy love, each tuneful chord
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.

2

Thou hast preserv'd my fleeting breath,
And chas'd the gloomy shades of death;
The venom'd arrows vainly fly,
While God, our great deliv'rer, 's nigh.

3

Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care?
Why does thy hand so kindly rear
A useless cumb'rer of the ground,
On which so little fruit is found?

4

Still may the barren fig-tree stand;
And, cultivated by thy hand,
Verdure, and bloom, and fruit afford,—
A grateful tribute to its Lord.

5

So shall thy praise employ my breath
Through life; and in the arms of death
My soul the pleasant theme prolong;
Then rise to aid th' angelic song.

253. 8.7. 8.7. D. ROBINSON.

Eben-ezer.

1 Sam. vii. 12.

COME, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace!
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Here I raise my Eben-ezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

2

Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.
Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!

254. C. M. HEGINBOTHOM.

Bless the Lord, O my soul; and forget not all his benefits.

Ps. ciii. 2.

FATHER of mercies! God of love!
My Father, and my God!
I'll sing the honors of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.

2

My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy various love surveys:
Where shall my grateful lips begin,
Or where conclude thy praise?

3

In ev'ry period of my life
Thy thoughts of love appear;
Thy mercies gild the transient scene,
And crown each passing year.

4

In all these mercies, may my soul
A Father's bounty see;
Nor let the gifts thy love bestows
Allure my heart from thee.

255. 7s. BOWRING.

Grateful Recollection and Praise.

Ps. ciii. 2.

FATHER! thy paternal care—
Thine alone, has been my guide;
Ev'ry hallow'd wish and pray'r
Has thy hand of love supplied:
Thine is ev'ry thought of bliss
Left by hours and days gone by;
Thine, my ev'ry hope of joys
Beaming from futurity.

2

Ev'ry sun of splendid ray;
Ev'ry moon that shines serene;
Ev'ry morn that welcomes day;
Ev'ry ev'ning's twilight scene;
Ev'ry happy hour that brings
Joy, and peace, and love divine;—
These, and all life's holiest things,—
All its loveliest—Lord, are thine!

3

May my sweetest hymns arise,
Daily, to thy gracious throne:
Thither let my asking eyes
Ever turn to thee alone!
Still, through life's vicissitude,
There reposing ev'ry care;
Thence expecting ev'ry good;
Losing ev'ry sorrow there!

256. C. M. ADDISON.

Bless the Lord, O my soul; and forget not all his benefits.

Ps. ciii. 2.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

3

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,—
More to be fear'd than they.

4

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5

Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6

Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

257. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Never-ending Praise.

Ps. cxlvi. 2. cxlv. 1, 2. lii. 9.

GOD of my life, through all its days
My grateful pow'rs shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with op'ning light,
And warble to the silent night.

2

When anxious cares would break my rest,
And sorrow tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praise I'll raise on high,
And check the murmur and the sigh.

3

When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the pow'rs of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4

But when—(that awful conflict o'er)—
When I am chain'd to flesh no more,
How shall my happy spirit rise
To join the music of the skies!

5

Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains
Which echo through the heav'nly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

6

The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live;
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

258. C. M. HEGINBOTHOM.

Never-ending Praise.

Ps. cxlvi. 2. cxlv. 1, 2. lii. 9.

YES—I will bless thee, O my God!
Through all my mortal days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2

In ev'ry smiling, happy hour,
Be this my sweet employ;
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
And doubles all my joy.

3

When gloomy care and keen distress
Afflict my throbbing breast,
My tears shall learn to speak thy praise,
And lull each pain to rest.

4

Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God;
My life, with all its active pow'rs,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

5

Not death itself shall stop my song,
Though death will close my eyes:
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights,
And sweeter raptures rise.

6

How will my happy spirit mount,
Confin'd in flesh no more,
Up to thy courts, where kindred minds
In countless ranks adore!

7

There shall my lips in endless praise
Their grateful tribute pay:
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

259. C. M. STEELE.

Every day will I bless thee; and I will praise thy name for ever and ever.

Ps. cxlv. 2. 1. cxlvi. 2. lii. 9.

MY God, my King, to thee I'll raise
My voice and all my pow'rs;
Unwearied songs of sacred praise
Shall fill the circling hours.

2

Thy name shall dwell upon my tongue
While suns shall set and rise;
And tune my everlasting song
When time and nature dies.

260. L. M. WATTS.

God exalted above all Praise.

Neh. ix. 5. Ps. cvi. 2.

ETERNAL Pow'r! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite length, beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2

The lowest step above thy feet
Rises too high for Gabriel's seat;
In vain the tall archangel tries
To reach the height, with wond'ring eyes.

3

Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too:
From sin and dust to thee we cry,—
The GREAT, the HOLY, and the HIGH.

4

Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name;
But oh! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5

God is in heav'n, but man below;
Be short our tunes—our words be few:
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
And praises languish on our tongues.

261. 8s. M. DE FLEURY.

Invocation to the Heavenly Inhabitants to praise the Redeemer.

YE angels, who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known;
Tune all your sweet harps to his praise.

2

Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy relate.

3

He snatch'd you from hell and the grave;
He ransom'd from death and despair;
For you he was mighty to save—
Almighty to take you safe there.

4

I too would put on my attire,
Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb;
I too would be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to his name.

262. C. M. STEELE.

Jesus Christ the Supreme Object of Admiration and Praise.

JESUS! in thy transporting name
What blissful glories rise!
Jesus! the angels' sweetest theme!
The wonder of the skies!

2

Well might the skies with wonder view
A love so strange as thine!
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine!

3

Jesus! and didst thou leave the sky
For miseries and woes?
And didst thou bleed, and groan, and die,
For vile, rebellious foes?

4

Victorious love! what tongue can tell
The wonders of thy pow'r;
Which conquer'd all the force of hell,
In that tremendous hour!

5

Is there a heart that will not bend
To thy divine control?
Descend, O Sov'reign Love, descend,
And melt that stubborn soul.

6

Oh! may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway;
Glad captives of thy matchless grace,
Thy pleasing rule obey.

7

Come, dearest Lord, extend thy reign,
Till rebels rise no more;
Thy praise all nature then shall join,
And heav'n and earth adore.

263. 7s. TURNER.

Praise to the Redeemer.

HOLY wonder, heav'nly grace,
Come, inspire our humble lays;
While the Saviour's love we sing,
Whence our hopes and comforts spring.

2

Though the form of God he bore,
Great in glory, great in pow'r;
See him in our flesh array'd,
Lower than the angels made.

3

Through the shining hours of day
Toils and dangers mark his way;
Lonely mounts and chilling air
Witness oft his midnight pray'r.

4

Now, the Lord of glory dies!
Darkness veils the mid-day skies!
Angels, from the world above,
See and sing th' amazing love.

5

Pow'rs unseen earth's bosom heave;
Rocks and tombs asunder cleave;
While the temple's rending veil
Tells the priest the awful tale.

6

But, the third day's dawning come,
Lo! the Saviour leaves the tomb!
Re-ascends his native sky,—
Where he lives no more to die.

7

On his cross he builds his throne,
Whence he makes his glories known,—
Sends his Spirit down, to give
Dying sinners grace to live.

264. L. M. STEELE.

Praise to the Redeemer.

SEE, Lord, thy willing subject bows,
Adoring, low before thy throne:
Accept my humble, cheerful vows;
Thou art my Sov'reign—thou alone.

2

Smile on my soul, and bid me sing
In concert with the choir above,
The glories of my Saviour, King,—
The condescensions of his love.

3

Amazing love! that stoop'd so low,
To view with pity's melting eye
A wretch deserving endless woe!
Amazing love!—did Jesus die?—

4

He died, to raise to life and joy
The vile, the guilty, the undone:
Oh, let his praise my hours employ
Till hours no more their circles run!

5

He died!—ye seraphs, tune your songs!
Resound, resound the Saviour's name!
For nought below immortal tongues,
Can ever reach the wondrous theme.

265. C. M. STEELE.

Praise to the Redeemer.

TO our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song!
Oh! may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.

2

His love—what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3

Let wonder still with love unite,
And gratitude and joy;
Jesus be our supreme delight,—
His praise our best employ.

4

Jesus! who left his throne on high,—
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!—
Was ever love like this!

5

Oh! may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill ev'ry heart and tongue;
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

266. 10s.

Praise to the Redeemer.

ALL hail! incarnate God, divinely fair;
Around thy throne bright beams of glory play,
Beyond the stars, above the rolling spheres,
Amid the blaze of one eternal day.

2

Oh, for a thousand hearts to love thy name!
A thousand tongues to sound thy glories high!
To spread abroad thine everlasting fame,
And join the hallelujahs of the sky!

3

There, in the realms of bright, celestial day,
My soul shall bless thee in sublimer lays;
Shall see thy glories in their full display,
And sing a nobler, sweeter song of praise.

267. L. M.

A Hymn in memory of the Saviour, by KRISHNU, THE FIRST BAPTIZED HINDOO. *From the Bengalee.*

2 Tim. ii. 8. Luke xxii. 19. 1 Cor. xi. 24, 25.

O THOU, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore;
Let ev'ry idol be forgot;
But, O my soul, forget *Him* not.

2

Lo! God for thee a body takes,
Thy guilt assumes, thy fetters breaks,
Discharging all thy dreadful debt;—
And canst thou e'er such love forget?

3

Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor Him forget, who left his throne
And for thy life gave up his own.

4

Infinite truth and mercy shine
In Him, and he himself is thine:
And canst thou then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms forget?

5

Oh! no—till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

Prayer and Praise.

268. C. M. HEGINBOTHOM.

Never-ending Praise to the Redeemer.

Rev. i. 5, 6.

TO thee, my Saviour and my Lord,
A lofty song I'll raise,
While life inspires my glowing heart,
And forms my lips to praise.

2
Worthy for ever is the Lamb,
That took my sins away:
But oh! what tribute can I give,—
What equal honors pay?

3
Millions of saints thy grace proclaim,
In nobler strains above;
But not an angel's tongue can tell
The wonders of thy love.

4
Blest seraphs sing thy matchless love,
And shout thy high renown;
Archangels, at thy sacred feet
Lay their bright honors down.

5
Reign, mighty Prince, for ever reign,
Till Death himself be dead;
And let eternal ages show'r
Their blessings on thy head.

6
Thus will I sing till nature fail,
Till sense and language die;
And then resume the pleasing theme
In happier worlds on high.

269. C. M. CENNICK.

Christ the Burden of the Song.

Rev. v. 11—13.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!
We love to hear of thee:
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2
O let us hear thy pard'ning voice
In mercy to us speak;
And in our Priest we will rejoice,—
Thou great Melchisedec!

3
Jesus shall ever be our theme
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing of Jesus' lovely name
When all things else decay.

4
When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all thy favor'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,—
And CHRIST shall be our song.

Private Worship.

270. C. M. E.

Retirement and Meditation.

Gen. xxiv. 63.

RETIR'D from noise, my silent thoughts
On things celestial muse;
Reflection calmly looks behind,
While faith the future views.

2
Here, all is rest and sweet repose;
Here, all my sorrows cease;
For Jesus meets my spirit here,
And kindly whispers peace.

271. C. M. COWPER.

Retirement and Devotion.

Matt. vi. 6. xiv. 23. Acts x. 9.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,—
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2
The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With pray'r and praise agree;
And seem, by thy sweet bounty, made
For those who follow thee.

3
There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

4
There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5
Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine;
And—(all harmonious names in one)—
MY SAVIOUR,—thou art mine!

6
What thanks I owe thee, and what love!
A boundless, endless store
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

Private Worship.

272. 12. 11. 12. 11. T. MOORE.

Private Devotion.

Matt. vi. 6. xiv. 23. Acts x. 9.

AS down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
Sweet flow'rets are springing no mortal can see;
So, deep in my soul, the still pray'r of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to thee.

2

As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea;
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns, trembling, to thee.

273. 7. 6. 7. 6. COWPER'S GUION.

Solitude and Love.

THERE'S not an echo round me
But I am glad should learn
How pure a fire has found me,—
The love with which I burn.
But few attend with pleasure
To what I would reveal;
They slight me out of measure,
And laugh at all I feel!

2

The rocks receive less proudly
The story of my flame;
When I approach, they loudly
Reverberate his name:
I speak to them of sadness,
And comforts at a stand;—
They bid me look for gladness,
And better days at hand.

3

Far from all habitation
I heard a happy sound,
Big with the consolation
My soul has often found:
I said, "My lot is sorrow,
My grief has no alloy;"—
The rocks replied, "To-morrow,—
To-morrow brings thee joy."

4

These sweet, these heav'nly tidings,
What bliss it is to hear!
In all my griefs and chidings,
My weakness and my fear:
No sooner I receive them,
Than I forget my pain;
And, happy to believe them,
I love as much again.

5

In this sequester'd corner
None hear what I express;
Deliver'd from the scorner,
What peace do I possess!
No troubles here surprise me;
I sing my cares away;
While Providence supplies me,
And guards me all the day.

Public Worship.

274. 148th. FRANCIS.

On opening a Place of Worship.

1 Kings viii. 27—29. 2 Chr. vi. 18—20.

GREAT King of glory, come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy home,
This people as thine own:

Beneath this roof, oh! deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

2

Here, may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries;
And grateful praise ascend
Like incense to the skies:
Here, may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.

3

Here, may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise;
And shine, like polish'd stones,
Through long succeeding days:
Here, Lord, display thy saving pow'r,
While temples stand, and men adore.

275. C. M. STEELE.

Intreating the Presence of Christ in his Churches.

Hag. ii. 7. Mal. iii. 1. Matt. xviii. 20. John xx. 19. 26.

COME, thou Desire of all thy saints,
Our humble tribute own,
While with our praises and complaints
We bow before thy throne.

2

How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

3

But ah! the song how faint it flows!
How languid our desire!
How cold the sacred passion glows,
Till thou the heart inspire!

4

Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here;
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heav'n on earth appear.

5

Then shall our hearts, enraptur'd, say,
Come, great Redeemer, come;
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

276. S. M. S. STENNETT.

The Pleasures of Social Worship.

Ps. lxxxiv. 1.

HOW charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad.

2

Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort
Are once to be compar'd with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3

Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

4

To him their pray'rs and cries
Each humble soul presents:
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

5

Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode;
Among the children of thy grace—
The servants of my God.

277. 7s. TURNER.

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

Ps. lxxxiv. 1.

LORD of hosts, how lovely, fair,
Ev'n on earth thy temples are!
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heav'n, and much of thee.

2

From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3

Here, we supplicate thy throne;
Here, thy pard'ning grace is known;
Here, we learn thy righteous ways,—
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.

4

Thus with sacred songs of joy
We the happy hours employ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heav'n we soar.

278. L. M. BROWNE.

God present in his Churches; or, Delight in Ordinances.

Ex. xx. 24. 1 Kings ix. 3. 2 Chr. vii. 15,16. Ps. xxvi. 8. xxvii. 4. lxxxiv. 10.

'TIS the fair dawn of heav'nly day,
To heav'nly bliss the shining way.
When to his temple God descends,
And there converses with his friends.

Public Worship.

2

With beams of smiling majesty,
He awes, and yet invites them nigh;—
His glory and his grace displays,
And shines with bright, but friendly rays.

3

While hov'ring o'er the happy place,
The Spirit sheds his heav'nly grace;
To fix our thoughts, our hearts to raise,
And tune our souls to love and praise.

4

'Tis here we learn the blessed skill
To know and do our Maker's will;
And, while we hear, and sing, and pray,
With heav'nly joy we soar away.

5

These are the dearest hours I know,—
The sweetest joys of all below:
Here I would choose my fix'd abode,
And dwell for ever near my God.

279. 8.7. 8.7. ALLEN'S COL.

The Gospel Message.

2 Cor. v. 20.

SINNERS, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Ev'ry sentence, oh, how tender!
Ev'ry line is full of love!

2

Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Sion's King proclaim;
To each rebel sinner—pardon—
Free forgiveness in his name.

280. C. M. WATTS.

Appearing before God, here and hereafter.

Ps. xlii. 2. xvii. 15.

I LOVE to see my Lord below;
His church displays his grace;
But upper worlds his glory know,
And view him face to face.

2

I love to worship at his feet,
Though sin annoy me there;
But saints exalted near his seat,
Have no assaults to fear.

3

I'm pleas'd to meet him in his court,
And taste his heav'nly love;
But still I think his visits short,
Or I too soon remove.

4

He shines, and I am all delight;
He hides, and all is pain:
When will he fix me in his sight,
And ne'er depart again!

CHRISTIAN.

The Young Convert, and Christian Profession.

281. 8.7. 8.7. NORMAN.

The Wounded Sinner.

Lam. iii. 13. 1 Kings viii. 38. Rom. vii. 24.

WHERE, beneath heav'n's spreading azure,
Breathes the hopeless wretch like me?
Whose distresses know no measure,
And no wish'd cessation see.

2

Had I but one hope, reviving,
That these wounds would ever heal;
From that hope, new life deriving,
Oh, what transports should I feel!

3

Can I,—may I,—loathsome, wounded,—
Turn these guilty eyes to heav'n;
Hope,—thus wretched and confounded,—
Healing will to me be giv'n?

4

On my mis'ry, kind Physician,
Turn thy sympathizing eye;
Nor reject with stern dismission
One that to thy cross would fly.

5

Here, my guilty state deploring,
At thy feet I'll cast me down;
Here, resolv'd to die imploring,—
(If I die,)—before thy throne.

282. The Investigator.

The Shipwrecked Sinner Saved.

O PLEASURE! thine aspect is bright,
And sweet is the sound of thy voice :—
I saw thee, I heard thee, with heedless delight,
And made thee my earliest choice!
Youth urg'd me, with ardour, along—
Health freshen'd the air with his breath—
Prosperity gladden'd my ears with her song,
And Glory display'd his bright wreath :—
Joy's river flow'd smooth—on its margin there stood
Young Rapture, inviting—I plung'd in the flood!

2

How grateful the waves were at first,
As, fearless, I lav'd in the stream!
But lo! a wild hurricane over me burst—
I woke from my perilous dream!
What terrors had gather'd around!
What horrors of darkness unknown!
The train that ensnar'd me, no longer was found—
Heav'n's smile was exchang'd for a frown!
The scenes of delight I had view'd were no more :—
The music was drown'd in the hurricane's roar!

3

Some guardian, invisible hand
Bore me up on the treacherous tide:
Deserted I lay on the desolate strand,
With Misery crouch'd at my side:
Rude—rude was her hated embrace;
I struggled in vain to get free:
Save Danger and Ruin, no form could I trace,
Flames only—red flames—could I see,
Ascending, approaching—their prey to devour—
I shrunk—but my limbs were divested of pow'r!

4

Dark—dark was the tempest without—
Keen—keen was the torture within:
By the terrors of hell I was compass'd about—
I felt them already begin :—
Despair was advancing, to gnaw
The spring of my spirit away—
Each flash to my sight plac'd the curse of the law,
And my sins, in their dreadful array:
Fear shook me—astonishment sat on my eye,
While conscience extorted the heart-rending sigh!

5

When lo! in that moment of fear,
Broke, mildly, Hope's tremulous ray;
The accents of Mercy fell soft on my ear,
And thus seem'd the seraph to say :—

"Look—look to thy crucified Lord!
See where he lies bleeding for thee!
Hark!—'COME, I WILL SAVE THEE!'—Believe on his word;
Flee—flee to the refuge—oh, flee!"
I heard, I obey'd—for his love drew me on—
I clung to his cross—and my terrors were gone!

6

Oh! sweet was the peace he bestow'd!
Oh! pure were the raptures I knew!
My blood-ransom'd spirit with gratitude glow'd—
To serve—to obey him, I flew:
All—all I had once long'd to gain
Was now but accounted as dross;
Earth's riches, and honors, and pleasures—how vain!
I gloried alone in his cross!
For Jesus alone it was pleasure to live—
My life for his sake I was ready to give!

7

That life I at length shall resign,
And a better receive at his hand:
He will raise me, to shine in his image divine,—
With him in his glory to stand!
Already the gloom is withdrawn;
Already has Misery fled;
Already the day is beginning to dawn,
And the crown is approaching my head:
I shall see him, and dwell with him—ever shall see,—
For ever shall dwell, dearest Saviour, with thee!

8

Religion!—I make thee my choice:
Thine aspect to me is more bright,—
Far sweeter to me is the sound of thy voice,
Than ever was earthly delight:
Repentance may stand at thy side,—
Affliction may walk in thy train,—
But Faith, at thy bidding, my footsteps shall guide,
And Hope my faint spirit sustain;
And charity—love which for ever shall glow—
Shall fill me with rapture earth cannot bestow.

283. 8.8.6. 8.8.6. COWPER.

The Enchantment dissolved.

2 Cor. v. 17.

BLINDED in youth, by Satan's arts,
The world, to our unpractis'd hearts,
A flatt'ring prospect shows;
Our fancy forms a thousand schemes
Of gay delights, and golden dreams,
And undisturb'd repose.

2

But, while we listen with surprise,
The charm dissolves, the vision dies,—
'Tis but enchanted ground:
And if the Lord our spirit touch,
The world, which promis'd us so much,
A wilderness is found.

3

At first we start, and feel distress'd,
Convinc'd we never can have rest
In such a wretched place;
But he, whose mercy breaks the charm,
Reveals his own almighty arm,
And bids us seek his face.

4

Then we begin to live indeed,
When from our sin and bondage freed,
By this beloved Friend;
We follow him from day to day,
Assur'd of grace through all the way,
And glory at the end.

284. C. M. COWPER.

Commencement of Spiritual Life; or, the Happy Change.

2 Cor. v. 17.

HOW blest thy creature is, O Lord,
When with a single eye
He views the lustre of thy word,—
The day-spring from on high!

2

Through all the storms that veil the skies,
And frown on earthly things,
The Sun of righteousness he eyes,
With healing on his wings.

3

The soul, a dreary province, once,
Of Satan's dark domain,
Feels a new empire form'd within,
And owns a heav'nly reign.

4

The glorious orb, whose golden beams
The fruitful year control,
Since first, obedient to thy word,
He started from the goal—

5

Has cheer'd the nations with the joys
His orient rays impart;
But, Jesus, 'tis thy light alone
Can shine upon the heart!

285. D. L. M. CUNNINGHAM.

Enjoyments unattainable in the World, found in God.

Matt. vii. 11. Luke xi. 13.

HOW oft the world's alluring smile
Has tempted, only to beguile!
It promis'd health—in one short hour
Perish'd the fair, but tender flow'r;
It promis'd riches—in a day
They made them wings and fled away;
It promis'd friends—all sought their own,
And left my widow'd heart alone.

2

Lord! with the barren service spent,
To thee my suppliant knee I bent:
And found in thee a Father's grace,—
His hand, his heart, his faithfulness;—
The voice of peace, the smile of love,
The bread that feeds thy saints above;
And tasted in this world of woe,
A joy its children never know.

286. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Asking the Way to Sion.

Jer. l. 5.

INQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Sion's hill;
And thither set your steady face,
With a determin'd will.

2

Invite the strangers all around
Your pious march to join;
And spread the sentiments you feel,
Of faith and love divine.

3

Oh! come, and to his temple haste,
And seek his favor there;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour your fervent pray'r.

4

Oh! come, and join your souls to God,
In everlasting bands;
And seize the blessings he bestows,
With thankful hearts and hands.

287. 148th. *From* JANE TAYLOR.

Desiring to part with the World for the Saviour.

Matt. xix. 21. Mark x. 21.
Luke xviii. 22.

COME, my fond, flutt'ring heart,—
Come, struggle to be free:
Thou and the world must part,
However hard it be:
My trembling spirit owns it just,
But still lies cleaving to the dust.

2

Ye tempting sweets, forbear—
Ye dearest idols, fall:
My love ye must not share;
Jesus shall have it all:
Though painful and acute the smart,
His love can heal the bleeding heart.

3

Ye fair, enchanting throng,
Ye golden dreams, adieu!
Earth has prevail'd too long;
Too long I've cherish'd you:
Forbidden joys of early years
Demand my penitential tears.

4

In Gilead there is balm,
A kind Physician there,
My fever'd mind to calm,
And save me from despair:
Aid me, dear Saviour! set me free;
My all I would resign for thee.

5

Oh! may I feel thy worth;
And let no idol dare—
No vanity of earth,
With thee, my Lord, compare:
Now, bid all earthly joys depart,
And reign unrivall'd in my heart!

288. L. M. WATTS.

Farewell to the World.

1 John ii. 15.

DEAD be my heart to all below;
To mortal joys and mortal cares;
To sensual bliss, that charms us so,
Be dark, my eyes,—and deaf, my ears.

2

All earthly joys are overweigh'd
With mountains of vexatious care;
And where's the sweet that is not laid
A bait to some destructive snare?

3

Begone for ever, mortal things!
Thou mighty mole-hill, earth, farewell!
Angels aspire on lofty wings,
And leave the globe for ants to dwell.

4

Come, heav'n, and fill my vast desires;
My thoughts, pursue the sov'reign good:
My soul was made of heav'nly fires,
Nor can she live on meaner food.

289. L. M. STEELE.

Bidding adieu to Earthly Pleasures.

1 John ii. 15.

YE gay deceivers of the mind,
Ye dreams of happiness, adieu:
No more your soft enchantments bind;
This heart was never made for you.

2

The brightest joy your smile can boast
Is but a moment's glitt'ring light;
It sparkles now, and now 'tis lost—
Extinguish'd in the shades of night.

3

Begone, with all your soothing charms:
Pleasure on earth!—O empty name!
Superior joy my bosom warms,
And Heav'n approves the sacred flame.

4

To perfect bliss my soul aspires,
That shines with never-fading ray;
Nothing can satiate my desires
But full delight, and endless joy.

5

Blest be the kind, the gracious pow'r,
That gently call'd, and bade me rise;
And taught my nobler thoughts to soar
To happiness beyond the skies.

290. C. M. HEGINBOTHOM.

Resigning the World for Heaven.

Matt. xix. 21. Mark x. 21. Luke xii. 33. xviii. 22.

NO!—I will cleave to earth no more;
No more its joys pursue:
My heart disdains the flatt'ring snare,
And bids the world adieu.

2

Farewell, vain world! to all thy bliss,
To all thy glitt'ring store;
Thine airy dreams, thy specious charms,
Delude my eyes no more.

3

To nobler realms my ardent hopes
With sweet ambition rise;
No thief can steal, no rust devour,
Nor moth corrupt my joys.

4

My soul, by pow'r divine secur'd
From ev'ry painful fear,
Shall see eternal ages roll,
And still be happy there.

291. L. M. B. SEWARD.

Deadness to the World.

Gal. vi. 14.

COME, blessed Jesus, quickly come,
And mark the bright, celestial way;
Within my breast erect thy throne,
Nor let me faint through long delay.

2

I'm weary of these earthly toys,—
The world, and all its flatt'ring charms;
My heart aspires to purer joys,
And Christ alone my bosom warms.

3

With coldness and contempt I view
These vain, these transitory scenes;
Since grace has form'd my heart anew,
And wak'd me from delusive dreams.

4

My hope, my treasure, and my rest,
My heart—my all is fix'd above;
The kingdoms of the world possess'd
Are vain without my Saviour's love.

292. C. M. NEWTON.

Old things are passed away.

2 Cor. v. 17. 1 John ii. 15.

LET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admir'd its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

2

Its pleasures now no longer please;
No more content afford:
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3

As by the light of op'ning day
The stars are all conceal'd;
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is reveal'd.

4

Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart:
His name, his love, his gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.

293. Old 50th.

Parting with all for Christ.

Matt. xix. 27. Mark x. 28. Luke xviii. 28. v. 11.

FREELY, for thee, dear Saviour, I forego
All earthly joys, and welcome want and woe:
For thee the world's contempt and shame sustain,
And count reproach and poverty my gain:
The rich and great may boast their proud possession;
I'm rich and happy with thine approbation.

2

Were all the worlds of light and glory mine,
Blest with thy smiles, I could the whole resign:
Worldlings, for me, might seize the mighty store;
If thou art mine, I never can be poor:
Thou art my never-failing spring of pleasure,
My boundless bliss, my never-wasting treasure.

294. 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

SUSANNAH HARRISON.

The Christian's Choice.

Ps. cxix. 111. 173.

TELL me no more of earthly toys,
Of sinful mirth, of carnal joys,—
The things I lov'd before:
Let me but view my Saviour's face,
And feel his animating grace,
And I desire no more.

2

Tell me no more of fame and wealth;
Tell me no more of ease and health;
For these have all their snares:
Let me but know my sins forgiv'n,—
But see my name enroll'd in heav'n,—
And I am free from cares.

3

Tell me no more of lofty tow'rs,
Delightful gardens, fragrant bow'rs;
For these are trifling things:
The little room for me design'd
Will suit as well my easy mind
As palaces of kings.

4

Tell me no more of crowding guests,
Of sumptuous feasts and gaudy dress,
Extravagance and waste :
My little table, only spread [bread,
With wholesome herbs and wholesome
Will better suit my taste.

5

Give me a Bible in my hand,—
A heart to read and understand
That sure, unerring word ;—
I'd urge no company to stay,
But sit alone from day to day,
And converse with the Lord.

295. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Choice of Moses.

Heb. xi. 24—26.

MY soul, with all thy waken'd pow'rs,
Survey the heav'nly prize ;
Nor let these glitt'ring toys of earth
Allure thy wand'ring eyes.

2

The splendid crown which Moses sought
Still beams around his brow ;
Though soon great Pharaoh's sceptred pride
Was taught by death to bow.

3

The joys and treasures of a day
We cheerfully resign ;
Rich in that large, immortal store,
Secur'd by grace divine.

4

Let fools our wiser choice deride ;
Angels and God approve ;
Nor scorn of men, nor rage of hell,
Our steadfast souls shall move.

5

With ardent eyes, that bright reward
We daily would survey ;
And in the blooming prospect lose
The sorrows of the way.

296. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Mary's Happy Choice.

Luke x. 42.

BESET with snares on ev'ry hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand :
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2

Engage this roving, treach'rous heart
To fix on Mary's better part ;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3

Then let the wildest storms arise ;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasure with me bear.

4

If thou, my Saviour, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

297. L. M. COWPER.

Choosing the Narrow Way.

Matt. vii. 13, 14. Luke xiii. 24.

WHAT thousands never knew the road !
What thousands hate it when 'tis known !
None but the chosen tribes of God
Will seek or choose it for their own.

2

A thousand ways in ruin end ;
One only leads to joys on high :
By that my willing steps ascend,
Pleas'd with a journey to the sky.

3

No more I ask, or hope to find,
Delight or happiness below :
Sorrow may well possess the mind
That feeds where thorns and thistles grow.

4

The joy that fades is not for me ;
I seek immortal joys above :
There glory without end shall be
The bright reward of faith and love.

298. 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Choosing the Portion of God's Heritage.

Ruth i. 16, 17. Is. xliv. 5. Jer. l. 5.
2 Cor. viii. 5.

PEOPLE of the living God !
I have sought the world around,—
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,—
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

2

Now, to you my spirit turns,—
Turns—a fugitive unblest :
Brethren, where your altar burns,
There, with you I long to rest.

3

Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave:—

4

Mine the God whom you adore;
Your Redeemer shall be mine:
Earth can fill my heart no more;
Ev'ry idol I resign.

299. L. M. GRIGG.

Not ashamed of Christ.

Mark viii. 38. Luke ix. 26. Acts v. 41.

JESUS! and shall it ever be—
A mortal man asham'd of thee?
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise?
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2

Asham'd of Jesus? sooner far
Let ev'ning blush to own a star!
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3

Asham'd of Jesus? just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon!—
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star! bid darkness flee.

4

Asham'd of Jesus? that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend?
No! when I blush, be this my shame,—
That I no more revere his name.

5

Asham'd of Jesus? yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,—
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save!

6

Till then—(nor is my boasting vain)—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!
And oh! may this my glory be,—
That Christ is not asham'd of me!

300. 8.6. 8.6. 8.8. EDMESTON.

Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God.

Luke xii. 8, 9. Matt. x. 32, 33.
Heb. xiii. 13.

THE taunts and frowns of men on earth,
What are they all to me?
Oh! they are things of little worth,
Weigh'd with one smile from THEE:
Thy suff'rings, Lord, were deeper, far,
Than all these stingless trifles are!

2

Ah! should I fear to own thy name,
And shudder at a frown,—
How could I bear the martyr's flame,
And win the martyr's crown?
Shame! in this day of peace, to fear
The sinner's jest, the scorner's sneer.

3

If while on earth I feel no shame
To own my Saviour's love,
He will confess my worthless name
Before the hosts above:
Oh, happy barter!—to have giv'n
Earth's fading fame for that of heav'n!

301. 7.6. 7.6. 7.7. 7.6.

TOPLADY'S COL.

I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.

1 Cor. ii. 2. Gal. vi. 14.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good;
Only JESUS I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood;
All thy pleasures I forego,—
All thy wealth, and all thy pride:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2

Turning to my rest again,
The Saviour I adore;
He relieves my grief and pain,
And bids me weep no more:
Rivers of salvation flow
From his head, his hands, his side:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3

Him to know, is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend,—
Daily in his grace to grow,
In his favor to abide:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

4
Him, in all my works, I seek,
Who hung upon the tree;
Only of *his* love I speak
Who freely died for me:
While I sojourn here below
Nothing I desire beside;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

302. L. M. STEELE.

Self-surrender to the Lord.

Is. xliv. 5. Zech. xiii. 9.
2 Cor. viii. 5.

THEE, dearest Lord, my heart adores;
I would be thine, and only thine;
To thee my heart, and all its pow'rs,
I would with full consent resign.

2
But ah! this weak, inconstant mind,
How frail! how prone from thee to stray!
Trifles, as empty as the wind,
Can tempt my roving thoughts away.

3
Sure I am thine—or why this load
When earthly vanities beguile?
Why do I mourn an absent God,
And languish for thy cheering smile?

4
If thou return, how sweet the joy!
Though mix'd with penitential smart:
Then I despise each tempting toy,
And long to give thee all my heart.

5
Come, Lord, thy sov'reign pow'r display,—
Resistless pow'r of love divine!—
And drive these hated foes away,
And make me thine—entirely thine!

303. 7s. BOWRING.

Self-surrender to the Lord.

Is. xliv. 5. Zech. xiii. 9.
2 Cor. viii. 5.

ALL that I possess is thine;
All I have to thee I owe;
Dare I call my being mine?
Life, or breath, or comfort?—No!
Lord! I dedicate to thee
All that thou hast giv'n to me.

2
Thou wilt be my Father yet,
Kind as thou hast ever been;
Can thy love thy child forget,
Wand'ring through this twilight scene?
Never!—oh! how sweet to me
'Tis to trust my all with thee!

3
Should my heart a moment fail,
Should my steps a moment stray,—
Trav'lling through this tearful vale,—
Guide me in the narrow way;
In the way that leads me on,
To thy glory, to thy throne.

304. C. M. WATTS.

The Heart given away.

Pr. xxiii. 26.

IF there be passions in my soul,—
(And passions sure there be!)
Now they are all at thy controul,
My Jesus, all for thee.

2
If love, that pleasing pow'r, can rest
In hearts so hard as mine,—
Come, dearest Saviour, to my breast,
For all my love is thine.

3
Let the gay world, with treach'rous art,
Allure my eyes in vain;
I have convey'd away my heart,
Ne'er to return again.

4
I feel my warmest passions dead
To all that earth can boast:
This soul of mine was never made
For vanity and dust.

5
Now, I can fix my thoughts above,
Amid these flatt'ring charms;
Till the dear Lord that has my love
Shall call me to his arms.

305. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Sincere Love to Jesus Christ.

John xxi. 15—17.

DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each cursed idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2
Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love:
Dead be my heart to ev'ry joy
When Jesus cannot move.

3
Is not thy name melodious still
To my attentive ear?
Does not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4
Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5
Would not my ardent spirit vie
With angels round the throne,
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known?

6
Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But oh! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

306. C. M. HEGINBOTHOM.

Supreme Love to Jesus Christ.

John xxi. 15—17.

BLEST Jesus! when my soaring thoughts
O'er all thy graces rove,
How is my soul in transport lost—
In wonder, joy, and love!

2
Not softest strains can charm my ears
Like thy beloved name;
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame.

3
Where'er I look, my wond'ring eyes
Unnumber'd blessings see;
But what is life, with all its bliss,
If once compar'd with thee?

4
Hast thou a rival in my breast?
Search, Lord, for thou canst tell
If aught can raise my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well.

5
No—thou art precious to my heart,
My portion and my joy:
For ever let thy boundless grace
My sweetest thoughts employ.

6
When nature faints;—around my bed
Oh! let thy glories shine:
And Death shall all his terrors lose,
In raptures so divine.

307. 8.8.6. 8.8. 8.6. WATTS.

Love to Christ stronger than Death.

Cant. viii. 6.

NOT the rich world of minds above
Can pay the mighty debt of love
I owe to Christ my God:
With suff'rings none but he could feel,
He sav'd my guilty soul from hell:
Not the first seraph's tongue can tell
The value of his blood.

2
Kindly he seiz'd me in his arms,
From the false world's delusive charms,
With force divinely sweet:
Had I ten thousand lives my own,
At his demand, with cheerful hand,
I'd pay the vital treasure down
In tributes at his feet.

308. 10s. COWPER'S GUION.

I delight to do thy will, O my God.

Ps. xl. 8.

TO me 'tis equal whether Love ordain
My life or death—appoint me pain or ease:
My soul perceives no real ill in pain;
In ease or health no real good she sees.

2
One good she covets, and that good alone,—
To choose thy will, from selfish bias free;
And to prefer a cottage to a throne,
And grief to comfort—if it pleases thee.

309. C. M. STEELE.

Jesus Christ the Christian's best Beloved.

Ps. lxxiii. 25. 1 Pet. ii. 7.

DEAR centre of my best desires,
And sov'reign of my heart!
What sweet delight thy name inspires!
What bliss thy smiles impart!

2

Too oft, alas! my passions rove
In search of meaner charms;
Trifles, unworthy of my love,
Divide me from thine arms.

3

Ye teasing vanities, depart;
I seek my gracious Lord:
No balm to heal my aching heart
Can all your joys afford.

4

Come, dearest Lord, with pow'r divine,
And drive thy foes away;
Oh! make my heart, my passions thine,
Nor ever let me stray.

310. L. M. STEELE.

Jesus Christ the Christian's best Portion.

Ps. lxxiii. 25. 1 Pet. ii. 7.

O DEARER to my thankful heart
Than all the circling sun surveys!
Thy presence only can impart
Light, peace, and gladness, to my days.

2

Beneath thy soul-reviving ray,
Ev'n cold affliction's wintry gloom
Shall brighten into vernal day,
And hopes and joys immortal bloom.

3

Vain world, begone, with all thy toys;
I have no room for trifles here:
My heart aspires to nobler joys;
Thy fairest glories disappear.

4

Bright realms of bliss, where Jesus reigns,
My wish, my care, my hope invite;
Where raptur'd seraphs tune their strains
To themes of infinite delight.

311. 8.7. 8.7. G.

Jesus Christ the Christian's best Portion.

Ps. lxxiii. 25. John xv. 18, 19.
Phil. iii. 7, 8.

GRACIOUS Saviour, smile upon me;
Arm me with thy Spirit's might;
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me—
Show thy face, and all is bright.

2

Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too:
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not like them—untrue.

3

Go, then,—earthly fame and treasure;
Come,—disaster, scorn, and pain:
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, loss is gain.

312. C. M. STEELE.

God my only Happiness.

Ps. xvi. 11. xxx. 5. lxiii. 3.

WHEN, fill'd with grief, my anxious heart
To thee, my God, complains,—
Sweet pleasure mingles with the smart,
And softens all my pains.

2

Earth flies, with all her soothing charms,
Nor I the loss deplore;
No more, ye phantoms, mock my arms,
Nor teaze my spirit more.

3

I languish for superior joy
To all that earth bestows;
For pleasure which can never cloy,
Nor change, nor period knows.

4

Still must the scenes of bliss remain
Conceal'd from mortal eyes?
And must my wishes rise in vain,
And never reach the skies?

5

My God, oh! could I call thee mine,
Without a wav'ring fear,
This would be happiness divine—
A heav'n of pleasure here!

6

This joy my wishes long to find;
To this my heart aspires;
A bliss, immortal as the mind,
And vast as its desires!

313. 10s.

Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.

Ps. lxxiii. 25.

GOD of my life! to thee my soul aspires;
Thou blissful centre of my chief desires!
Thy love alone has fix'd my steadfast choice;
Thou art my hope, the spring of all my joys.

2

The midnight echoes at thy name shall wake,
And on their wings the joyful burthen take;
While one bright smile from thee, one pleasing ray,
Through the still shades shall dart celestial day.

3

In vain the tempting world its glory shows;
Its highest bliss can yield me no repose:
Thou art my rest, my vain pursuits are o'er;
Here let me fix, and never wander more.

314. 8s. NEWTON.

Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.

Ps. lxxiii. 25. 1 Pet. ii. 7.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs,
Have lost all their sweetness with me:
The midsummer sun shines but dim;
The fields strive in vain to look gay:—
But when I am happy in him
December 's as pleasant as May.

2

His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always so nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,—
My summer would last all the year.

3

Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of his love
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove
If Jesus should dwell with me there.

4

Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
Oh! drive these dark clouds from my sky;
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me, dear Saviour, on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

315. S. 8. S. or 113th.

Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.

Ps. lxxiii. 25. 1 Pet. ii. 7.

JESUS, to thee I lift my eyes;
For whom have I beneath the skies,
Compar'd with thee, I so much prize?

2

The mid-day sun is dark to me,
Tempest and gloom is all I see,
While I am absent, Lord, from thee.

3

When, with the closing day, I rest,
From all its toils and cares releas'd,
Lord, without thee I'm still unblest.

4

But if my Saviour be with me,
I shall enjoy whate'er I see,—
Thyself in all—and all in thee.

The Young Convert, and Christian Profession.

316. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Jesus Christ precious to them that believe.

1 Pet. ii. 7. Ps. lxxiii. 25.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heav'n might hear.

2

Yes,—thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust!
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3

All my capacious pow'rs can wish
In thee most richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4

Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,—
The cordial of its care.

5

I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last, lab'ring breath;
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,—
The antidote of death.

Christian Graces.

317. 8.8. 8.8. 8. BOWRING.

Building upon a Rock.

Matt. vii. 24—27. Luke vi. 48, 49.

HE builds his house upon the sand
Who builds, O Lord! on aught but thee:

He is a wand'rer in the land,
Who seeks for any guiding hand
But thine—our best security.

2

He builds his house upon a rock
Who makes thy word his hope and trust;
And flood and flame and tempest-shock
In vain may rage;—they cannot rock
The steadfast temple of the just.

318. C. M. DR. RYLAND.

Delight in God.

Ps. xxxvii. 4. Is. lviii. 14.

O LORD! I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in ev'ry trouble flee,—
My best, my only friend.

2

When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name!

3

Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near;—
A fountain, which will ever run
With waters sweet and clear?

4

No good in creatures can be found
But may be found in thee;
I must have all things and abound
While God is God to me.

5

Oh! that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil,—
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail!

6

He that has made my heav'n secure
Will here all good provide:
While Christ is rich can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

7

O Lord! I cast my care on thee;
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth, my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

319. C. M. STEELE.

Faith.

Luke xvii. 5. 2 Cor. v. 7.

AH! why should this mistaken mind
Still rove with restless pain?
Delight on earth expect to find,
Yet still expect in vain?

2

Faith, rising upward, points her view
To regions in the skies
There, lovelier scenes than Eden knew
In bright perspective rise.

3

Oh! if this heav'n-born grace were mine,
Would not my spirit soar?—
Transported, gaze on joys divine,
And cleave to earth no more?

4

If in my heart true faith appear,
How weak the sacred ray!
Feebly aspiring, press'd with fear,
Almost it dies away!

5

O Thou from whose almighty breath
It first began to rise,
Disperse these mists, these dregs of earth,
And bid it reach the skies.

6

Let my bewilder'd mind no more
On earth delight to rove;
But with celestial ardor soar
To endless joys above.

320. L. M. CONDER.

Following the Redeemer.

Matt. xix. 21. Mark x. 21. Luke xviii. 22.

HOW shall I follow him I serve?
How shall I copy him I love?
Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve
Which lead me to his seat above?

2

Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The toil of life, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,—
Are these the consecrated road?

3

Oh! should my path through suff'ring lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine!
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, rememb'ring thine.

321. L. M. CUNNINGHAM.

Forsaking all for Christ.

Matt. xix. 21—29. Mark x. 21—30. Luke xviii. 22—30.

AH! who would rashly quit the nest
Where oft the heart has sunk to rest;
And through the gloomy skies of night
Attempt the lone, and needless flight?

2

Yet, when the voice which rules the skies
Calls to my heart, and bids it rise,
No earthly love my flight shall stay:
I quit the nest, and break away.

3

Domestic bonds—these, these are dear
As aught that soothes the spirit here;
Yet, Lord, from all, the heart shall flee,
Which chains the struggling soul from thee.

322. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Growing in Grace.

Ps. xcii. 12. Hos. xiv. 5. Eph. iv. 15. 2 Pet. iii. 18.

PRAISE to thy name, Eternal God,
For all thy grace diffus'd abroad,—
For all thine influence from above,
To warm our souls with sacred love.

2

Blest be thy hand, which from the skies
Brought down this plant of paradise;
And gave its heav'nly beauties birth
To deck this wilderness of earth.

3

But why does that celestial flow'r
Open, and thrive, and shine no more?
Where are its balmy odors fled?
And why reclines its beauteous head?

4

Too plain, alas! the languor shows
Th' unkindly soil in which it grows;
Where the black frost and beating storm
Wither and rend its tender form.

5

Unchanging Sun! thy beams display,
To drive the frost and storms away;
Make all thy potent virtues known,
To cheer a plant so much thine own.

6

And thou, blest Spirit, deign to blow
Fresh gales of heav'n on shrubs below;
So shall they grow, and breathe abroad
A fragrance grateful to our God.

323. L. M. COWPER.

Hatred of Sin.

Prov. viii. 13.

O HOLY Lord! I love thy truth,
Nor would the least commandment slight;
Yet, pierc'd by sin, the serpent's tooth,
I mourn the anguish of the bite.

2

But, though the poison lurks within,
Hope bids me still with patience wait,
Till death shall set me free from sin,—
Free from the only thing I hate.

3

Had I a throne above the rest,
Where angels and archangels dwell,
One sin, unslain within my breast,
Would make that heav'n as dark as hell.

4

The pris'ner, sent to breathe fresh air,
And blest with liberty again,
Would mourn, were he condemn'd to wear
One link of all his former chain.

5

But oh! no foe invades the bliss,
When glory crowns the Christian's head;
One view of Jesus as he is
Will strike all sin for ever dead.

324. C. M. STEELE.

Aspiring toward Heaven.

Col. iii. 1, 2. 2 Cor. iv. 18.

VAIN world, begone, nor vex my heart
With thy deluding wiles;
Hence, empty promiser, depart,
With all thy soothing smiles.

2

Superior bliss invites my eyes,
Delight unmix'd with woe;
Now let my nobler thoughts arise
To joys unknown below.

3

Yon starry plains, how bright they shine,
With radiant specks of light;
Fair pavement of the courts divine,
That sparkles on the sight!

4

'Tis distance lessens ev'ry star:
Could I behold them nigh,
Bright worlds of wonder would appear
To my astonish'd eye!

5

Thus heav'nly joys attract my eyes;
My heart the lustre warms:
But, could I reach those upper skies,
How infinite their charms!

6

Come, heav'n-born faith, and aid my flight,
And guide my rising thought,
Till earth, still less'ning to my sight,
Shall vanish quite forgot.

325. S. M. WATTS.

Looking Upward.

Col. iii. 1, 2. 2 Cor. iv. 18.

THE heav'ns invite my eye;
The stars salute me round;
Father, I blush, I mourn to lie
Thus grov'lling on the ground.

2

My warmer spirits move,
And make attempts to fly;
Oh! for the wings of faith and love,
To raise my soul on high!—

3

Beyond those crystal vaults,
And all their sparkling balls:
They 're but the porches to thy courts,—
The paintings on thy walls.

4

Vain world! farewell to you;
Heav'n is my native air:
I bid my friends a short adieu,
Impatient to be there.

326. L. M.

From a Translation of WATTS'S LATIN ODE.

Excitation of the Heart toward Heaven.

Col. iii. 1, 2. 2 Cor. iv. 18.

ARISE, my soul! thy fetters burst;
The world despise, with all its joys:
Oft are its richest bounties curs'd,
And all its charms are gilded toys.

2

Leave the dull clay, and soar above;
For there HE dwells—thy bliss, thy crown,
Thy life, the centre of thy love;—
JESUS, a name of blest renown!

3

Should hell's black legions all arise,
Or Sinai's thunders round thee roar;
Mercy will lead thee to the skies,
And shield thee from their utmost pow'r.

4

Rise then, my soul,—by faith ascend,
And now begin thy heav'nly joy;
One smile from thine Almighty Friend
Will a whole world of cares destroy.

327. S. 8. 8. or 113th.

From WATTS'S LATIN ODE; *translated by* DR. GIBBONS.

Excitation of the Heart toward Heaven.

Col. iii. 1, 2. 2 Cor. iv. 18.

WHAT! shall whole ages wear away,
And I, a willing pris'ner, stay
Immur'd within these walls of clay?

2

The porch, the open door, I see:
Shall both conspire to set me free,
And I start back from liberty?

3

Shall I not pant t' ascend the road
That leads to yon sublime abode,—
The palace of my Father, God?

4

From this vile flesh, what countless ills
Arise! now, fear my bosom chills,
Now, grief in trickling tears distils.

5

On this poor spot, where can I find
Pleasures of such exalted kind,
To fill the wishes of the mind?

6

Jesus, my love, far—far from sight,
Midst stars and seraphs, pure and bright,
Dwells, high enthron'd in worlds of light.

7

Thither should I attempt to go,
Th' Almighty would no thunders throw;
Nor would one cloud obscure his brow.

8

Himself invites me to the skies;
Wings of swift flame his love supplies:—
From sin and all its sorrows rise!

328. 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

WATTS'S LATIN ODE *translated. From* NEW EVAN. MAG.

Excitation of the Heart toward Heaven.

Col. iii. 1, 2. 2 Cor. iv. 18.

HOW long, my soul, wilt thou delay
In this vile tenement of clay,
Nor burst thy prison door?
Why dost thou thus refuse the flight;
Nor pant to climb th' ethereal height,
And tread thy Father's floor?

2

Born from the flesh, a thousand foes
Conspire to rob thee of repose,
And ceaseless tumult bring:
Sorrow and fear fly round thy heart;
And sin essays her utmost art
To plunge her venom'd sting.

3

No pleasures on this earth appear:
Thy dearest friend—he is not here,—
Thy Saviour, far away:
Bright angels guard his flaming car,
As round he visits ev'ry star,
And pours celestial day.

4

Then plume thy wings, and stretch them [wide:
Wings are not now to man denied;
But he may cleave the sky:—
To heav'n's eternal summit soar,
Nor fear the thunder's angry roar,—
For God invites thee nigh.

329. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 7. 7. 6.

MADAN'S COL.

Rising Heavenward.

Col. iii. 1, 2. 2 Cor. iv. 18.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
To heav'n, thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove:
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above.

2

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun,—
Both tending to their source:
So a soul that 's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,—
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon the Saviour will return,
Triumphant, in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be giv'n;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

330. L. M. GIBBONS.

Rising to God.

Col. iii. 1, 2. 2 Cor. iv. 18.

NOW let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time;
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2

Born by a new, celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heav'n's eternal joys?

3

Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4

Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large!
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

5

To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heav'n enjoy'd above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heav'n below.

331. 8.8.6. 8.8. 8.6. STEELE.

Divine Contemplation.

Col. iii. 1, 2. 2 Cor. iv. 18.

HOW blest the minds which daily rise
To worlds unseen, beyond the skies,
And lose this vale of tears!
On heav'n-taught pinions while they soar,
And joys unknown to sense explore,
How low the care of mortal life!
How mean its bliss appears!

2

Oh! for the wings of faith and love,
To bear my thoughts and hopes above
These little scenes of care—
Above these gloomy mists which rise,
And pain my heart, and cloud my eyes,—
To see the dawn of heav'nly day,
And breathe celestial air.

3

Fain would I soar and stretch my flight,
To reach the sacred courts of light,
Where my Redeemer reigns:
There, beaming from his radiant throne,
Immortal splendors, joys unknown,
With never-fading lustre shine
O'er all the blissful plains.

4

Ten thousand times ten thousand tongues
There join in rapture-breathing songs,
And tune their golden lyres
To Jesus, their exalted Lord:
Dear name! how lov'd, and how ador'd!
His love awakes the heav'nly strain,
And ev'ry note inspires.

5

No short-liv'd pleasure there beguiles,
But perfect bliss for ever smiles,
With undeclining ray:
Thither my thoughts would fain ascend,
But ah! to dust and earth they bend,
Fetter'd with empty vanities,
And chain'd to lifeless clay.

6

Dear Lord, and shall I ever be
So far from bliss, so far from thee,—
An exile from the sky?
Oh! break these chains, my wishes fire,
And upward bid my heart aspire:
Without thine aid I cannot rise;
Oh! give me wings to fly.

332. C. M. COWPER.

Holy Joy.

1 Cor. xiii. 6.

O THOU, whose favorable eye
The contrite soul revives,
Holy and heav'nly is the joy
Thy shining presence gives.

2

Transgressors, sunk in fatal sleep,
Can sin and yet rejoice!
Were they indeed the Saviour's shee
They 'd hear the Saviour's voice.

3

Be mine the comforts that reclaim
The soul from Satan's pow'r;
That make me blush for what I am,
And hate my sin the more.

4

'Tis joy enough, my All in All,
Low at thy feet to lie;
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
And higher none can fly.

333. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Living by Faith in the Son of God.

Gal. ii. 20. Phil. i. 21.

DEAR Jesus, while in mortal flesh
I hold my frail abode,
Still would my spirit rest on thee,
My Saviour and my God.

2

On thy dear cross I fix my eyes,
Then raise them to thy seat;
Till love dissolves my inmost soul,
At my Redeemer's feet.

3

Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms;
Be dead to ev'ry sin;
And tell the boldest foe without,
That Jesus reigns within.

334. S. M. *From* COWPER'S GUION.

Love Unfeigned.

2 Cor. vi. 6.

O THOU! whose sacred charms
These hearts too seldom love,—
Although thy peerless glory warms,
And blesses all above,—

2

How slow are human things
To choose their happiest lot!
O thou all glorious King of kings,
Say, why we love thee not.

3

This heart, that cannot rest,
Would thine for ever prove—
Peaceful and happy, when distress'd,
In thine unchanging love.

4

And should it even break
Beneath thy chast'ning hand,
Tho' speechless, Lord, its sighs would speak
What thou canst understand.

335. 8. 8. 8. 10. COWPER'S GUION.

Love without Fear.

1 John iv. 18.

FOR uncreated charms I burn,
Oppress'd by slavish fear no more;
For One in whom I may discern,
Ev'n when he frowns, a sweetness I adore.

2

Love causes grief, but 'tis to move
And stimulate the slumb'ring mind;
And he has never tasted love
Who shuns a pang so graciously design'd.

3

Sweet is the cross above all sweets,
To souls enamour'd with his smiles;
The keenest woe life ever meets,
Love strips of all its terror, and beguiles.

336. 8. 7. 8. 7. COWPER'S GUION.

The Comfort of Love.

Phil. ii. 1. 1 John iv. 17, 18.

PERFECT love has pow'r to soften
Cares that might our peace destroy;
Nay, does more—transforms them often,
Changing sorrow into joy.

2

Sov'reign Love appoints the measure
And the number of our pains;
And is pleas'd when we take pleasure
In the trials he ordains.

3

Oh! then, with supreme affection,
His paternal will regard;
If it cost us some dejection,
Ev'ry sigh has its reward.

337. L. M. COWPER'S GUION.

The Love of God, the End of our Existence.

1 Cor. xiii. xiv. 1. 1 Tim. vi. 11.

IF life in sorrow must be spent,
So be it—I would be content,
And meekly wait my last remove,
Desiring only growth in love.

2

No bliss I seek, but to fulfil
In life, in death, thy lovely will;
No succors in my woes I want,
But what my Lord is pleas'd to grant.

3

Our days are number'd,—let us spare
Our anxious hearts a needless care.
'Tis thine, to number out our days;
'Tis ours, to give them to thy praise.

4

Love is our only business here;
Love, simple, constant, and sincere:
Oh! blessed days thy servants see!
Thus sweetly spent in pleasing Thee.

338. 7s. COWPER.

Lovest thou me?

John xxi. 15—17.

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;
"Say, poor sinner—lov'st thou me?

2

I deliver'd thee when bound,
And when wounded heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3

Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath;
Free and faithful, strong as death.

4

Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner—lov'st thou me?"

5

Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore,
Oh, for grace to love thee more!

339. 7s. NEWTON.

Lovest thou me?

John xxi. 15—17.

'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;—
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2

If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull, this lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name!

3

Could my heart so hard remain,
Pray'r a task and burthen prove,
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4

When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

5

If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do:
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me—is it thus with you?

6

Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sins my grief and shame:
Should I grieve for what I feel
If I never lov'd his name?

7

Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

8

Lord, decide the doubtful case!
Thou who art thy people's Sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9

Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

340. C. M. STEELE.

Loving an Absent Saviour.

1 Pet. i. 8.

THRICE happy, who on earth beheld
The dear Redeemer's face;
And happy we, who in his word
His lovely image trace.

2

Amaz'd, we traverse o'er the scenes
Through which the Saviour pass'd;
Each rising proof of love adore,
But scarce support the last.

3

Around the cross his glory shines
With such refulgent rays,
Our feeble faith can scarce sustain
Th' unsufferable blaze.

4

We catch the fire,—these icy breasts
Are kindled to a flame:
Seraphs, describe the love we bear
An absent Saviour's name.

5

Love, gratitude, and joy, beat high
In ev'ry ravish'd breast;
While, with these glimpses of his face,
By faith our souls are blest.

341. L. M. WATTS.

Love to Christ, present or absent.

Cant. iii. 1.

OF all the joys we mortals know,
Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest!
Love!—the best blessing here below,—
The nearest image of the blest.

2

Sweet are my thoughts, and soft my cares,
When the celestial flame I feel;
In all my hopes, in all my fears,
There's something kind and pleasing still.

3

While I am held in his embrace
There's not a thought attempts to rove;
Each smile he wears upon his face
Fixes, and charms, and fires my love.

4

If he withdraw a moment's space,
He leaves a sacred pledge behind;
Here, in this breast, his image stays,
The grief and comfort of my mind.

5

While of his absence I complain,
And long and weep, as lovers do,
There's a strange pleasure in the pain,
And tears have their own sweetness too.

6

Jesus, my God! yet rather come;
Mine eyes would dwell upon thy face:
'Tis best to see my Lord at home,
And feel the presence of his grace.

342. C. M. R.

Lying at the Foot of the Cross.

SHALL I forsake the blessed cross,
Where Jesus hangs for me?
No, dearest Saviour, I would die
Sooner than flee from thee.

2

Let floods and flames, and hail and storms,
Their maddest fury try;
In vain they rage, and beat, and roar:
Firm and unmov'd I lie.

3

Let men of blood unsheath the sword,
And wield the threat'ning spear,
And wreak their vengeance on my head—
I can but perish here.

4

Pity a wretched suppliant, Lord,
Clasping the sacred tree,
Who begs—nor can thy grace deny—
One look of love from thee.

5

Then will I bathe thy feet in tears,
And kiss each bleeding wound,
Whence flows salvation's copious streams,
In which my fears are drown'd.

6

With heav'nly life my soul inspire,
And tune my thankful tongue;
So shall a pardon'd sinner's praise
Vie with an angel's song.

343. L. M. WATTS.

Nonconformity to the World.

Rom. xii. 2. Eph. iv. 1. 17. v. 15.
Phil. i. 27. iii. 17—20. 1 Tim. ii. 9.

BEHOLD the sons, the heirs of God,
So dearly bought with Jesus' blood!
Are they not born to heav'nly joys?
And shall they stoop to earthly toys?

2

Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest—for sport, and play,—
To wear out time, and waste the day?

3

Does vain discourse, or empty mirth,
Well suit the honors of their birth?
Shall they be fond of gay attire,
Which children love and fools admire?

4

What, if we wear the richest vest?—
Peacocks and flies are better drest:
This flesh, with all its gaudy forms,
Must drop to dust and feed the worms.

5

Lord, raise our hearts and passions higher;
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire;
Then, with a heav'n-directed eye,
We'll pass these glitt'ring trifles by.

6

We'll look on all the toys below
With such disdain as angels do;
And wait the call that bids us rise
To brighter mansions in the skies.

344. C. M. COWPER.

Legal Obedience followed by Evangelical.

Rom. vii. 6. Gal. iv. 31.

NO strength of Nature can suffice
To serve the Lord aright;
And what she has she misapplies,
For want of clearer light.

2

How long beneath the law I lay
In bondage and distress!
And toil'd, the precept to obey—
But toil'd without success.

3

Then, to abstain from outward sin
Was more than I could do;
Now, if I feel its pow'r within,
I feel I hate it too.

4

Then, all my servile works were done
A righteousness to raise;
Now, freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose his ways.

5

'What shall I do,' was then the word,
'That I may worthier grow?'
'What shall I render to the Lord?'
Is my inquiry now.

6

To see the law by Christ fulfill'd,
And hear his pard'ning voice,
Changes a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.

345. 8.7. 8.7. 7.7. BOWRING.

The Obedience of an Undivided Heart.

Matt. vi. 24. Pr. iv. 23.
Luke xvi. 13.

NOT a broken, brief obedience
Does the Lord of heav'n demand;
He requires our whole allegiance,
Words and deeds, and heart and hand:
God will hold divided sway
With no deity of clay.

2

Wealth and pomp and pow'r are idols
Worshipp'd by their devotees;
But religion's influence bridles
All esteem for things like these:
They are trappings, meant to hide
The deformities of pride.

3

He who onward moves, pursuing
Patiently his heav'nward road,
Midst the rocks and midst the ruin
Which perplex the path to God—
Not by hope or fear betrayed,
Not allur'd by vain parade:—

4

He, who, midst the world's delusions,
Keeps his heart serene and free,
Shelter'd safe from the intrusions
Of unhallow'd vanity;—
He earth's brightest bliss shall share,
He heav'n's crown of glory wear.

346. 10s. JOSEPH STENNETT.

Penitence.

Ps. xxxviii. 18.

LORD, hear a penitent, that prostrate lies,
And at thy feet for pard'ning mercy cries:
To be reveng'd on sin implores thine aid,
Bathing with tears the wounds his sins have made.

2

Can he who died for sinners yet despise
A sinner's broken heart, and flowing eyes?
Oh, let thy bleeding hands their balm apply!
Thy smile is life—thy frowns would make me die.

3

Kindly resolve my doubts, dispel my fears,
Suppress my sighs, and wipe away my tears;
Or, while thy charms my wond'ring thoughts employ,
Turn floods of sorrow into tears of joy.

347. 7s. JOHN TAYLOR.

Penitence.

Ps. xxxviii. 18. Is. lix. 12.

GOD of mercy, God of love,
Hear our penitential song;
Grief should dwell on ev'ry heart,
Sorrow rest on ev'ry tongue:
Deep remorse for follies past—
Talents wasted—time mispent—
Hearts debas'd by worldly cares—
Thankless for the blessings lent:—

2

Foolish hearts, and fond desires—
Vain regrets for things as vain—
Lips too seldom us'd to praise—
Oft, to murmur and complain:—
These, with ev'ry secret fault,
Fill'd with shame and grief, we own;
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon through thy Son.

348. C. M. STEELE.

Penitence and Hope.

Ps. xxxii. 5—7.

DEAR Saviour! when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet, asham'd, I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

2

Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah! vile, ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares detain'd—betray'd
From Jesus to depart:—

3

From Jesus,—who alone can give
True pleasure, peace, and rest:
When absent from my Lord, I live
Unsatisfied, unblest.

4

But he, for his own mercy's sake,
My wand'ring soul restores:
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.

5

Oh! while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye!

6

Then shall the mourner at thy feet
Rejoice to seek thy face;
And, grateful, own how kind—how sweet
Thy condescending grace.

349. C. M. COWPER.

The Contrite Heart.

Ps. xxxiv. 18. li. 17. Is. lvii. 15. lxvi. 2.

THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow:
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart, or no?

2

I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

3

I sometimes think myself inclin'd
To love thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.

4

My best desires are faint and few;
Fain would I strive for more;
But, when I cry "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

5

Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love the house of pray'r;
I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

6

Oh! make this heart rejoice or ache;
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break,—
And heal it, if it be.

350. 8.7. 8.7. D. BOWRING.

Pure Religion, and Undefiled.

Jam. i. 27.

PURE and undefil'd religion,
In our Heav'nly Father's sight,
Is, to pour on helpless orphans
Balm of healing and delight:
'Tis to visit cheerless widows
In their darkness and distress:
This is undefil'd religion,
In its pow'r of blessedness.

2

Pure and undefil'd religion,
Is, amid the tainted scene,
To preserve a heart untainted—
Viceless, spotless, and serene:—
Still, amid the world's allurements,
Fixing all our hopes on high:—
This is undefil'd religion,
In its true felicity.

351. C. M. HERVEY.

Resignation.

Ps. xlvii. 4. lxxiii. 24.

SINCE all the downward tracks of time,
God's watchful eye surveys,
Oh! who so wise to choose our lot,
And regulate our ways?

2

Good when he gives, supremely good;
Nor less when he denies;
Ev'n crosses from his sov'reign hand
Are blessings in disguise.

3

Why should we doubt a Father's love,
Unmeasurably kind?
To his unerring, gracious will
Be ev'ry wish resign'd.

352. C. M. COWPER.

Resignation.

Acts xxi. 14.

O LORD! my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort, to thy will;
And make thy pleasure mine.

2

Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3

No—let me rather freely yield
What most I prize, to thee;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4

Thy favor all my journey through
Thou art engag'd to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

5

Wisdom and mercy guide my way;
Shall I resist them both?—
A poor, blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth!

6

But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

353. 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

COWPER'S GUION.

Resignation.

1 Sam. iii. 18. Ps. xvi. 5.

O LORD! in sorrow, I resign
My soul to that dear hand of thine,
Without reserve or fear;
That hand shall wipe my streaming eyes,
Or into smiles of glad surprise
Transform the falling tear.

2

My sole possession is thy love;
In earth beneath, or heav'n above,
I have no other store;
And though with fervent suit I pray,
And importune thee night and day,
I ask thee nothing more.

3

My hours, with undiminish'd force
And speed, pursue their destin'd course,
Obedient to thy will;
Nor would I murmur at my doom,
Though still a suff'rer from the womb,
And doom'd to suffer still.

4

By thy command, where'er I stray,
Sorrow attends me all my way,
A never-failing friend;
And if my suff'rings may augment
Thy praise, behold me well content—
Let sorrow still attend!

5

It costs me no regret, that she
Who follow'd Christ should follow me;
And though, where'er she goes,
Thorns spring, spontaneous, at her feet,
I love her—and extract a sweet
From all my bitter woes.

354. C. M. BEDDOME.

Resignation ; or, God our Portion.

1 Sam. iii. 18. Job i. 21. Ps. xvi. 5.

MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2

If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possess'd by me
They were entirely thine.

3

Nor would I drop a murm'ring word,
Though the whole world were gone;
But seek enduring happiness
In thee—and thee alone.

4

What is the world, with all its store?
'Tis but a bitter sweet:
When I attempt to pluck the rose,
A pricking thorn I meet.

5

Here, perfect bliss can ne'er be found;
The honey's mix'd with gall:
'Midst changing scenes, and dying friends,
Be thou my all in all.

355. 8.6. 8.6. 8.8. CONDER.

It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good.

1 Sam. iii. 18. Job i. 21.

WHEN I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,—
Bow, all resigned, beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing pow'r;
A joy springs up amid distress,—
A fountain in the wilderness.

2

Oh! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though sorrows fix me there,
Is still a privilege; and sweet
The energies of pray'r,
Though sighs and tears its language be,
If Christ be nigh, and smile on me.

3

Oh! blessed be the hand that gave;
Still blessed when it takes:
Blessed be He who smites to save,
Who heals the heart he breaks:
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heav'n adores, and death obeys.

356 L. M. STEELE.

Resignation.

Job vii. 16.

WEARY of these low scenes of night,
My fainting heart grows sick of time;
Sighs for the dawn of sweet delight,—
Sighs for a distant, happier clime!

2

Ah! why that sigh?—peace, coward heart!
And learn to bear thy lot of woe;
Reflect—how easy is thy part
To what thy fellow-suff'rers know.

3

'Tis just, 'tis right—thus he ordains
Who form'd this animated clod,—
That needful cares, instructive pains,
Should bring the restless heart to God.

4

In God, my soul, behold thy rest,
Nor hope for bliss below the sky:
Come, resignation, to my breast,
And silence ev'ry plaintive sigh.

5

Come, faith and hope, celestial pair!
Calm resignation waits on you;
Beyond these gloomy scenes of care,
Point out a soul-enliv'ning view.

6

Parent of Good! 'tis thine to give
These cheerful graces to the mind;
Smile on my soul, and bid me live,
Desiring, hoping, yet resign'd.

7

Thy smile, sweet dawn of endless day!
Can make my weary spirit blest;
While on my Father's hand I stay,
And in his love securely rest.

8

My Father! dear, delightful name!
Replete with life and joy sincere!
Oh! wilt thou kindly seal my claim,
And banish ev'ry anxious fear!

9

Then shall my cheerful heart survey
The toils and dangers of the road;
And, patient, keep the heav'nly way
That leads me homeward to my God.

357. C. M. NOEL.

Resignation and Hope.

Job vii. 16. Phil. i. 21.

WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.

2

'Tis not that murm'ring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still:—

3

It is—that harass'd conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin;
And sees, though far, the hand that heals,
And ends the strife within:—

4

It is—that heav'n-born faith surveys
The path that leads to light;
And longs her eagle-plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight:—

5

It is—that hope with ardor glows,
To see him face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.

358. C. M. FAWCETT.

Resignation and Hope.

Ps. xxxi. 15.

FATHER, my times are in thy hand;
My soul submissive lies,
Waiting for thy divine command
To call me to the skies.

2

The regions of eternal peace
Ere long I hope to see:
When wilt thou sign my sweet release,
And take me home to thee?

3

Why should I be of death afraid?
If thou art with me there,
Though I walk through the darkest shade,
I will not yield to fear.

4

Supported by thy sov'reign love,
And safe in thine embrace,
My willing soul shall mount above,
To see thy blissful face.

5

Yet, if thy gracious will ordain
My stay on earth awhile,
Dear Lord, my fainting heart sustain,
And cheer me with thy smile.

6

If thou my soul with lively faith
And heav'nly comfort fill,
In health or sickness, life or death,
I'll welcome all thy will.

359. C. M. STEELE.

Filial Submission.

Heb. xii. 5—7.

AND can my heart aspire so high,
To say, "My Father, God!"
Lord, at thy feet I long to lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2

I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise;
Let ev'ry anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

3

Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,
And bid me wait serene;
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

4

My Father!—oh! permit my heart
To plead her humble claim;
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

360. C. M.

Self Denial.

Matt. xix. 21. Luke xiv. 33. xviii. 22.
Mark x. 21.

AND must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee?
It is but right! since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

2

Yes, let it go!—one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain,
Of credit—riches—friends.

3

Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives—
How worthless they appear,
Compar'd with thee—Supremely Good!
Divinely Bright and Fair!

4

Saviour of souls! could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I'd glory in my gain.

361. 7s. COWPER'S GUION.

Self Diffidence.

Pr. xxviii. 26.

SOURCE of Love, and Light of Day,
Tear me from myself away;
Ev'ry view and thought of mine,
Cast into the mould of thine.

2

Can I grieve thee, whom I love,—
Thee, in whom I live and move?
If my sorrow touch thee still,
Save me from so great an ill!

3

Oh! th' oppressive, irksome weight
Felt in an uncertain state!
Comfort, peace, and rest, adieu,
Should I prove at last untrue!

4

Still I choose thee, follow still
Ev'ry notice of thy will;
But, unstable, strangely weak,
Still let slip the good I seek.

5

Trusting self, a broken reed,
Is to be deceiv'd indeed;
Save me from this harm and loss,
Lest my gold be turn'd to dross.

362. 8s. MONTGOMERY.

Sympathy.

Rom. xii. 15.

HOW sweet is the tear of regret,
That drops from humanity's eye!
How lovely the cheek that is wet—
The bosom that heaves with a sigh!
This world is a sorrowful stage,
A valley of weeping and woe;
From childhood to tremulous age,
The tear, uninvited, will flow.

2

Our own, or another's distress,
Will force the soft lustres to fall;
Nor can the mild bosom do less
Than grieve for the sorrows of all:
For he who has nought to impart
May, at least, give the wretched a tear;
'Twill comfort the sorrowful heart,
When no other comfort is near.

3

The Saviour in sympathy wept,
And gave the divinest relief,
When *he* in mortality slept
Whose sisters were hopeless in grief:
He sorrow'd for Solyma's doom,
While sitting on Olivet's steep;
He thought on her judgment to come,
And pity constrain'd him to weep.

363. C. M. BARBAULD.

Sympathy and Benevolence.

Rom. xii. 15. Luke x. 30—37.

BLEST is the man whose soft'ning heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain:—

2

Whose breast expands with gen'rous [warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the pow'r to heal.

3

He spreads his kind, supporting arms
To ev'ry child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.

4

To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

5

To him protection shall be shown;
And mercy, from above,
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love.

364. C. M. STEELE.

Humble Reliance upon God, our Father.

Is. xxvi. 3. 2 Cor. vi. 18.

MY God, my Father, blissful name!
Oh! may I call thee mine?
May I, with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?

2
This only can my fears controul,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

3
Whate'er thy providence denies,
I cheerfully resign;
For thou art good, and just, and wise:
Oh! bend my will to thine.

4
Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
Oh! give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

365. L. M. STEELE.

Humble Trust.

Is. l. 10. xxvi. 3, 4.

WHY should my pining spirit be
So long a stranger to my Lord;
Whose promises, divinely free,
Invite me to his sacred word?

2
Does he not bid the weary come,
And call the wretched sons of grief
To him, their refuge and their home,—
Their Heav'nly Friend, their sure relief?

3
Yes, by the kindest, tend'rest names,
My Lord invites my humble trust:
My diffidence he kindly blames:
How soft the censure, and how just!

4
Though all the pow'rs of nature fail,
And life's pale, trembling lamp decline;
Thy grace can bid my faith prevail,
And give me fortitude divine.

5
That grace, which bids my hope aspire,
Can ev'ry anxious fear remove;
And give me all my soul's desire—
The full assurance of thy love.

366. 8.7. 8.7. 7.7. NEWTON.

Confidence founded on Divine Authority.

Gen. xxviii. 15. Josh. i. 5. Is. xli. 10. Heb. xiii. 5.

YES—since God himself has said it,
On his promise I rely;
His good word demands my credit:
What can unbelief reply?
He is strong, and can fulfil:
He is truth, and therefore will.

2
As to all the doubts and questions
Which my spirit often grieve,
These are Satan's dark suggestions,
Tempting me to disbelieve:
He would fain destroy my hope,
But the promise bears it up.

3
Sure the Lord thus far has brought me,
By his watchful, tender care;
Sure 'tis he himself has taught me
How to seek his face by pray'r:
After so much mercy past,
Will he give me up at last?

4
In my Saviour's intercession
Still unwav'ring I'll confide:
Lord, accept my free confession—
I have sinn'd, but Jesus died:
This is all I have to plead—
This is all the plea I need.

367. 104th. NEWTON.

I will trust, and not be afraid.

Is. xii. 2. xli. 10.

BEGONE, unbelief! my Saviour is near;
And for my relief will surely appear:
By pray'r let me wrestle, and he will perform:
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2
Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide:
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.

3

His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through.

4

Why should I complain of want, or distress,
Temptation, or pain?—he told me no less:
The heirs of salvation, I know, from his word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

5

How bitter that cup, no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up, that sinners might live!
His way was much rougher and darker than mine—
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer—and shall I repine?

6

Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food:
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then—oh, how pleasant the conqueror's song!

Christian Privileges.

368.

8.6. 8.6. 8.8.

CRUTTENDEN.

Adoption.

1 John iii. 1, 2.

LET others boast their ancient line,
In long succession great;
In the proud list let heroes shine,
And monarchs swell the state:
Descending from the King of kings,
Each saint a nobler title sings.

2

Pronounce me, gracious God, thy son;
Own me an heir divine;
I'll pity princes on the throne
When I can call thee mine:
Sceptres and crowns unenvied rise,
And lose their lustre in mine eyes.

3

Content on earth I pass my days,
To all the world unknown;
And wait till thou thy child shalt raise,
And seat me near thy throne:
No name, no honors, here I crave,
Well pleas'd with those beyond the grave.

4

Jesus, my Elder Brother, lives;
With him I too shall reign;
Nor sin, nor death, while he survives,
Shall make the promise vain:
In him my title stands secure,
And shall while endless years endure.

5

When he, in robes divinely bright,
Shall once again appear,
Thou too, my soul, shalt shine in light,
And his full image bear:
Enough!—I wait th' appointed day;
Blest Saviour, haste, and come away!

369.

8.8.6. 8.8.6.

COWPER'S GUION.

The Testimony of Divine Adoption.

Rom. viii. 14—16. Gal. iv. 6.

HOW happy are the new-born race,
Partakers of adopting grace!
How pure the joys they share!
Hid from the world and all its eyes,
Within their heart the blessing lies,
And conscience feels it there.

2

The chaste and pure, who fear to grieve
The Holy Spirit they receive,
His work distinctly trace;
And, strong in undissembled love,
Boldly assert, and clearly prove
Their hearts his dwelling-place.

3

O messenger of dear delight,
Whose voice dispels the deepest night,
Sweet peace-proclaiming Dove!
With thee at hand to soothe our pains,
No wish unsatisfied remains,
No task—but that of love.

4

'Tis love unites what sin divides,
The central point where bliss resides;
To which the soul once brought,
Reclining on the First Great Cause,
From his abounding sweetness draws
Peace, passing human thought.

5

Sorrow foregoes its nature there;
And life assumes a tranquil air,
Divested of its woes:
There, sov'reign goodness soothes the breast,
'Till then incapable of rest,
In sacred, sure repose.

370. D. L. M. J. S. HARVEY.

Say ye to the righteous, it shall be well with him.

Is. iii. 10. 2 Kings iv. 26. Ps. cxix. 65.

DESERTED by each faithless friend,
When fortune's smiles no more attend,
Submissive to his Father's will,
The patient Christian trusts him still;—
Still walks in wisdom's pleasant way,
And loves to hear, and praise, and pray:
His joy and peace, oh, who can tell!
In wealth or want—with him "all's well!"

2

Or passing through death's gloomy vale,
When fears invade, and doubts assail,
While leaning on the staff and rod
Of his unchanging, faithful God,
A gleam of heav'nly light appears;
The Saviour wipes away his tears:
Triumphant over death and hell,
In life or death—with him "all's well!"

371. L. M. S. STENNETT.

Our Bodies the Temples of the Holy Spirit.

1 Cor. vi. 19. John xiv. 17. 1 Cor. iii. 16. 2 Cor. vi. 16.

AND will th' offended God again
Return, and dwell with sinful men?
Will he within this bosom raise
A living temple to his praise?

2

Transporting news! Celestial Guest!
Come, take possession of my breast:
Lift up your heads, ye pow'rs within,
And let the King of Glory in.

3

Enter, dear Lord, with all thy train;
Here live, and here for ever reign;
Thy sceptre o'er my passions sway;
Let love command, and I'll obey.

372. C. M. COWPER.

Communion with the Saviour.

1 John i. 3.

TO tell the Saviour all my wants,
How pleasing is the task!
Nor less to praise him, when he grants
Beyond what I can ask.

2

My lab'ring spirit vainly seeks
To tell but half the joy;
With how much tenderness he speaks,
And helps me to reply.

3

But this, with boldness, I proclaim;
Nor care if thousands hear,—
Sweet is the odour of his name,
Nor life is half so dear.

4

Trust me, I draw the likeness true,
And not as fancy paints;
Such honor may he give to you,
For such have all his saints.

373. L. M. HEGINBOTHOM.

A Good Conscience.

Acts xxiii. 1. xxiv. 16. 2 Cor. i. 12. 1 Pet. iii. 16.

SWEET peace of conscience, heav'nly guest!
Come, fix thy mansion in my breast;
Dispel my doubts, my fears controul,
And heal the anguish of my soul.

2

Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere;
Come, make your constant dwelling here;
Still let your presence cheer my heart,
Nor sin compel you to depart.

3

Thou God of hope and peace divine,
Oh, make these sacred pleasures mine!
Forgive my sins, my fears remove,
And send the tokens of thy love.

4

Then should my eyes, without a tear,
See death, with all its terrors, near:
My heart should then in death rejoice,
And raptures tune my falt'ring voice.

5

Nay, should the frame of nature fall,
And flames surround this earthly ball;
Ev'n then, my soul without dismay
The mighty ruin would survey.

6

Yes, for beyond these lower skies
New worlds salute my longing eyes;
Blest worlds! where peace her throne maintains,
And everlasting glory reigns.

374. C. M. Heginbothom.

The Christian's Feast.

1 Cor. v. 8.

ADIEU to all my fond pursuits!
Ye vain delights, adieu!
My heart to nobler bliss aspires,
And better joys than you.

2

Not all the sweets of earth and sense
Can please th' immortal mind;
Delusive sweets! that mock our taste,
And leave a sting behind.

3

Author of life and endless joy,
To thee—to thee I come;
Thou art the centre of my heart,
My portion and my home.

4

Give me to taste that sacred food
Thy favor'd children eat;
Not earth, with all its stores, can yield
Such soul-refreshing meat.

5

Let sweet devotion be my feast;
Oh! teach my heart to pray;—
With thee to hail the morning light,
With thee to end the day.

6

Let faith, and zeal, and ardent love,
Still bear me on their wings;
And smiling hope still lift my heart
Above terrestrial things.

375. C. M. Hudson.

The Christian's Happiness.

Ps. cxxviii. 2. cxlvi. 5.

HOW happy is the Christian's state!
His sins are all forgiv'n;
A cheering ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his hopes to heav'n.

2

Though in the rugged path of life
He heaves the pensive sigh;
Yet, trusting in the Lord, he finds
Deliv'ring grace is nigh.

3

If, to prevent his wand'ring steps,
He feels the chast'ning rod;
The gentle stroke sha'l bring him back,
To a forgiving God.

4

And when the welcome message comes,
To call his soul away;
His soul in raptures shall ascend
To everlasting day.

376. C. M. Heginbothom.

Good hope, through grace.

2 Thes. ii. 16. Rom. xv. 13. 1 Thes. v. 8.

COME, humble souls; ye mourners, come;
And wipe away your tears;
Adieu to all your sad complaints,
Your sorrows and your fears.

2

Come, shout aloud the Father's grace;
The Saviour's dying love;
Soon you shall sing the glorious theme
In loftier strains, above.

3

God, the eternal, mighty God,
To dearer names descends;
Calls you his treasure and his joy,
His children and his friends.

4

My Father, God! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear?
Not thus could heav'n's sweet harmony
Delight my list'ning ear.

5

Thanks to my God, for ev'ry gift
His bounteous hands bestow;
And thanks eternal, for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.

6

For ever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.

7

Transporting hope! shine on my soul,—
With radiant glories shine,
'Till thou thyself art lost in joys
Immortal and divine.

377. 8.8.6. 8.8.8.6. C.

The Christian's Peace.

John xvi. 33. Phil. iv. 7.

HOW peaceful is the Christian's breast!
Tho' by distressing cares oppress'd,
How bright his prospects shine!
If comforts fly, or friends decay,
Or clouds obstruct the cheering ray
Which lights him on his heav'nly way,
He sees the hand divine.

2

He knows, in heav'n there dwells a Friend,
Who lives, though life and time shall end,
And nature's reign be o'er;
Whose smiles the weary soul shall share;
Whose love shall crown the pilgrim there;
Nor aught of anguish, aught of care,
Disturb his passions more.

378. 8.8. 8.8. 8.8. 9.9.

BOWRING.

The poor have the gospel preached to them.

Matt. xi. 5.

THE gospel is preach'd to the poor,
Who long were abandon'd and lone:
The poor are forgotten no more—
The light of the gospel 's their own:
No longer they wander distrest,
Amidst a disconsolate road:
They are blest—for all nations are blest—
With the life-giving glory of God.

2

The gospel is preach'd to the poor,
To them are its promises giv'n;
For Jesus has open'd the door
Which leads them to hope and to heav'n:
He owns them—he claims them as his;
He'll never more leave them to woe:
They shall share in eternity's bliss—
In eternity's prospects below.

379. L. M. STEELE.

Happy Poverty.

Luke vi. 20. Jam. ii. 5.

YE humble souls, complain no more;
Let faith survey your future store;
Hope points to your dejected eyes
A bright reversion in the skies.

2

In vain the sons of wealth and pride
Despise your lot, your hopes deride;
In vain they boast their little stores;
Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours:—

3

A kingdom of immense delight,
Where health, and peace, and joy, unite;
Where undeclining pleasures rise,
And ev'ry wish has full supplies.

4

Jesus, to thee I breathe my pray'r;
Reveal, confirm my int'rest there;
Whate'er my humble lot below,
This—only this, I long to know!

5

Oh, let me hear that voice divine
Pronounce the glorious blessing mine!
Enroll'd among thy happy poor,
My largest wishes ask no more.

380. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Security of the Saviour's Sheep.

John x. 28.

IN one harmonious, cheerful song,
Ye happy saints, combine;
Loud let it sound from ev'ry tongue,
The Saviour is divine.

2

The least, the feeblest of the sheep,
To him the Father gave;
Kind is his heart the charge to keep,
And strong his arm to save.

3

That hand which heav'n and earth sustains,
And bars the gates of hell,
And rivets Satan down in chains,
Shall guard his chosen well.

4

Now let th' infernal Lion roar:
How vain his threats appear!
When he can match Jehovah's pow'r
We *may* begin to fear.

Christian Privileges.

381. 7s. Dr. Ryland.

My times are in thy hand.

Ps. xxxi. 15.

SOV'REIGN Ruler of the skies!
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in thy hand,—
All events at thy command.

2

He that form'd me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb:
All my times shall ever be
Order'd by his wise decree.

3

Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief;—

4

Times the tempter's pow'r to prove;
Times to taste a Saviour's love:
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my Heav'nly Friend.

5

Plagues and death around me fly;
Till he bids I cannot die:
Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love sees fit.

6

O thou Gracious, Wise, and Just!
In thy hands my life I trust:
Have I somewhat dearer still?—
I resign it to thy will.

Christian Experience.

382. C. M. Watts.

The Comparison and Complaint.

INFINITE Pow'r! Eternal Lord!
How sov'reign is thy hand!
All nature rose t' obey thy word,
And moves at thy command.

2

With steady course thy shining sun
Keeps his appointed way;
And all the hours, obedient, run
The circle of the day.

3

But ah! how wide my spirit flies,
And wanders from her God;
My soul forgets the heav'nly prize,
And treads the downward road.

4

Great God! create my soul anew;
Conform my heart to thine;
Melt down my will, and let it flow,
And take the mould divine.

5

Take my whole frame into thy hand;
Here all my pow'rs I bring;
Manage the wheels by thy command,
And govern ev'ry spring.

6

Then shall my feet no more depart,
Nor wand'ring senses rove:
Devotion shall be all my heart,
And all my passions love.

383. 7s. Steele.

My soul cleaveth unto the dust: quicken thou me.

Ps. cxix. 25.

CAN we hope for crowns on high,
Yet content in bondage lie,
Exiles from the blest abode,
Far from glory, far from God?

2

Oh, for one celestial ray
From the shining seats of day!
Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Chase the slumbers from our eyes.

3

Thou canst bid our spirits rise
Free and joyful to the skies:
Liberty and joy divine,
Sun of Righteousness, are thine!

384. 8.8. 8.4. Steele.

My soul cleaveth unto the dust: quicken thou me.

Ps. cxix. 25.

VEXATIOUS world! thy flatt'ring snares
Too long have held my easy heart;
And wilt thou still engross my cares?
Vain world, depart.

2

I want delights thou canst not give:
Thy joys are bitterness and woe;
My pining spirit cannot live
On aught below.

3

Enchanting prospects court the eye,
And gay, alluring pleasures smile;
But in the fond pursuit they die:
Ah, fruitless toil!

4

Look, Sov'reign Goodness, from the skies,
Look down, with gentle, pitying eye;
Oh! bid my fainting spirit rise:
To thee I sigh.

5

With beams of sweet, celestial light
Dispel the dark, oppressive gloom;
Display the mansions of delight,
And bid me come.

6

Those shining realms of endless day
Could I one happy moment view,
Then should my soul with transport say,
"Vain world, adieu."

385. L. M. STEELE.

Cold Affections.

SURE I must love the Saviour's name!
Or is the heav'n-born passion dead?
Extinguish'd the celestial flame,
And all my joys for ever fled?

2

At the sweet mention of his love,
How should the sacred ardor rise!
And ev'ry thought, transported, move
In grateful joy, and glad surprise!

3

Jesus demands this heart of mine,
Demands my wish, my joy, my care;
But ah! how dead to things divine,
How cold, my best affections are!

4

What death-like lethargy detains
My captive pow'rs with cruel art;
And spreads its unrelenting chains,
Heavy and cold, around my heart!

5

'Tis sin, alas! with dreadful pow'r
Divides my Saviour from my sight;
Oh! for one happy, shining hour
Of sacred freedom, sweet delight!

6

Come, dearest Lord, thy love can raise
My captive pow'rs from sin and death;
And fill my heart and life with praise,
And tune my last, expiring breath

386. C. M. COWPER.

Sinful Dispositions Lamented.

Matt. xv. 19, 20. Mark vii. 21—23.
Jam. iv. 1.

DEAR Lord! accept a sinful heart,
Which of itself complains;
And mourns, with unavailing smart,
The evil it contains.

2

There, fiery seeds of anger lurk,
Which often hurt my frame;
And wait but for the tempter's work
To fan them to a flame.

3

Legality holds out a bribe
To purchase life from thee;
And Discontent would fain prescribe
How thou shalt deal with me.

4

While Unbelief withstands thy grace,
And puts the mercy by;
Presumption, with a brow of brass,
Says, "Give me, or I die."

5

How eager are my thoughts to roam
In search of what they love!
But ah! when duty calls them home,
How heavily they move!

6

Oh! cleanse me in a Saviour's blood;
Transform me by thy pow'r;
And make me thy belov'd abode,
And let me rove no more.

387. C. M. SCOTT.

Hardness of Heart Lamented.

Ez. xi. 19. xxxvi. 26.

ALAS! this adamantine heart,
This icy rock within!
Alas! these active pow'rs, congeal'd
By the deceits of sin!

2

What! cannot all the melting charms
Of a Redeemer's love,
Nor thunderbolts of wrath divine,
This flinty bosom move?

3

Canst thou, my soul, to heav'n allied,
A native of the sky,
Thus, in ignoble fetters bound,
A willing captive lie?

4

Oh! burst these bands, or disavow
The honorable name!
Nor dare but with a sinful world
Affinity to claim.

5

Vain efforts these, no mortal pow'rs
Can reigning sin subdue;
Thine, Sacred Spirit, is the work
To form the heart anew.

6

Oh! let the rock asunder break
Before thine awful face;
Or rather melt away, beneath
Thy milder beams of grace.

388. L. M. HART.

Hardness of Heart Lamented.

Ez. xi. 19. xxxvi. 26.

LORD! shed a beam of heav'nly day,
To melt this stubborn stone away;
And thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart,—this frozen heart of mine.

2

The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine!

3

To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
All but an adamant would melt:
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To move this stupid heart of mine.

4

But ONE can yet perform the deed;
That *one*, in all his grace, I need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt this stubborn heart of mine.

5

O Breath of Life! breathe on my soul;
Here let the streams of mercy roll;
And thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart,—this frozen heart of mine.

389. L. M. WATTS.

Inconstancy Lamented.

Hos. x. 2.

I LOVE the Lord! but ah! how far
My thoughts from the dear object are!
This treach'rous heart, how wide it roves!
And fancy meets a thousand loves.

2

I often long to see my God,
And tread the courts of his abode;
But troops of rivals throng the place,
And tempt me off before his face.

3

Would I enjoy my Lord alone,
I bid all earthly charms be gone,—
Nor dare intrude; and charge my will
To bar the door, and guard it still.

4

But cares and trifles make or find
Their secret inlets to the mind;
Till I with grief and wonder see
Huge crowds betwixt my Lord and me.

5

Look gently down, Almighty Grace;
Prison me round in thine embrace;
Pity the soul that would be thine,
And let thy pow'r my love confine.

390. 8.8. 8.8. 10.10. STEELE.

Ingratitude Reproved.

Ps. cxlv. 10.

MY God, shall ev'ry creature join
In praises to thy glorious name,
And this ungrateful heart of mine
Refuse the universal theme? [flow'rs,
Well may the stars and winds, the birds and
Reprove the heart that brings not all its pow'rs.

2

Thy grace this languid heart can raise,
These dissipated pow'rs unite;
Can bid me pay my debt of praise,
With love sincere, and true delight:
Oh! let thy grace inspire my heart, my tongue,
And ev'ry pow'r shall join the gen'ral song.

391. 8.8.10. 8.8.10. STEELE.

The Complaint of the Mind.

Rom. vii. 24. Col. iii. 1, 2.

WHY is this heav'n-descended mind,
For nobler purposes design'd,
So closely bound to frail, unthinking clay?
Fain would she taste the joys of light,
And meditate her upward flight,
But her weak partner cannot bear the day.

2

If now and then a ray divine
With sweet, attractive lustre shine,
And upward tempt her half-expanded wings;
The pains or appetites of sense
Retard her flight, with fair pretence,
And chain her, joyless, down to trifling things.

3

How blest th' unbodied minds above,
Who still desire, delight, and love,
And nought impedes their work, or clouds their joy!
No listless inattention there,
No tempting toy, no gloomy care:
Celestial pleasure smiles without alloy!

4

Oh, happy period! blissful day!
Hope hails the distant, beauteous ray;
To those fair scenes I lift my longing eyes,
When this dull, heavy clay, refin'd,
A fit companion for the mind,
To active, joyful, endless life shall rise!

5

Jesus, to thee alone I owe
Each cheering glimpse of heav'n below;
And thou canst bid the longing mind ascend:
Though dull mortality impede,
She spurns the weight if thou but lead:
On thee alone her strength and hope depend.

6

Oh! speak the word; her joyful wings
Shall leave this little scene of things
For the fair regions of immortal light!
One kind, assuring word of thine
Confirms the bright reversion mine,
And faith shall bid adieu to earth and night.

392. 8.8.6. 8.8.6. STEELE.

The Fettered Mind.

Col. iii. 1, 2.

AH! why should this immortal mind,
Enslav'd by sense, be thus confin'd,
And never, never rise?
Why, thus amus'd with empty toys,
And sooth'd with visionary joys,
Forget her native skies?

2

The mind was form'd to mount, sublime,
Beyond the narrow bounds of time,
To everlasting things;
But earthly vapours cloud her sight,
And hang, with cold, oppressive weight,
Upon her drooping wings.

3

The world employs its various snares,
Of hopes and pleasures, pains and cares,
And chain'd to earth I lie:
When shall my fetter'd pow'rs be free,
And leave these seats of vanity,
And upward learn to fly?

4

Bright scenes of bliss, unclouded skies,
Invite my soul: oh! could I rise,
Nor leave a thought below;
I'd bid farewell to anxious care;
And say to ev'ry tempting snare,
"Heav'n calls, and I must go."

5

Heav'n calls, and can I yet delay?
Can aught on earth engage my stay?
Ah! wretched, ling'ring heart! [light,
Come, Lord, with strength, and life, and
Assist and guide my upward flight,
And bid the world depart.

6

One word of thy resistless pow'r
Can bid my joyful spirit soar,
And scorn the feeble chain:
Come, bear my raptur'd thoughts above,
On pinions of seraphic love,
And earth shall tempt in vain.

393. L. M. S. STENNETT.

Pride Lamented.

Job xxxiii. 17. Prov. viii. 13.
Mark vii. 22.

OFT have I turn'd my eye within,
And brought to light some latent sin;
But pride, the vice I most detest,
Still lurks securely in my breast.

2

There, with a thousand arts, she tries
To dress me in a fair disguise;
To make a guilty, wretched worm
Put on an angel's brightest form.

3

She hides my follies from my eyes;
She lifts my virtues to the skies;
And, while the specious tale she tells,
Her own deformity conceals.

4

Rend, O my God! the veil away;
Bring forth the monster to the day;
Expose her hideous form to view,
And all her restless pow'r subdue.

5

So shall humility divine
Again possess this heart of mine;
And God—the condescending God,
Make it his Spirit's lov'd abode.

394. *From* WATTS'S LATIN ODE.

Translated by DR. GIBBONS.

Self Reproof.

WHY dost thou linger in thy cell,
My soul, contented here to dwell?
What are the charms of sinful clay,
To court and entertain thy stay?
A thousand ills thy body feels:
In weakness now the fabric reels;
And now the crimson currents roll
In poison, and infect the soul:
Sorrow and pleasure mix their strife,
And break the harmony of life.

2

How criminal his fond delight
In earth, who still delays his flight;
When Satan, and the pains of sense,
Try all their pow'rs to drive him hence!
See, how the stars their beams unite
To point thy course, and guide thy flight,
To the fair temple of thy God,—
The purchase of Immanuel's blood:
Seraphic legions bid thee come—
Jesus, in smiles, invites thee home.

395. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Unfruitfulness Confessed.

Jer. viii. 20.

ALAS, how fast our moments fly!
How short our months appear!
How swift the various seasons haste
The still-revolving year!—

2

Seasons of grace, and days of hope,
While Jesus waiting stands;
And spreads the blessings of his love
With wide-extended hands.

3

But oh, how slow our stupid souls
These blessings to secure!
Blessings, which through eternal years
Unwith'ring shall endure.

4

Beneath the word of life we die;
Perish amidst our store;
And what salvation should impart
Heightens our ruin more.

5

Pity this madness, God of love,
And make us truly wise;
So, from the pregnant seeds of grace,
Shall glorious harvests rise!

396. L. M. COWPER.

The Storm.

Ps. xviii. 4. xlii. 7. lxix. 1, 2. 15.
Lam. iii. 54. Jonah ii. 3.

THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Lord, from the depths, to thee I call;
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2

Amid the roaring of the sea,
Jesus, my hope still hangs on thee:
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

3

Dangers, of ev'ry shape and name,
Attend the foll'wers of the Lamb;
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

4

Though tempest-toss'd, and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek:
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

397. 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Save me, O God, for the waters are come in unto my soul.

Ps. lxix. 1—3. 13—15.

LORD, be merciful to me,
Still my spirit trusts in thee;
Still to thee, her Refuge, springs:
Be the shadow of thy wings
Round the trembling sinner cast,
Till the storm be over-past.

2

Now the water-floods prevail;
Hope, and strength, and courage fail:
Turn not from thy servant's grief;
Grant—oh! grant me quick relief:
Save me, Lord—in mercy save,
Lest I sink below the grave.

398. C. M. BEDDOME.

Complaint and Prayer in Deep Distress.

Ps. lxix. 17. cxix. 81. cxlii. 7. Lam. iii. 2.

HOW many doubts and fears prevail
In this distracted mind!
What sad anxieties I feel!
My chains, how fast they bind!

2

Ten thousand griefs, ten thousand cares,
Like billows round me roll;
While scarce a ray of light appears,
To cheer my drooping soul.

3

Almighty God, reveal thy grace;
From bondage set me free;
Thy mercy-seat, thy smiling face,
I long, I faint to see.

399. C. M. WATTS.

Sins and Sorrows laid before God.

Job xxiii. 3—6.

OH, that I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2

I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3

He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake—
I'd plead my Saviour's blood.

4

My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

5

Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish ev'ry fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

400. C. M. STEELE.

Absence from God.

Is. l. 10.

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;—

2

See! low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn:
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, Return?

3

And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Lord, let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4

Absent from thee, my guide, my light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

5

Oh! shine on this benighted heart—
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

6

Thy presence only can bestow
Delights which never cloy:
Be this my solace here below,
And my eternal joy.

401. 7s.

Translated from BOBROV, *by* BOWRING.

Midnight Hymn
of the Russian Churches, sung at Easter.

Matt. xxvii. 45. Mark xv. 33.

WHY, thou never-setting Light,
Is thy brightness veil'd from me?
Why does this unusual night
Cloud thy blest benignity?

2

I am lost without thy ray;
Guide my wand'ring footsteps, Lord!
Light my dark and erring way
To the noon-tide of thy word.

402. C. M. REV. OLIVER HART.

Longing to be released.

1 Kings xix. 4. Job iii. 20—22.
vii. 16. x. 1.

FOREBODING thoughts and gloomy fears
Crowd thick into my breast;
Perplexing doubts and anxious cares
Forbid my soul to rest.

2

Happy, ye saints above the skies,
Beyond the reach of woe!
Dear Lord, command my soul to rise—
With joyful haste I'll go.

3

The world in sackcloth and distress
I'll leave beneath my feet;
And mount in Jesus' righteousness
My dearest Lord to meet.

403. 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6. S.

Entreating the Presence of God in Affliction.

Job xxix. 2, 3. Ps. cxix. 82.

MY God, amid the suff'ring hour
I wait thy grief-subduing pow'r,
To calm my ruffled breast;
By varying passions made to know
The chilling damp, the fev'rish glow,
A stranger still to rest.

2

Amid the gloomy scenes of life,
Its servile care and vulgar strife,
'Tis thee I long to find;—
'Tis thee, my God, whose smile alone,
When gently through my soul it shone,
Restor'd my fainting mind.

3

Once and again that bliss impart!
Still let thy presence cheer my heart,
And bid my sorrows cease;
Once more, blest Sun of Glory, spread
Thy healing wings, and o'er me shed
The balmy light of peace!

404. 10s. ANONYMOUS.

When wilt thou comfort me?

Ps. cxix. 82.

HEAR, gracious Lord, and heal the woes I mourn;
Assuage the anguish of my bleeding heart;
And bid the comforts of thy love return,
And never from my anxious breast depart.

2

Oft have I rais'd my trembling hands to thee,
When words have sunk, and tears refus'd to flow;
Oft have I look'd to heav'n—oh! look on me,
And one endearing, gracious smile bestow!

405. 8 6s. & 2 8s. RAFFLES.

Prayer for Peace of Mind.

Numb. vi. 26.

COME, heav'nly peace of mind,
I sigh for thy return;
I seek, but cannot find,
The joys for which I mourn:
Where is my Saviour now,
Whose smiles I once possess'd?
'Till he return, I bow,
By heaviest grief oppress'd:
My days of happiness are gone;
And I am left to weep alone.

2

I tried each earthly charm;
In pleasure's haunts I stray'd;
I sought its soothing balm;
I ask'd the world its aid:
But, ah! no balm it had,
To heal a wounded breast;
And I, forlorn and sad,
Must seek another rest:
My days of happiness are gone,
And I am left to weep alone.

3

Where can the mourner go,
And tell his tale of grief?
Ah! who can soothe his woe,
And give him sweet relief?
Jesus, thy smiles impart;
My dearest Lord, return,
And ease my wounded heart,
And bid me cease to mourn:
Then shall this night of sorrow flee,
And peace and heav'n be found in thee.

406. C. M. STEELE.

Walking in Darkness, and Trusting in God.

Is. l. 10.

HEAR, gracious God, my humble pray'r;
To thee I breathe my sighs;
When will the cheering morn appear?
And when my joys arise?

2

My God!—oh! could I make the claim—
My Father and my Friend!
And call thee mine by ev'ry name
On which thy saints depend!

3

By ev'ry name of pow'r and love
I would thy grace intreat;
Nor should my humble hopes remove,
Nor leave thy mercy-seat.

4

Yet, though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is all my stay;
Here would I rest till light returns:
Thy presence makes my day.

5

Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart;
Oh! smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
And bid the gloom depart.

6

Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless thy healing rays;
And change these deep, complaining sighs,
For songs of sacred praise.

407. 14Sth. BEDDOME.

Who can tell?

Jon. iii. 9. 2 Sam. xii. 22.

GREAT God, to thee I'll make
My various sorrows known;
And with a humble hope
Approach thine awful throne:
Though by my sins deserving hell,
I'll not despair—for "who can tell?"

2

'Tis thine, Lord, by a word
My drooping heart to cheer;
And by thy Spirit form
Thy glorious image there:
My foes subdue, my fears dispel;
To thee I'll seek—for "who can tell?"

3

In times of deep distress,
To thee alone I'll fly;—
Implore thy pow'rful aid,—
Beneath thy footstool lie:—
My case deplore, my wants reveal,
And calmly wait—for "who can tell?"

4

Satan and sin condemn,
And conscience frowns within:
One gracious look of thine
Can make it all serene:
My fears suggest that I shall dwell
In endless flames—but "who can tell?"

5

Vile unbelief, begone !
Ye doubts, fly swift away !
God has an ear to hear,
While I've a heart to pray :
If he be mine, all will be well—
For ever well—and " who can tell ? "

408. S. 4. S. 4. VERNON.

I will lift up mine eyes to the hills, from whence cometh my help.

Ps. cxxi. 1.

OH! strike the harp: 'twill soothe the soul
To sing of woe :
Pour forth the strain without controul,—
But soft and slow.

2

Time was, when quicker notes could charm;
But it is past—
The winds were hush'd—so sweet a calm
Could never last.

3

The night is passing—fled the dream—
'Twill soon be day :
From yonder hill the sun will beam
In bright array.

409. L. M. CONDER.

I am continually with thee.

Ps. lxxiii. 23.

WHEN, in the hour of lonely woe,
I give my sorrows leave to flow;
And anxious fear, and dark distrust,
Weigh down my spirit to the dust :

2

When not ev'n friendship's gentle aid
Can heal the wounds the world has made,—
Oh ! this shall check each rising sigh—
That Jesus is for ever nigh.

3

His counsels, and his tender care,
My safety and my comfort are ;
His eye shall guide me all my days,
Till glory crown his work of grace.

4

Jesus ! in whom but thee above,
Can I repose my trust, my love ?
And shall an earthly object be
Lov'd in comparison with thee ?

5

My flesh is hast'ning to decay ;
Soon shall the world have pass'd away ;
And what can mortal friends avail,
When heart and strength and life shall fail ?

6

But, oh ! be thou, my Saviour, nigh,
Then shall I triumph while I die :
My strength, my portion is divine ;
And Jesus is for ever mine !

410. C. M. BEDDOME.

Why weepest thou ?

John xx. 13.

WHY, O my soul, why weepest thou ?
Tell me—from whence arise
Those briny tears that often flow,
Those groans that pierce the skies ?

2

Is sin the cause of thy complaint ?
Or the chastizing rod ?
Dost thou an evil heart lament,
And mourn an absent God ?

3

Lord, let me weep for nought but sin,
And after none but thee ;
And then I would—(oh ! that I might !)—
A constant weeper be.

411. L. M. SCOTT.

The Covenant-keeping God, the Christian's Solace in Distress.

Is. liv. 7—10.

SHALL the least shadow of a change
Becloud the Origin of light ?
Or can the hopes which truth has rais'd
Lie buried in eternal night ?

2

Sooner may nature's laws reverse ;
Revolving seasons cease their round ;
Nor spring appear with blooming pride ;
Nor autumn be with plenty crown'd ;—

3

Yon shining orbs forget their course ;
The sun his destin'd path forsake ;
And burning desolation mark,
Amid the world, his devious track.

4

Earth may, with all her pow'rs, dissolve,
(If such her great Creator's will,)—
But thou for ever art the same;
I AM is thy memorial still.

5

Take courage, then, my trembling soul;
Fix all thy thoughts and hopes above:
Trust thou in God; he'll yet return,
And make thee sing surprising love.

412. L. M. CRUTTENDEN.

Satan Repulsed; or, Despair Prevented, by Views of the Divine Mercy.

Jam. iv. 7. 1 Pet. v. 9.

'TIS false, thou vile accuser!—go!
I see through all thy thin disguise:—
Back, to thy native realms below,
Thou parent of deceit and lies!

2

Think not to drive my trembling soul,
Laden with guilt, to black despair:
Hast thou survey'd the sacred roll,
And found my name not written there?

3

Presumptuous thought! to fix the bound,
To limit mercy's sov'reign reign:
What other happy souls have found,
I'll seek, nor shall I seek in vain.

4

I own my guilt, thy charge confess,
Nor can thy malice make it more;
Of crimes, already numberless,
Vain the attempt to swell the score.

5

Set the black list before my sight:—
While I remember Jesus died,
'Twill only urge my speedier flight
To seek salvation at his side.

6

Low at his feet I'll cast me down;
To him reveal my grief and fear;
And, if he spurn me from his throne,
I'll be the first who perish'd there.

413. C. M. BEDDOME.

Hope in Darkness.

Ps. xlii. 8.

WHY, O my soul, with cares oppress'd,
Indulge thyself in grief?
Will not thy gracious Father's word
Afford some kind relief?

2

His acts may change, but not his heart,—
He loves, ev'n when he frowns;
And, by affliction's heaviest strokes,
Trains for immortal crowns.

3

Withdrawn awhile, he'll yet return,
And chase away thy fears:
Thus midnight clouds and mists are gone
When morning light appears.

414. 7. 6. 7. 6. MONTGOMERY.

Will the Lord cast off for ever?

Ps. lxxvii. 7—19.

HATH God cast off for ever?
Can time his truth impair?
His tender mercy, never
Shall I presume to share?

2

Has he his loving kindness
Shut up in endless wrath?—
No;—this is my own blindness,
That cannot see his path.

3

I call to recollection
The years of his right hand;
And, strong in his protection,
Again through faith I stand.

4

Thy deeds, O Lord, are wonder;
Holy are all thy ways;
The secret place of thunder
Shall utter forth thy praise.

415. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6. GOSPEL MAG.

Wait on the Lord: be of good courage.

Ps. xxvii. 14.

THO' clouds arise, and dim the sight,
And dreadful storms impend,
Our God will yet restore the light;
He'll make the rising moment bright,
And show himself our Friend.

2

What though a thousand foes invade,
And aim to break our peace;
Let but our pray'rs to him be made,
He'll swiftly bring resistless aid,
And make the tumult cease.

3

Then let us yield no more to grief;
A gracious God will rise:
On wings of love he'll bring relief,
Exceed our hope, assuage our grief,
And dry our weeping eyes.

416. 10. 6. 10. 6.

From the Spanish of MELENDEZ.

The Divine Presence and Goodness, the Christian's Consolation.

Is. l. 10.

LORD, though my way be dark, I feel and know
That thou art ev'ry where;
And worms and worlds—the lofty and the low,
All—all thy pow'r declare:

2

All—all thy love proclaim: thy pow'r and love,
Obvious to ev'ry sense,
Is heard in all, around, beneath, above,
In varied eloquence.

3

I see thee in the flow'r—perceive thee still
In ev'ry breath of air:
I hear thee in the music of the rill;
And feel myself thy care.

4

This is enough all sadness to control,
All doubts and fears to chase;—
Enough to calm the tumult of my soul,
And bid my sorrows cease.

417. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6. 8. BOWRING.

Joy cometh in the morning.

Ps. xxx. 5.

WHY should dreams so dark and dreary
Fill my thought? Is there nought,—
Nought to soothe and bless the weary?

Night may wrap the arch of heaven—
Soon a ray, bright with day,
Cheers the morn, and gilds the even.

2

Is the sun in heav'n no longer
When the rain sweeps the plain?
Soon he blazes brighter—stronger:

Is the flow'ret's sleep eternal
When its cup, folded up,
Waits the smiles and breezes, vernal?

3

Why should man, then—child of sorrow,
Mourn his doom? present gloom
Will be light and bliss to-morrow:

Why should Christians bound their vision
To the cell where they dwell,
Strangers to the bliss of heaven!

4

Even here, all pain is fleeting;
Even here, joy and care
Join in constant, earnest greeting:

But, where all our hopes are tending,
Peace and love reign above:—
Bliss unbroken—joy unending!

418. C. M. GOSPEL MAG.

The Penitent Restored.

'TWAS in an hour when sin prevail'd,
And sore temptations press'd,
A sudden groan my ear assail'd,
And pierc'd my shiv'ring breast.

2

I turn'd in haste; and, as I stood,
My wond'ring eyes survey'd
A Prince, expiring in his blood,
High on a cross display'd.

3

I knew him, though his thorny crown
Dimm'd his majestic air;
And turn'd, demanding, with a frown,
What traitor fix'd him there?

4

No answer to my voice I heard,
Nor could discern a foe;
When, lo! his fainting head he rear'd,
And spake in words of woe:—

5

"Mortal, from vain inquiry rest;
My cruel murd'rer see:
Thy crimes have rent my bleeding breast,
And nail'd me to the tree."

6

Trembling, I fell! I kiss'd his wounds,
And wept the gore away;
I saw him smooth his killing frowns,
And heard him gently say—

7

"Rise! let thy heart its grief compose,
Thy Saviour can forgive;
He feels the burthen of thy woes,
And dies to bid thee live."

419. 8.7. 8.7. 4.7. FAWCETT.

Cast down, yet hoping in God.

Ps. xlii. 5. 11. xliii. 5. John xvi. 20.

O MY soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears be gone:
Look to Jesus—
And rejoice in Calvary.

2

What, though Satan's strong temptations
Vex and teaze thee, day by day?
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay?
Thou shalt conquer,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3

Though ten thousand ills beset thee,—
Foes without, and fears within;
Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee,
But redeem from hell and sin:
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

4

Though distresses now attend thee,
Trav'lling through life's thorny road;
His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon he'll bring thee home to God:
Hallelujah!
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

5

Oh! that I could now adore him,
Like the heav'nly host above,—
Who for ever bow before him,
And, unceasing, sing his love!
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?

420. 8.7. 8.7. S. E——G.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul?

Ps. xlii. 5. 11. xliii. 5. John xvi. 20.

O MY soul, what means this sadness?
Why distress'd from day to day?
Look to Christ, thy gracious Saviour;
He can chase the clouds away.

2

In this land of sin and sorrow
Think not always to have peace;
Grace and sin will still be warring,
But the conflict soon shall cease.

3

Soon shall Jesus, crown'd with glory,
Burst the clouds, and mount his throne;
And, to thine unbounded comfort,
He shall claim thee for his own.

4

In a rich, unfading mansion,
With him thou shalt ever dwell;—
But the glory of that station,
Oh,—no mortal tongue can tell!

421. 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul?

Ps. xlii. 5. 8. 11. xliii. 5.

WHY art thou cast down, my soul?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole:
Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy drooping head:
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

2

Once the morning's earliest light
Brought his mercy to my sight;
Once my wakeful song was heard
Later than the ev'ning bird;
Still his countenance shall shine
Through the clouds that darken thine.

3

Why, my soul, art thou perplex'd?
Why with faithless trouble vex'd?
Hope in God, whose saving name
Thou shalt joyfully proclaim,
When his countenance divine
Sheds the light of heav'n on thine.

422. C. M. NEWTON.

The Storm hushed.

Ps. lix. 16. Is. xii. 1.

'TIS past—the dreadful, stormy night
Is gone, with all its fears!
And now I see returning light,
The Lord, my Sun, appears.

2

Oh, wondrous change! but just before,
Despair beset me round;
I heard the lion's horrid roar,
And trembled at the sound.

3

Before corruption, guilt, and fear,
My comforts blasted fell;
And unbelief discover'd near
The dreadful depths of hell.

4

But Jesus pitied my distress;
He heard my feeble cry;
Reveal'd his blood and righteousness,
And brought salvation nigh.

5

Dear Lord, since thou hast broke my bands,
And set the captive free,
I would devote my tongue, my hands,
My heart, my all, to thee.

423. L. M. COWPER.

Light succeeding Darkness.

Ps. lix. 16. Is. xii. 1.

WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
And smiling day once more appears;
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2

Straight I upbraid my wand'ring heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbor one hard thought of thee!

3

Oh! let me then at length be taught—
What I am still so slow to learn—
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn:—

4

Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5

But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

6

Thou art as ready to forgive
As I am ready to repine;
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive:
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

424. 7. 6. 7. 6. EDMESTON.

Light succeeding Darkness.

Ps. lix. 16.

WHEN hours of shade are ending,
And morning chases night,
The glorious sun, ascending,
Makes all creation bright.

2

So gloom, and doubt, and sadness,
When faith's fair sun appears,
Are turn'd to hope and gladness,
And joy breaks through our tears.

3

The sunbeam of the morning
Appears a brighter ray,
Since, ere his welcome dawning,
The world in darkness lay.

4

So peace and love, appearing,
Their sweetest gifts bestow,—
Shine brightest, most endearing,
Through deepest shades of woe.

425. S. M.

Rejoicing in Gospel Privileges.

Phil. iii. 1. iv. 4. 1 Thes. v. 16.

MY heart, no more distress'd,
Shall lose unhallow'd fear:
God is my portion and my rest—
His will my only care.

2

Amid the storms below,
In him I find a calm;
For ev'ry pang that sense can know
He gives a sov'reign balm.

3

Blest with his wondrous love,
In peace I spend my days,
And, waiting for my crown above,
I sing my Saviour's praise.

4

Death, with his icy hand,
Shall only lead me nigh
My perfect rest, and safely land
My weary soul on high.

5

For this I lift my voice,
For this my God adore:
Rejoice, my soul, again rejoice—
Rejoice for evermore.

426. S. 7. S. 7. ROBINSON.

Rejoicing before the Cross.

Phil. iii. 3. 1 Pet. i. 8.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2
Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.
3
Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
4
May I still enjoy this feeling,
Still to my Redeemer go:—
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

427. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Lord is my strength, and my song; and is become my salvation.

Ps. cxviii. 14. 1 Sam. xxx. 6.
Rom. viii. 31.

JEHOVAH! 'tis a glorious name!
Still pregnant with delight;
It scatters round a cheerful beam,
And gilds the darkest night.
2
What though our mortal comforts fade,
And droop like with'ring flow'rs?
Nor time, nor death, can break that band
Which makes Jehovah ours.
3
My cares—I give them to the wind,
And shake them off like dust:
Well may I trust my *all* with him,
With whom my *soul* I trust.

428. 7.6. 7.6. D. MONTGOMERY.

The Lord is my light, and my salvation.

Ps. xxvii. 1—3. 5. 14. cxviii. 14.
Is. xii. 2. Rom. viii. 31.

GOD is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help, is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What foe shall dare confound me,
With such a Friend at hand?
2
On him, in full reliance,
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance
When faint and desolate:
His might thine heart shall strengthen,
His smile thy joy increase,—
Thy days of pleasure lengthen,
And give thee endless peace.

429. 7.6. 7.6. 7.7. CONDER.

The Christian Happy in Realizing the Divine Scrutiny.

Ps. xxxvii. 18.

LORD! whate'er in mortal eyes
Thy servant may appear,
Seen beneath that fair disguise
Which veils the most sincere;
Thine all-penetrating view
Searches all my spirit through.
2
But if thine approving smile,
My Father, cheer my breast,
Let the world account me vile,
It shall not break my rest:
Strong in weakness I shall be;
Rich, however poor, in thee.

430. 8s. FRANCIS.

Rejoicing in Jesus Christ.

Phil. iii. 3. 1 Pet. i. 8.

MY gracious Redeemer I love!
His praises aloud I'll proclaim;
And join with the armies above
To shout his adorable name:
To gaze on his glories divine,
Shall be my eternal employ—
To feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.
2
He freely redeem'd, with his blood,
My soul from the confines of hell;
To live on the smiles of my God—
In his presence and glory to dwell;
To shine with the angels of light;
With saints and with seraphs to sing;
To view, with eternal delight,
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.

Christian Experience.

3

In Meshech, as yet, I reside,—
A darksome and restless abode!
Molested with foes on each side,
And longing to dwell with my God:
Oh! when shall my spirit exchange
This cell of corruptible clay,
For mansions celestial, and range
Through realms of ineffable day?

4

My glorious Redeemer! I long
To see thee deseend on the cloud,
Amid the bright, numberless throng,
And mix with the triumphing crowd:
Oh! when wilt thou bid me ascend,
To join in thy praises above;
To gaze on thee, world without end,
And feast on thy ravishing love?

5

Nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,
Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,
Shall ever molest me again:—
Perfection of glory reigns there:
This soul and this body shall shine
In robes of salvation and praise;
And banquet on pleasures divine,
Where God his full beauty displays.

6

Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey:
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away:
The crown that my Saviour bestows
Yon permanent sun shall outshine:
My joy everlastingly flows—
My God, my Redeemer, is mine!

431. 7s.

Rejoicing in Jesus Christ.

Phil. iii. 3. 1 Pet. i. 8.

GRACIOUS Jesus, thee I love;
Thou, my hope, my joy, my rest;
All thy ways my thoughts approve;
I'm in thee for ever blest.

2

'Tis thy presence, Jesus, thine,
Makes my cheerful pow'rs rejoice;
Saving mercy, love divine,
Tunes my heart, and tunes my voice.

3

Jesus! Source of excellence!
All thy glorious love reveal:
Kingdoms shall not bribe me hence,
While this happiness I feel.

4

Take my heart, 'tis all thine own;
To thy will my spirit frame:
Thou shalt reign, and thou alone,
Over all I have and am.

432. 7s.

Joy unspeakable, and full of glory.

1 Pet. i. 8.

SACRED raptures cheer my breast,
Rushing tides of hallow'd zeal;
Joys too vast to be express'd
In this swelling heart I feel.

2

Warm, enthusiastic fires
In my panting bosom roll;
Hope of bliss that ne'er expires
Dawns upon my ravish'd soul.

Christian Course and Prospects.

433. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Seek ye first the kingdom of God.

Matt. vi. 33. Luke xii. 31.

NOW let a true ambition rise,
And ardor fire our breast,
To reign in worlds above the skies,
In heav'nly glories drest.

2

Behold Jehovah's royal hand
A radiant crown display,
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
While stars and suns decay.

3

Away each grov'lling, anxious care,
Beneath a Christian's aim!
We spring to seize immortal joys,
In our Redeemer's name.

434. S. S. 6. S. S. 6. J. WESLEY.

The Christian Pilgrim.

Ps. xxxix. 12. cxix. 19. 1 Chr. xxix. 15. Heb. xi. 8—10. 13—16. xiii. 14.

HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot!
How free from ev'ry anxious thought,—
From worldly hope and fear!
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,—
He only sojourns here.

2

His happiness in part is mine,
Already sav'd from self-design,
From ev'ry creature love!
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3

The things eternal I pursue;
And happiness, beyond the view
Of those who basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen:
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

4

Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise:
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight—
A country in the skies.

5

There is my house, and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home:
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

6

I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heav'nly rest:
Soon shall the pilgrim's journey end;
Then, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

435. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.

Heb. xiii. 14. xi. 8—10. 13—16.

WHILE through this changing world we roam,
Through each succeeding age,
Heav'n is the Christian pilgrim's home—
His rest at ev'ry stage.

2

Thither his raptur'd thought ascends,
Eternal joys to share;
There his adoring spirit bends,
While here he kneels in pray'r.

3

From earth his freed affections rise,
To fix on things above;
Where all his hope of glory lies,
And love is perfect love.

436. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.

Is. xxxv. 10. 9. Ps. cxxxviii. 5.

NOW let our voices join
To form a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

2

How straight the path appears!
How open and how fair!
No lurking gins t' entrap our feet—
No fierce destroyer there.

3

But flow'rs of paradise
In rich profusion spring;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

4

See Salem's golden spires,
In beauteous prospect rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.

5

All honor to his name,
Who marks the shining way;
To him, who leads the pilgrims on
To realms of endless day.

437. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Christian Race.

1 Cor. ix. 24, 25. Phil. iii. 12—14.
Heb. xii. 1.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2

'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4

Blest Saviour, introduc'd by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
We'll lay our laurels down.

438. 148th. TOPLADY'S COL.

The Christian's Spiritual Voyage.

JESUS, at thy command,
I launch into the deep;
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep:
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heav'n with thee and thine.

2

Though rocks, and quicksands deep,
Through all my passage lie,
Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guide me with his eye:
I trust his faithfulness and pow'r
To save me in the trying hour.

3

Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss,
Be thou, dear Saviour, nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss;
For more the treach'rous calm I dread
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

4

By faith I see the land,—
The port of endless rest:
My soul, thy wings expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast!
Oh! may I reach the heav'nly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more.

439. S.7. S.7. 4.7. KELLY.

The Christian's Spiritual Voyage.

Matt. xiv. 24—32. Mark vi. 48—51.
John vi. 18—21.

WHY those fears? behold! 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm and guides the ship:
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us o'er the deep,
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.

2

Can we stay where death is hov'ring?
Can we rest on such a shore?
No! the awful truth discov'ring,
We can linger there no more:
We forsake it,
Leaving all we lov'd before.

3

Though the shore we hope to land on
Only by report is known;
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone;
And, with Jesus,
Through the trackless deep move on.

4

Led by faith, we brave the ocean;
Led by faith, the storms defy;
Calm, amid the wild commotion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh:
Waves obey him,
And the storms before him fly.

5

Render'd safe by his protection,
We shall pass the wat'ry waste;
Trusting to his wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last;
And with wonder
Think on toils and dangers past.

6

Oh, what pleasures there await us!
There the tempests cease to roar:
There the enemies who hate us
Shall molest our peace no more;
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil, happy shore.

440. C. M. STEELE.

Quicken thou me in thy way.

Ps. cxix. 37.

TO heav'n my restless heart aspires,
Oh! for a quick'ning ray,
To animate my faint desires,
And cheer the tiresome way!

2

Satan and sin unite their art
To keep me from my Lord;
Dear Saviour, guard my trembling heart,
And guide me by thy word.

3

Whene'er the tempting foe alarms,
Or spreads the fatal snare,
I'll fly to my Redeemer's arms,
For safety must be there.

441. 8. 7. 8. 7. *From the Welsh of* REV. W. WILLIAMS.

Entreating the Saviour's Guidance.

Luke i. 79.

GREAT Redeemer, Friend of sinners,
Thou hast glorious pow'r to save:
Grant me light, and still conduct me
Over each tempestuous wave!

2

May my soul, with sacred transport,
View the dawn while yet afar:
Till the radiant sun arises,
Lead me by the morning star!

3

Oh! what folly, oh! what madness,
That my thoughts should go astray,
After toys and empty pleasures—
Pleasures only of a day.

4

This vain world, with all its trifles,
Soon, alas! shall be no more:
There's no object worth admiring
But the God whom I adore.

442. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.

Ps. lxxiii. 24.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2

Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the living waters flow;
Let the fi'ry, cloudy pillar
Guide me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

443. C. M. DR. RYLAND.

Difficulties in the Way of Duty Surmounted.

Gen. xxiv. 56.

IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
"Hinder me not," ye much-lov'd saints,
For I must go with you.

2

Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3

Through duty, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command:
"Hinder me not," for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4

And when my Saviour calls me home,
My joyful cry shall be,
"Hinder me not;" come, welcome death;
I'll gladly go with thee.

444. L. M. S. STENNETT.

The Christian Warfare, and Christian Armour.

2 Cor. vi. 7. Eph. vi. 10—17. 1 Thes. v. 8. 1 Tim. vi. 12.

MY Captain sounds th' alarm of war:
Awake! the pow'rs of hell are near!
To arms! to arms! I hear him cry;
'Tis yours to conquer, or to die!

2

Rous'd by the animating sound,
I cast my eager eyes around;
Make haste to gird my armour on,
And bid each trembling fear be gone.

3

Hope is my helmet, faith my shield;
Thy word, my God, the sword I wield;
With sacred truth my loins are girt;
And holy zeal inspires my heart.

4

Thus arm'd, I venture on the fight,
Resolv'd to put my foes to flight;
While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
His conqu'ring banner o'er my head.

5

In him I hope, in him I trust;
His bleeding cross is all my boast:
Through troops of foes he'll lead me on,
To vict'ry, and the victor's crown.

445. C. M. WATTS.

Fight the good fight of faith.

1 Tim. vi. 12. Eph. vi. 12.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2

Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?

3

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4

Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5

Thy followers in this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

446. L. M. CRUTTENDEN.

Sin and Holiness.

Rom. vii. 21—25.

WHAT jarring natures dwell within—
Imperfect grace, remaining sin!
Nor this can reign, nor that prevail,
Though both by turns my heart assail.

2

Now, I complain, and groan, and die;
Now, raise my songs of triumph high;
Sing a rebellious passion slain,
Or mourn to feel it live again.

3

One happy hour beholds me rise,
Borne upwards to my native skies;
While faith assists my soaring flight,
To realms of joy, and worlds of light.

4

Scarce a few hours or minutes roll,
Ere earth reclaims my captive soul;
I feel its sympathetic force,
And headlong urge my downward course.

5

Great God! assist me through the fight;
Make me triumphant in thy might:
Thou the desponding heart canst raise;
The vict'ry mine, and thine the praise.

447. S.7. 8.7. TURNER.

Sin and Holiness.

Rom. vii. 21—25.

CAN immortal, new-born spirits,
Feel, like me, such strange extremes?
Can the soul that grace inherits
Thus abuse its healing beams?

2

Did I feel that blessed freedom,
Which the heirs of glory know,
When celestial guidance leads them,—
Would my soul be fetter'd so?

3

Now, aloft I rise, believing,—
To the realms of glory fly:
Joy, my heart from grief relieving,
Bears me upward to the sky.

4

Then, the chain of this low dungeon
Round my wretched bosom twines;
Down I sink, in mis'ry plunging;
Earth again my hope confines.

5

Now, I view with detestation
Sin's alluring, fatal charms;
Then, with hank'ring inclination,
Take the monster in my arms.

6

Now, my love's supremely burning
For the God of endless day:
Then, from him, inconstant, turning
To some form of dying clay.

7

Hear me, O thou bleeding Saviour!
Shall I come to thee in vain?
In thy blood, that heav'nly laver,
Wash my soul from ev'ry stain.

8

In the paths of sin and ruin,
Oh! forbid my feet should tread:
At thy footstool keep me suing—
Guilt has horrors that I dread.

9

O thou Source of ev'ry blessing!
Guide a trembling sinner on,
Till in heav'n, thy smiles possessing,
Grace shall be my endless song!

448. 7s. COWPER.

Welcoming the Cross.

Heb. xii. 5—8.

'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's pow'r to know,
Sanctifying ev'ry loss:
Trials must and will befall;
But, with humble faith, to see
Love inscrib'd upon them all,—
This is happiness to me.

2

God, in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up, and choke the weeds,
Which would else o'erspread the soil:
Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to pray'r;
Trials bring me to his feet,—
Lay me low, and keep me there.

3

Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way;
Might I not with reason fear,
I should prove a cast-a-way?
Aliens may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not—would not, if he might.

449. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Christian Warrior Animated and Crowned.

Rev. ii. 10. iii. 21.

HARK! 'tis our Heav'nly Leader's voice,
From his triumphant seat:
'Midst all the war's tumultuous noise,
How pow'rful, and how sweet!

2

"Fight on, my faithful band," he cries,
"Nor fear the mortal blow:
"Who first in such a warfare dies
"Shall speediest vict'ry know.

3

"I have my days of combat known,
"And in the dust was laid;
"But thence I mounted to my throne,
"And glory crowns my head.

4

"That throne, that glory you shall share!
"My hands the crown shall give;
"And you the sparkling honors wear,
"While God himself shall live."

5

Lord, 'tis enough!—our souls are fir'd
With courage and with love;
Vain are the frowns of earth and hell,—
Our hopes are fix'd above.

450. 7s. EDMESTON.

The Hope of Heaven the Christian's Consolation under the Sorrows of Life.

2 Cor. iv. 17.

WELCOME, now, each thorn I find,
Since it comes from heav'nly love;
Planted here, to turn the mind
To the bow'rs of bliss above.

2

Soon these suff'rings will be past;
Soon this pilgrimage be o'er;
I shall reach a home at last,
Where these sorrows shade no more.

451. 8.7. 8.7. 7.7. KELLY.

The Egyptians, whom ye have seen to-day, ye shall see them again no more for ever.

Ex. xiv. 13. Rev. xxi. 7.

WHEN we pass through yonder river;
When we reach the further shore;
There's an end of war for ever;
We shall see our foes no more:
All our conflicts then shall cease,
Follow'd by eternal peace.

2

After warfare, rest is pleasant;
Oh, how sweet the prospect is!
Though we toil and strive at present,
Let us not repine at this:
Toil and pain and conflict past,
All endear repose at last.

3

When we gain the heav'nly regions;
When we touch the sacred shore;
Blessed thought! no hostile legions
Can alarm or trouble more:
Far beyond the reach of foes,
We shall dwell in sweet repose.

4

Oh, that hope! how bright! how glorious!
'Tis his people's blest reward:
In the Saviour's strength victorious,
They at length behold their Lord:
In his kingdom they shall rest—
In his love be fully blest.

452. C. M. STEELE.

The Christian's Prospect.

2 Cor. iv. 18.

HAPPY the soul whose wishes climb
To mansions in the skies!
He looks on all the joys of time
With undesiring eyes.

2

In vain soft pleasure spreads her charms,
And throws her silken chain;
And wealth and fame invite his arms,
And tempt his ear, in vain.

3

He knows that all these glitt'ring things
Must yield to sure decay;
And, sees, on time's extended wings,
How swift they fleet away.

4

To things unseen by mortal eyes,
A beam of sacred light
Directs his views—his prospects rise
All permanent and bright.

5

His hopes still fix'd on joys to come,—
Those blissful scenes on high,—
Shall flourish in immortal bloom,
When time and nature die.

6

Oh! were these heav'nly prospects mine—
These pleasures could I prove;
Earth's fleeting views I would resign,
And raise my hopes above.

453. 7.6. 7.6. D. NEW BAPT. MAG.

Looking Forward.

2 Cor. iv. 18.

FROM ev'ry earthly pleasure,
From ev'ry transient joy,
From ev'ry mortal treasure
That soon will fade and die;
No longer these desiring,
Upwards our wishes tend,
To nobler bliss aspiring,
And joys that never end.

2

From ev'ry piercing sorrow
That heaves our breast to-day,
Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away;
On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light,
And feel our sorrows ending
In infinite delight.

3

'Tis true, we are but strangers
And sojourners below;
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go:
Though painful and distressing,
Yet there's a rest above;
And onward still we're pressing,
To reach that land of love.

454. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Salvation Approaching.

Rom. xiii. 11.

AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And lift your voices high!
Awake, and praise that sov'reign love
That shows salvation nigh.

2
Swift on the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near:
Then welcome each declining day,
And each revolving year!
3
Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.
4
Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
Ye mortal pow'rs, decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

455. 9. 8. 9. 8. O. P.

Anticipation of Endless Enjoyment.

Heb. iv. 9. Rev. iii. 12.

THOUGH sometimes my way has been dreary,
And toilsome the path I have trod;
Soon—soon I shall be where the weary
Find rest in the arms of their God.
2
How blissful will there be the meeting
Of all the redeem'd of the Lord!
Compar'd with its raptures, how fleeting
The pleasures the world can afford!
3
Oh! sweet is the thought,—that I never
Shall leave the bright city above:
I shall dwell with my Saviour for ever,—
For ever be blest in his love!

456. L. M. STEELE.

Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory.

John xvii. 24.

OH! could we read our int'rest here,
Jesus, in these dear words of thine,
A heav'n of pleasure would appear,
A blissful view of joys divine.
2
Dear Saviour, let thy boundless grace
Remove our guilt, our fears remove;
Then shall our thoughts with rapture trace
The radiant mansions of thy love.
3
No darkness there shall cloud the sight:
These now dejected, feeble eyes
Shall gaze with infinite delight
On the full glories of the skies.
4
There shall we see thy lovely face,
And, chang'd to purity divine,
Partake the splendors of the place,
And in thy glorious likeness shine.
5
Yes, dearest Lord, to dwell with thee,—
Thy praise our endless, sweet employ,—
Must be immense felicity,—
A full infinitude of joy.
6
Oh! let thy Spirit now impart
The kind assurance of thy love;
And bear sweet witness to our part
In those immortal joys above.

457. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Conflict of the Flesh and Spirit, in the Anticipation of being with the Saviour.

Phil. i. 22—24. 2 Cor. v. 8.

WHILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with my clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.
2
Where Jesus dwells my soul would be,
And longs my much-lov'd Lord to see:
Earth, twine no more about my heart,
For 'tis far better to depart.
3
Come, ye angelic envoys, come;
And lead the willing pilgrim home:
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,
Source of my joys, and of your own.
4
That blissful interview, how sweet!
To fall transported at his feet!
Rais'd in his arms, to view his face,
Through the full beamings of his grace!—
5
As with a seraph's voice to sing!
To fly as on a cherub's wing!
Performing, with unwearied hands,
The present Saviour's high commands!
6
Yet, with these prospects full in sight,
We'll wait thy signal for the flight;
For, while thy service we pursue,
We find a heav'n in all we do.

458. L. M. STEELE.

Longing for Immortality.

2 Cor. v. 4.

SAD pris'ners in a house of clay,
With sins, and griefs, and pains, oppress'd,
We groan the ling'ring hours away,
And wish and long to be releas'd.

2

Nor is it liberty alone
Which prompts our restless, ardent sighs;
For immortality we groan,—
For robes and mansions in the skies.

3

Eternal mansions! bright array!
Oh, blest exchange! transporting thought!
Free from th' approaches of decay,
Or the least shadow of a spot!

4

Bright world of bliss! oh! could I see
One shining glimpse, one cheerful ray—
Fair dawn of immortality—
Break through these tott'ring walls of clay!

5

Jesus, in thy dear name I trust;
My light, my life, my Saviour, God:
When this frail house dissolves in dust,
Oh, raise me to thy bright abode!

459. C. M. B. B.

Longing for Heaven.

TO that fair world of light and bliss,
Above the starry skies,
Tir'd with the sins and griefs of this,
I lift my longing eyes.

2

Immortal crowns of purest gold
For conqu'rors there await;
Honors immense—treasures untold,
And joys that ne'er abate.

3

There, Jesus—that unsetting Sun—
Darts forth his brightest rays;
And ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
Unite to love and praise.

4

'Tis there the weary are at rest,
And all is peace within;
The mind with guilt no more oppress'd,
The conscience all serene.

5

Discord and strife those regions fly;
Distrust and slavish fear
No longer heave the pensive sigh,
Nor drop the briny tear.

6

And can I longer wish to stay,
So far from heav'n and God?
Come, death, and bear my soul away
To that divine abode.

460. C. M. CENNICK.

Longing for Heaven.

WE walk a narrow path, and rough,
And we are tir'd and weak;
But soon we shall have strength enough,
In those bright courts we seek.

2

Soon, in the chariot of a cloud,
By flaming angels borne,
I shall mount up the milky way,
And back to God return.

3

My soul has tasted Canaan's grapes,
And now I long to go
Where my dear Lord the vineyard keeps,
And where the clusters grow.

461. 8s. COWPER.

Longing to be with the Saviour.

2 Cor. v. 8. Phil. i. 23.

TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh! bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.

2

My Saviour, whom absent I love;
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and pow'r;—

3

Dissolve thou the bond that detains
My soul from her portion in thee;
And strike off the adamant chains,
And make me eternally free!

4

When that happy era begins,
Array'd in thy beauty I'll shine;
Nor pierce any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline.

5
Oh! then shall the veil be remov'd,
And round me thy brightness be pour'd;
I shall meet him whom, absent, I lov'd;
I shall see whom, unseen, I ador'd.
6
Then—then, never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.
7
Or, if they're remember'd above,
Remembrance no sadness shall raise;
They'll be but new subjects of love,
New themes for my wonder and praise.
8
The stroke which from sorrow and pain
Shall set me eternally free,
Will strengthen and rivet the chain
Which binds me, dear Saviour, to thee.

462. 7s. FAWCETT.

When shall I come, and appear before God?

Ps. xlii. 2. 2 Cor. v. 8. Phil. i. 23.

LORD, to thee my sighs ascend:
To my humble suit attend;
Bid me leave this world in peace;
Sign, oh! sign my sweet release.
2
When shall I thy beauties trace?
When behold thee face to face?
Drop this load of flesh, and rise
To thy palace in the skies?
3
Faint, beneath the toils of life,
Pain and sorrow, sin and strife,
Gladly would my spirit rest
On my dear Redeemer's breast.
4
Blissful period of repose!
Happy day, that ne'er shall close!
Gracious Saviour! quickly come:
Take me to thy peaceful home.
5
Here, benighted and forlorn,
Waiting for the smiling morn,
Oft I chide the hours away,
Wishing for the dawn of day.
6
Pilgrims in the noontide heat
Long to find a cool retreat;
Captives languish to be free,—
So, my Lord, I long for thee.

463. 7. 6. 7. 6. EDMESTON.

The Christian's Farewell, in the Prospect of Eternity.

Rev. xxi. 23. xxii. 5.

FAREWELL, thou orb of splendor,
I need thy light no more;
Thy beams no brilliance render
The world to which I soar.
2
Nor sun nor moon-beam brightens
Those regions with a ray;
But God himself enlightens
Their one eternal day.
3
Farewell, the dearest union
That blest my earthly hours;
We yet shall hold communion
In heav'n's unfading bow'rs.
4
The harps of heav'n steal o'er me;
I see the jasper wall,—
Jesus, who pass'd before me,
And God, the Judge of all!

464. 11. 8. 11. 8. FRANCIS.

The Christian taking his Leave of the World.

YE objects of sense, and enjoyments of time,
Which oft have delighted my heart,
I soon shall exchange you for views more sublime,
And joys that shall never depart.

2

Thou lord of the day, and thou queen of the night,
To me shall no longer be known;
I soon shall behold, with increasing delight,
A sun that shall never go down.

3

Ye wonderful orbs, that astonish my eyes,
Your glories recede from my sight;
I soon shall contemplate more beautiful skies,
And stars more transcendently bright.

4

Ye mountains and vallies, groves, rivers, and plains;
Thou earth, and thou ocean, adieu!
More permanent regions, where righteousness reigns,
Present their bright hills to my view.

5

My lov'd habitation and garden, adieu!
No longer my footsteps ye greet;
A mansion celestial stands full in my view,
And paradise welcomes my feet.

6

My weeping relations, my brethren and friends,
Whose souls are entwin'd with my own,
Adieu for the present! my spirit ascends
Where friendship immortal is known.

7

My cares and my labors, my sickness and pain,
My sorrows are now at an end;
The summit of bliss I shall speedily gain,—
The heights of perfection ascend.

8

The vale of affliction, my footsteps have trod,
With trembling, with griefs, and with tears,
I joyfully quit, for the mountain of God:
There! there! its bright summit appears.

9

Thou torturing seat of diseases and pain,
Adieu! my dissolving abode;
Till I shall behold and possess thee again,
A beautiful building of God.

10

No lurking temptation, defilement, or fear,
Again shall disquiet my breast;
In Jesus' fair image I soon shall appear,
For ever ineffably blest.

11

My sabbaths below, that have been my delight,
And thou, the blest volume divine,
You have guided my footsteps, like stars during night;
Adieu, my conductors benign.

12

The sun that illumines the regions of light
Now shines on my eyes from above:
But, oh! how transcendently glorious the sight:
My soul is all wonder and love.

13

Come, come, my Redeemer, and sweetly release
The soul thou hast bought with thy blood;
And bid me ascend the fair regions of peace,
To feast on the smiles of my God!

465. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light; and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.

Is. lx. 20. 19. Rev. xxi. 23. xxii. 5.

YE transient scenes of earth, farewell;
No more attract my sight:
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

2

And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames array'd;
My soul, that mounts beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

3

Ye stars, that pave the shining way
To his divine abode,
I count you dust beneath my feet,
Ascending to my God.

4

There shall I dwell in perfect light,
Beneath his heav'nly ray;
Nor can one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

5

No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell my raptur'd eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amid those brighter skies.

6

There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite;
And each the bliss of all partake,
With infinite delight.

466. C. M. EVAN. MAG.

A Realizing View of Approaching Glory.

Acts vii. 55, 56.

SWEET glories rush upon my sight,
And charm my wond'ring eyes;
The regions of immortal light—
The beauties of the skies!

2

All hail! ye fair, celestial shores!
Ye lands of endless day!
Swift on my view your prospect pours,
And drives my griefs away.

3

'Tis a delightful clearness now;
Each threat'ning cloud is gone;
Fled is my former darkness too—
My fears are all withdrawn.

4

Short is my passage—short the space
Between my home and me:
There! there!—behold the radiant place!
How near the mansions be!

5

Immortal wonders! boundless things!
In those bright worlds appear:
Oh! for a flaming seraph's wings,
To mount my spirit there!

467. L. M. WATTS.

Absent from the Body.

2 Cor. v. 8.

ABSENT from flesh! oh! blissful thought!
What unknown joys this moment brings!
Freed from the mischiefs sin has wrought,
From pains, and tears, and all their springs.

2

Absent from flesh! illustrious day!
Surprising scene! triumphant stroke,
That rends the prison of my clay,
And I can feel my fetters broke!

3

Absent from flesh! then rise my soul,
Where feet or wings could never climb;
Beyond the heav'ns where planets roll,
Measuring the cares and joys of time.

4

I go where God and glory shine:
His presence makes eternal day:
My all that's mortal I resign;
For angels wait, and point my way.

468. C. M. HEGINBOTHOM.

New Year's Hymn.

Ps. lxv. 11.

GOD of our life! thy various praise
Let mortal voices sound:
Thy hand revolves our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.

2

To thee shall annual incense rise,
Our Father and our Friend;
While annual mercies from the skies
In genial streams descend.

3

In ev'ry scene of life, thy care,
In ev'ry age, we see;
And constant as thy favors are,
So let our praises be.

4

Still may thy love, in ev'ry scene,
To ev'ry age appear;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the op'ning year.

5

Oh! keep this foolish heart of mine
From anxious passions free;
Teach me each comfort to resign,
And trust my all to thee.

6

If mercy smile, let mercy bring
My wand'ring soul to God;
And in affliction I shall sing,
If thou wilt bless the rod.

469. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

New Year's Hymn.

Ps. lxv. 11. Acts xiv. 17.

ETERNAL Source of ev'ry joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy presence we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2

Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole:
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3

The flow'ry spring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air, and paints the land:
The summer rays resplendent shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

4

Thy hand in autumn richly pours,
Through all our coasts, redundant stores:
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

5

Seasons and months, and weeks and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light, and ev'ning shade.

6

Lord, in thy house let incense rise,
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

470. 148th. DR. DWIGHT.

The Providence of God in the Seasons.

Ps. lxv. 11. Acts xiv. 17.

HOW pleasing is the voice
Of God, our heav'nly King,
Who bids the frosts retire,
And wakes the lovely spring!
Bright suns arise,
The mild wind blows,
And beauty glows
Through earth and skies.

2

The morn, with glory crown'd,
His hand arrays in smiles:
He bids the eve decline,
Rejoicing o'er the hills:
The ev'ning breeze
His breath perfumes:
His beauty blooms
In flow'rs and trees.

3

With life he clothes the spring,—
The earth with summer warms:
He spreads th' autumnal feast,
And rides on wintry storms:
His gifts divine
Through all appear;
And round the year
His glories shine.

471. C. M. STEELE.

Winter.

STERN winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round:
How bleak, how comfortless the plains
So late with verdure crown'd!

2
The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.

3
My heart—where mental winter reigns,
In night's dark mantle clad—
Confin'd in cold, inactive chains,
How desolate and sad!

4
Ere long, the sun, with genial ray,
Shall cheer the mourning earth;
And blooming flow'rs, and verdure gay,
Renew their annual birth.

5
So, if my soul's bright Sun impart
His all-enliv'ning smile,
The vital ray shall cheer my heart,—
Till then a frozen soil.

6
Then, faith, and hope, and love shall rise,
Renew'd to lively bloom;
And breathe, accepted, to the skies,
Their humble, sweet perfume.

7
Return, O blissful Sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray;
This mental winter shall be spring—
This darkness, cheerful day.

8
Oh, happy state! divine abode!
Where spring eternal reigns;
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heav'nly plains.

9
Great Source of light, thy beams display;
My drooping joys restore;
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

472. L. M. NEWTON.

Winter.

SEE how rude winter's icy hand
Has stripp'd the trees, and seal'd the ground!
But spring shall soon his rage withstand,
And spread new beauties all around.

2
My soul a sharper winter mourns;
Barren and fruitless I remain:
When will the gentle spring return,
And bid my graces grow again?

3
Jesus, my glorious Sun, arise!
'Tis thine the frozen heart to move;
Oh! hush these storms, and clear my skies,
And let me feel thy vital love.

4
Dear Lord, regard my feeble cry;
I faint and droop till thou appear:
Wilt thou permit thy plant to die?
Must it be winter all the year?

5
Be still, my soul, and wait his hour,
With humble pray'r, and patient faith;
Till he reveals his gracious pow'r,
Repose on what his promise saith.

6
He, by whose all-commanding word
Seasons their changing course maintain,
In ev'ry change a pledge affords,
That none shall seek his face in vain.

473. C. M. NEWTON.

Spring.

Cant. ii. 11—13.

BLEAK winter is subdued at length,
Compell'd to yield the day:
The sun, returning in his strength,
Drives all the storms away.

2
Behold! the youthful spring is come:
How alter'd is the scene!
The trees and shrubs are dress'd in bloom,
The earth array'd in green.

3
Where'er we tread, beneath our feet
The flow'rs spontaneous spring;
And warbling birds, in concert sweet,
Invite our hearts to sing.

4
But, ah! in vain I strive to join,
Oppress'd with sin and doubt;
I feel 'tis winter still within,
Though all is spring without.

5
Oh! would my Saviour, from on high,
Break through these clouds, and shine!
No creature, then, more blest than I,—
No song more sweet than mine.

474. 7s. NEWTON.

Spring.

Cant. ii. 11—13.

PLEASING spring again is here!
Trees and fields in bloom appear!
Hark! the birds, with artless lays,
Warble their Creator's praise!
Where, in winter, all was snow,
Now, the flow'rs in clusters grow;
And the corn, in green array,
Promises a harvest-day.

2

Lord, afford a spring to me!
Let me feel like what I see:
Ah! my winter has been long;
Chill'd my hopes, and mute my song:
Winter threaten'd to destroy
Faith, and love, and ev'ry joy:
If thy life was in the root,
Still I could not yield thee fruit.

3

Speak, and, by thy gracious voice,
Make my drooping soul rejoice:
Oh! beloved Saviour, haste—
Tell me all the storms are past:
On thy garden deign to smile;
Raise the plants, enrich the soil:
Soon thy presence will restore
Life to what seem'd dead before.

4

Lord, I long to be at home,
Where these changes never come;
Where the saints no winter fear;
Where 'tis spring throughout the year:
How unlike this state below!
There, the flow'rs unwith'ring blow;
There, no chilling blasts annoy;
All is love, and bloom, and joy!

475. L. M. SCOTT.

The Chorus of Spring.

Cant. ii. 12, 13.

THE flow'ry meads, the verdant vales,
The bleating flocks, the lowing kine,
The springing herb, the blooming trees,
All in their Maker's praises join.

2

Hark! how the sacred theme resounds!
Whilst the sweet warblers of the grove
Wing through the air their trackless way,
With soft, harmonious notes of love.

3

My soul, and canst thou silent lie,
Beneath the bounties of thy God?
Awake, my heart; awake, my tongue;
And spread your Maker's praise abroad!

476. 10s. STEELE.

Spring: a Rural Meditation.

Cant. ii. 12, 13.

WHAT soft delight the peaceful bosom warms,
When nature, drest in all her vernal charms,
Around the beauteous landscape smiles serene,
And crowns with ev'ry gift the lovely scene.

2

Here woodbines climb, dispensing odors round;
There smiles the pink, with humble beauties crown'd:
The fragrant tribes display their sweetest bloom,
And ev'ry airy whisper breathes perfume.

3

But this delightful season must decay;
The year rolls on, and steals its charms away:
Swiftly the gay, the transient pleasure flies:
Stern winter comes, and ev'ry beauty dies!

4

While pensive thought the fleeting bliss deplores,
The mind in search of nobler pleasure soars;
And seeks a fairer paradise on high,
Where beauties rise and bloom,—and never die.

477. 8s. Oratorio of Abel.

Gratitude and Praise to the Author of Nature.

A Rural Hymn.

Cant. ii. 12, 13.

HOW cheerful, along the gay mead,
The daisy and cowslip appear;
The flocks, as they carelessly feed,
Rejoice in the spring of the year.

2

The myrtles that shade the gay bow'rs,
The herbage that springs from the sod,
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flow'rs,
All rise to the praise of my God.

3

Shall man, the great master of all,
The only insensible prove?
Forbid it, fair gratitude's call;
Forbid it, devotion and love.

4

The Lord, who such wonders could raise,
And still can destroy with a nod,
My lips shall incessantly praise,—
My soul shall be rapt in my God.

478. 8.8.6. 8.8. 8.8.6.

Collyer.

Harvest.

Ps. lxv. 9—13. cxxvi. 5, 6.

NOW let our hearts conspire to raise
A tribute of united praise
To nature's bounteous King;
Whose voice, loud sounding from the pole,
In thunder oft is heard to roll;
And oft has melted down the soul,
When, murm'ring soft along, it stole
The zephyr's silken wing.

2

With bread, the heart of man to cheer,
See, bending low, the ripen'd ear
Bow its luxuriant head!
In vain, ye swains, had been your care,
Had not he caus'd the blight to spare
The promise of the summer fair;
And bid the sun, the rain, the air,
Their kindly influence shed.

3

He bade the soft, refreshing gale,
Blow gently down the teeming vale,
Nor hurt the peeping grain:
But, when the ear began to rise,
To him we rais'd our anxious eyes:
Oft, from the cisterns of the skies,
He sent, in mercy, rich supplies;—
Early and latter rain.

4

And now his hand has crown'd our toil,
We joy like those who share the spoil,
The harvest-home to bear!
With shouts the laughing pastures ring;
With grateful hearts, ye reapers, sing
The praise of heav'n's eternal King,
Through whose paternal care ye bring
The produce of the year!

479. 8.7. 8.7. Dr. Dodd.

Autumn.

Is. lxiv. 6.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound:—

2

"Youths, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead.

3

What, though yet no losses grieve you,—
Gay with health, and many a grace?
Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
Summer gives to autumn place.

4

Yearly, in our course, returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
We proclaim the solemn warning,—
Heav'n and earth shall pass away."

5

On the tree of life eternal,
Let our highest hopes be staid!
This alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

480. 8.8. 8.8. 8.6. BARTON.

A Birth-Day.

Eccl. vii. 1.

A BIRTH-DAY!—what a joyful sound
Those words possess'd to childhood's ear,
When Fancy shed her sunshine round,
And Hope, the flatt'rer, still was near,
With balm for ev'ry trifling wound,
A smile for ev'ry tear.

2

What is a birth-day now?—a sound
To shake ev'n manhood's sterner heart;
Fancy no sunshine sheds around,
And Hope has lost her healing art,
While from the world's enchanted ground
Its brighter hues depart.

3

But these are only passing things;
The transient things of time and earth—
Happy is he whose spirit clings
To thoughts of more enduring worth,
To whom the day of *death* but brings
More joy than that of *birth!*

481. C. M. COWPER.

Youth prayed for and addressed.

Eccl. xii. 1. Ps. xxxiv. 11. Pr. viii. 17. 2 Tim. iii. 15.

BESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth,
The gift of saving grace;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

2

Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heav'nly root;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

3

Ye careless ones, oh, hear betimes
The voice of saving love!
Your youth is stain'd with num'rous crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

4

True, you are young,—but there's a stone
Within the youngest breast;
Or half the crimes which you have done
Would rob you of your rest.

5

For you the public pray'r is made;
Oh, join the public pray'r!
For you the sacred tear is shed;
Oh, shed, yourselves, a tear!

6

We pray that you may early prove
The Saviour's quick'ning grace:
Too young you cannot taste his love,
Or seek his smiling face.

482. C. M. WATTS.

Remember now thy Creator, in the days of thy youth.

Eccl. xii. 1. Ps. xxxiv. 11. Prov. viii. 17.

CHILDREN, to your Creator, God,
Your early honors pay;
While vanity and youthful blood
Would tempt your thoughts astray.

2

Be wise, and make his favor sure,
Before the mournful day
When youth and mirth are known no more,
And life and strength decay.

3

The mem'ry of his mighty name
Demands your first regard;
Nor dare indulge a meaner flame
Till you have lov'd the Lord.

483. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Young encouraged to seek and love the Saviour.

Prov. viii. 17.

YE hearts, with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near;
And turn from ev'ry earthly charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2

He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3

"The soul that longs to see my face,
"Is sure my love to gain;
"And those that early seek my grace,
"Shall never seek in vain."

Seasons of Life.

4

What object, Lord, our souls should move,
If once compar'd with thee?
What beauty should command our love
Like what in Christ we see?

5

Away, ye false, delusive toys,—
Vain tempters of the mind!
Here may we fix our lasting choice;
For here true bliss we find.

484. L. M. HEGINBOTHOM.

The Youth's Prayer.

1 Kings iii. 7—9. 2 Chr. i. 7—10.

HARK! 'tis your heav'nly Father's call,
How soft the charming accents fall!
"Ask and receive, my sons," he cries,
With longing heart and melting eyes.

2

Lord, I accept thine offer'd grace;
I come to seek my Father's face:
Nor will he turn his ear away
Who taught my heart and lips to pray.

3

I ask not wealth, nor pomp, nor pow'r,
Nor the vain pleasures of an hour:
My soul aspires to nobler things
Than all the pride and state of kings.

4

I seek for blessings more divine
Than corn, or oil, or richest wine:
If those be sent, I'll praise thy name,—
Withheld—thy grace I'll still proclaim.

5

One thing I ask,—and wilt thou hear,
And grant my soul a gift so dear?—
Wisdom descending from above,
The sweetest token of thy love:

6

Then, should'st thou grant me length of days
My life shall still proclaim thy praise;
Or early death my soul convey
To realms of everlasting day.

485. 8.8. 8.8.6. KNOX.

The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.

Prov. xvi. 31.

HOW beauteous are the hoary hairs,
That round the with'ring temples wave,
Of him, who, free from earthly cares,
Descends, amid life's toils and snares,
Serenely, to his grave!

2

What though his tott'ring limbs be weak,
To bear him through his downward road?
Immortal aid his wishes seek,
Who, with a soul resign'd and meek,
Leans on the word of God.

3

What though his dearest friends have died,
And left him in the wilds to roam?
Yet well he knows where they abide,
And longs to cross the darksome tide
That keeps him from his home.

Morning and Evening.

486. 8.6. 8.8. 8.6.

PSALMO DOXOLOGIA.

Morning and Evening Devotion.

Ps. xcii. 1, 2. 1 Chr. xxiii. 30.

THE morning hours of cheerful light
Of all the day are best;
But, as they speed their hasty flight,
If all those hours are spent aright,
We sweetly sink to sleep at night,
And pleasant is our rest.

2

The morning hours again arise,
And call our thoughts above:
To God we raise our waking eyes,
Our humble songs ascend the skies,
Our hearts an early sacrifice,
And praise redeeming love.

487. 112th. BOWRING.

Morning and Evening Worship; or, I will bless the Lord at all times.

Ps. xxxiv. 1. lv. 17.

TO thee, my God! to thee I bring
My daily grateful offering;
From thee, the Source of joy above,
Flow everlasting streams of love;
And all the rays of light that shine,
And bless creation, Lord! are thine.

2

In all below—in all above,
We trace thy goodness and thy love:
In ev'ry wand'ring rill that flows,
In ev'ry gentle breeze that blows,
In ev'ry rising, setting sun,
We see the High and Holy One.

3

Yes! in the mid-day's fervid beams,
In midnight's visionary dreams,
In action and repose, we see,
We recognise, and worship thee:
To thee our sweetest songs we give,—
To thee, O Lord, delight to live.

488. C. M. ROWE.

Longing for the Presence of Christ: a Morning Hymn.

Ps. cxliii. 8. John viii. 12.

IN vain the dusky night retires,
And sullen shadows fly;
In vain the morn with purple light
Adorns the eastern sky:—

2

In vain, dispensing vernal sweets,
The gentle breezes play;
In vain the birds, with cheerful songs,
Salute the new-born day:—

3

In vain,—unless my Saviour's face
The gloomy clouds control;
And dissipate the sullen shades,
That press my drooping soul.

4

Oh! visit, then, my spirit, Lord,
With favor from on high;
Arise, thou bright, immortal Sun!
And all these shades shall die.

5

Lord, when shall I behold thy face,
All radiant and serene,
Without those envious, dusky clouds,
That make a veil between?

6

When shall that long-expected day
Of sacred vision be,
When my enraptur'd soul shall make
A near approach to thee?

489. S. M. SCOTT.

Grateful Morning Worship.

Ps. iii. 5. v. 3. lix. 16.

AWAKE, my drowsy soul,
These airy visions chase;
Awake, my active pow'rs, renew'd,
To run the heav'nly race.

2

See how the mounting sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With ev'ry bright'ning ray.

3

Thus would my rising soul
Her Heav'nly Parent sing;
And to her great Original
Her humble tribute bring.

4

Serene, I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care:
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near!

5

Oh! how shall I repay
The bounties of my God?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, painful load.

6

Dear Saviour, to thy cross
I bring my sacrifice;
Ting'd with thy blood, it shall ascend
With fragrance to the skies.

7

My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy blissful service spend
A long eternity.

490. 148th. MEAD'S SEL.

Grateful Morning Worship.

Ps. iii. 5. v. 3. lix. 16.

TO thee, my God, and Friend,
I wake my grateful tongue:
Still does thy pow'r defend,
And claim my morning song:
Though many foes
Beset me round,
Yet sweet repose
From thee I found.

2

Though sleep pervade my frame,
Still I am safe in sleep;
For angels, in thy name,
Their watchful stations keep:
How rich and great
Thy mercies prove:
Thine angels wait
On men, in love!

3

Now, blest with morning light,
To thee I give the day;
And with renew'd delight
Pursue my heav'nly way,
Till thou shalt raise
My soul above,
Where all is praise,
And all is love.

491. C. M. HEGINBOTHOM.

God the Guardian of our Sleeping Hours.

Ps. iii. 5. v. 3. lix. 16.

STILL do the wheels of time revolve,
And bear this life along;
With thanks I end the fleeting days,
And hail them with a song.

2

Oh! what is man when lost in sleep,
Amid the shades of night?
Yet from this lost, defenceless state
I rise with new delight.

3

But not defenceless, O my soul!
Observe that guardian hand,
Which plac'd those watchful angels there,—
There set the heav'nly band.

4

And does the King of Glory wake
To guard my sleeping head?
And shining seraphs pitch their tent
So near a mortal's bed?

5

Great God of hosts! accept the song:
I own thy wondrous grace;
Oh! may the Guardian of my nights
Delight to bless my days.

492. 113th. BOWRING.

Morning Worship.

Ps. iii. 5. v. 3. lix. 16.

OH! how delightful, oh! how sweet,
Again to feel life's pulses beat;
Again life's kindly warmth to prove;

To drink anew of pleasure's spring;
Again our morning song to sing
To the Great Cause of light and love!

2

Thou! who didst wake me first from nought,
And lead my heav'n-aspiring thought
To some faint, feeble glimpse of thee:

Thou! who didst touch my slumb'ring heart
With thine own hand—and there impart
The image of thy Deity:—

3

Oh, teach me, Father! while I feel
The impress of thy glorious seal,—
And whence I came,—and whither tend,—

Teach me to live—to act—to be
Worthy my origin and thee,
And worthy my immortal end.

493. L. M. HAWKESWORTH.

I laid me down and slept: I awaked; for the Lord sustained me.

Ps. iii. 5. v. 3. lix. 16. Is. xxxiii. 2.

IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely pass'd the silent night;
Again I see the breaking shade,
And hail again the morning light.

2

Oh! guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
When dangers press around my head.

3
A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.
4
That deeper shade shall break away;
That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes;
Thy light shall give eternal day;
Thy love—the rapture of the skies.

494. 7s. TOPLADY.

In the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

Ps. v. 3.

OH! that I may keep thy word,
Taught by thee to watch and pray!
To thy service, dearest Lord,
Sanctify the present day:
Swift its fleeting moments haste;
Doom'd perhaps, to be my last!
2
Crucified to all below,
Earth shall never be my care;
Wealth and honor I forego,
This my only wish and pray'r—
Thine in life and death to be,
Now and to eternity!

495. 7s. COLLYER.

I will sing aloud of thy mercy, in the morning.

Ps. lix. 16. v. 3.

SAVIOUR, hear my early vow;
Let my praises rise to thee;
Source of all my pleasures thou,
Life, and health, and all, to me;
From thy gracious throne on high,
Listen, Jesus, to my cry.
2
O'er this morn's unclouded face
Storms of darkest grief will roll,
If thy brighter beams of grace
Visit not my waiting soul:
In the sunshine of thine eye
Live the splendors of my sky.
3
Rising from the bed of rest,
All the strings of life new strung,
With thy saving presence blest,
Joy shall tune my thankful tongue;
But, except thy face I see,
Life itself is death to me.
4
I will praise thee, day by day,
Till life's number'd hours shall cease;
Till this spirit soars away,
To a world of perfect peace;
Where no ev'ning spreads its shade,
Where the day shall never fade.

496. S. M. BERRIDGE.

I will sing aloud of thy mercy, in the morning.

Ps. lix. 16. iii. 5. v. 3. Lam. iii. 23.

MY Guardian's watchful care
Preserv'd me through the night;
His providential arm was near
Till morn's returning light.
2
No pains upon my bed
Prevented my repose;
But, laying down my weary head,
Refresh'd with sleep I rose.
3
From thee my mercies flow;
In pearly drops they fall;
Oh! give a thankful bosom too,
The sweetest pearl of all.

497. C. M. STEELE.

Morning Praise and Prayer.

Ps. iii. 5. v. 3. lix. 16. Is. xxxiii. 2.

LORD of my life! oh, may thy praise
Employ my noblest pow'rs!
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.
2
Preserv'd by thine almighty arm,
I pass'd the shades of night
Serene, and safe from ev'ry harm,
And hail returning light.
3
While numbers spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I clos'd my eyes,
And undisturb'd repose.
4
When sleep (death's image) o'er me spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble clay.

5

Oh! let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend;
From ev'ry danger, ev'ry snare,
My heedless steps defend.

6

Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

498. 7s. FAWCETT.

Morning Thanksgiving and Prayer.

Ps. iii. 5. v. 3. lix. 16. Is. xxxiii. 2.

THOU that dost my life prolong,
Kindly aid my morning song;
Thankful from my couch I rise,
To the God that rules the skies.

2

Thou didst hear my ev'ning cry;
Thy preserving hand was nigh;
Peaceful slnmbers thon hast shed,
Grateful to my weary head.

3

Thou hast kept me through the night;
'Twas thy hand restor'd the light:
Lord, thy mercies still are new,
Plenteous as the morning dew.

4

Still my feet are prone to stray;
Oh! preserve me throngh the day:
Dangers ev'ry where abound;
Sins and snares beset me round.

5

Guard me by thy heav'nly care,
From the fowler's lurking snare;
Save me from the tempter's pow'r;
Keep me in the trying hour.

6

Gently, with the dawning ray,
On my soul thy beams display;
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let thy cheering light return.

499. C. M. TURNER.

Morning Thanksgiving and Prayer.

Ps. iii. 5. v. 3. lix. 16. Is. xxxiii. 2.

TO thee, great God, with thankful heart,
My morning song shall rise;
Thy goodness makes my slumbers sweet,
And cheers my waking eyes.

2

With gratitude my eyes behold
The sun's enliv'ning beams:
I might have wak'd in wild surprise,
Amid devouring flames.

3

Numbers, this night, great God, have met
Their long, eternal doom;
And lost the joys of morning light
In death's tremendous gloom.

4

Many, ev'n dear to thee, oppress'd
With cares, and fears, and pain,
Sleepless, have wish'd returning day,
And day return'd in vain.

5

Still on their restless beds they lie,
Their woes bewailing still;
Whilst I, refresh'd by soft repose,
A thousand pleasures feel.

6

Amid the various cares of day,
Through ev'ry scene I pass,
Oh! grant me, in each needful hour,
Thine all-sufficient grace.

7

The dark illume, th' afflicting cheer
With thy paternal love;
Nor let my earthly pleasures spoil
My taste for those above.

500. 9.7. 9.7. D. BOWRING.

His greatness is unsearchable.

Ps. cxlv. 3. lxv. 8.

EXTINGUISH'D now is the last, lone star,
The shadows of night are gone;
And lo! in the east, day's golden car
Is fill'd by the glorious sun:
And hark! for a thousand voices call—
The spirits of life and love—
Attune your hymns to the Father of all,
The Sov'reign who reigns above.

2

'Tis He who opens the eastern gates,
Who kindles the morning's ray;
His Spirit all nature animates,
And the darkness and the day:
The field and its glories, all are his,
And the music of the sky;
The light of hope, and the smile of bliss,
And the bursting song of joy.

3

His temple is yonder arch sublime;
Its pillars, th' eternal hills;
His chorus, the solemn voice of time,
Which the wide creation fills:
His worshippers are the countless train
Which the lap of nature bears—
The boisterous wind, and the raging main,
And the silence of the spheres.

4

He rides unseen on the hurrying storm;
He sits on the whirlwind's car;
He wraps in the clouds his awful form,
And travels from star to star:
A thousand messengers wait his will,
And a million heralds fly;
And their Sovereign's high behests fulfil,
Through a vast eternity.

5

He smiles—and new worlds spring forth to birth,
And suns in new glory rise;
He frowns—and darkness covers the earth,
And mantles the frighted skies:
He speaks in the thunder's dreadful roar;
He shines in the lightning's beam:—
But, oh! no mortal thought can soar
To any conception of Him!

501. BOWRING.

The Charms of Nature: a Morning Hymn.

Ps. xix. 4—6. lxv. 8.

COME forth in thy purple robes again,
Thou brightest star of heav'n!
Another day the Guardian of men
Has to his children giv'n:
Receive the gift with gratitude;
My soul, to thy Maker ascend;
And bear thy songs to the Source of good,
To thy Father and thy Friend.

2

I look around,—a thousand things
Enjoy the sunny beam;
And Nature her million voices brings
To form an anthem to Him:
Oh! join the songs of the air, the grove,
And the chorus of the sea;
For, hark! the spirits of light above
Re-echo the harmony.

3

The senses indeed must be dark and dull,
That in nature no charms can see:
For beauty's self is more beautiful
To the eye of piety:
And deaf indeed is the clay-cold ear,
That no sounds of music greet;
Though nought, as the music of praise and pray'r,
Is half so exquisite.

4

But brighter and fairer than star or sun
Is the light that beams from on high—
A light that conducts its pilgrims on
To the hav'n of endless joy:
And thither our tow'ring thoughts shall soar,
And there the tir'd spirit shall rest;
While hope bursts open the heav'nly door
Of the mansions of the blest.

502. 7.8. 8.7. *From the Russian of* ZHUKOOSKY.

Morning Aspiration: a Rural Hymn.

Ps. v. 3. lix. 16.

WHAT awakens new-born joy—
Joy and hope thus sweetly mingling?
'Tis the morn's bright beams, enkindling,
Nature's loveliest charms display.

2

Lo! heav'n's temple, bright, serene,
Where the busy clouds are blending,
Sinking now, and now ascending,
Far behind the forest green!

3

See, the restless swallow flies
Through the clouds—his own dominion:
Could I reach, on hope's strong pinion,
Where that land of beauty lies!—

4

Oh! how sweet—how blest to be
Where heav'n's shelter might protect me!
Lord of life! in love direct me
To that bright futurity!

503. 8.7. 8.7. FAWCETT.

Spring Morning: a Rural Hymn.

Ps. lix. 16.

LO! the bright, the rosy morning,
Calls me forth to take the air:
Cheerful spring, with smiles returning,
Ushers in the new-born year.

2

Nature now, in all her beauty,
With her gently-moving tongue,
Prompts me to the pleasing duty
Of a grateful morning song.

3

Yonder rise the lofty mountains,
Clad with herbage fresh and green;
Playing round the crystal fountains,
There the living herds are seen.

4

There the stately forest bending
Thrives amid the limpid streams,
Whilst the source of day ascending,
Crowns it with his mildest beams.

5

Now, their vernal dress assuming,
Leafy robes adorn the trees;
Odors now, the air perfuming,
Sweetly swell the gentle breeze.

6

See the early blossoms springing;
See the jocund lambkins play;
Hear the lark and linnet singing,
Welcome to the new-born day.

7

Vernal music, softly sounding,
Echoes through the vocal grove;
Nature now, with life abounding,
Swells with harmony and love.

8

Praise to thee, thou great Creator!
Praise to thee from ev'ry tongue:
Join, my soul, with ev'ry creature—
Join the universal song!

504. L. M. FLEXMAN.

Evening Hymn.

Ps. iv. 8. cxli. 2.

SLEEP, downy sleep, come close my eyes,
Tir'd with beholding vanities:
Welcome, sweet sleep, that drives away
The toils and follies of the day.

2

On thy soft bosom will I lie,
Forget the world, and learn to die:
O Israel's watchful Shepherd, spread
Thine angel-tents around my bed.

3

Clouds and thick darkness veil thy throne,
Its awful glories all unknown:
Oh! dart from thence one cheering ray,
And turn my midnight into day.

4

Thus, when the morn, in crimson drest,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
My grateful songs of praise shall rise
Like fragrant incense to the skies.

505. S. M. SCOTT.

Evening Hymn.

Ps. iv. 8. cxli. 2.

SOFT season of repose,
Thy sable curtains spread;
Come, downy sleep, and stretch thy wings
Around my weary head.

2

But oh! the lawless range
With which my thoughts have stray'd,
Through mazy paths of sense and sin,
From morn to ev'ning shade!

3

Ah! born to nobler ends,
My soul, no more pursue
These fleeting vanities of life,
But bid the world adieu.

4

Thy pity, gracious God,
Thy pardon I implore;
Oh! heal these follies of my mind,
And aid me with thy pow'r.

5

Be thou my friendly guard,
While slumb'ring on my bed;
And with thy sacred teachings fill
The visions of my head.

6

When morning's cheerful rays
Salute my waking eyes,
All vig'rous may my soul to thee
In grateful songs arise!

7

Devoted to thy fear,
Thy service and thy praise;
My God, I would be wholly thine
The remnant of my days.

506. C. M. HEGINBOTHOM.

Evening Tribute and Reflections.

Ps. cxli. 2.

STAY, stay, my lab'ring pow'rs, awake,
To praise awhile your God;—
The God who rules the lightsome day,
And spreads these shades abroad.

2

The hand which fills my daily cup,
And gives me daily bread,
Preserves my ev'ning comforts too,
And makes my nightly bed.

3

Past, O my soul, for ever past,
Is an important day!
Its sorrows and its joys are gone,—
The serious and the gay.

4

And life itself, that chequer'd scene,
Dies with the morning flow'r;
Each scheme dissolves, and ev'ry hope
Shall perish in an hour.

5

This night, perhaps, the hand of death
May snatch my soul away;
And send it to the shades of woe,
Or to eternal day.

6

My soul, come, meditate the dread;
Or, oh! indulge the joy;
And let the praise of love divine
Thy sweetest thoughts employ.

7

'Tis this which cheers my midnight hours,
And dissipates the gloom;
Adds a fresh lustre to the light,
And glory to the tomb.

8

Thus, while I feel my heav'n-born soul
To its own mansions soar,
Fearless I give my eyes to sleep,
Though I should wake no more.

507. 8s. TOPLADY.

God the Guardian of our Sleeping Hours.

Ps. xci. 5, 6. 11.

BENEFICENT Hearer of pray'r,
Thou Feeder and Guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care
I sleeping and waking resign:
If thou art my Shield and my Sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

2

Thy minist'ring spirits descend,
And watch while thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep:
Bright seraphs, dispatch'd from thy throne,
Fly swift to their stations assign'd;
And angels elect are sent down,
To guard the elect of mankind.

3

Thy worship no interval knows;
Their fervor is still on the wing;
And, while they protect my repose,
They chaunt to the praise of my King:
I too, at the season ordain'd,
Their chorus for ever shall join;
And love and adore, without end,
Their gracious Creator and mine.

508. L. M. *From* BOWRING.

I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety.

Ps. iv. 8.

THE labors of the day are done;
And oh! how exquisitely blest,
Who, with the calm, declining sun,
Retires in holy peace to rest.

2

Thrice blest, beneath their Guardian's smile,
And tranquil as the heav'ns above,
To sleep—securely sleep, awhile,
In the kind arms of heav'nly love:

3

With no reproaching voice within,
To break upon the calm of bliss;
As ev'ning's earliest dews serene,
And gentle as the twilight is.

4

Alas! the brightest and the best
Of earthly pleasures soon decay;
The sweetest and the loveliest
Glide, like a passing breeze, away.

5

But saints from death itself shall rise,
Renew'd by heav'n's eternal spring;
And, in the garden of the skies,
In endless beauty bloom again.

509. 7s. DODDRIDGE.

Happy Confidence in the Divine Favor.

Ps. iv. 8.

INTERVAL of grateful shade,
Welcome to my weary head;
Welcome slumbers to my eyes,
Tir'd with glaring vanities!

2

Still my gracious God allows
Needful periods of repose :
By my heav'nly Father blest,
Thus I give my pow'rs to rest.

3

Heav'nly Father! gracious name!
Day and night thy love's the same :
Far be each suspicious thought,
Ev'ry anxious care forgot.

4

Thine indulgence, bounteous God!
Crowns my days with various good :
Thy kind eye, that cannot sleep,
These defenceless hours shall keep.

5

By my heav'nly Father blest,
Thus I give my pow'rs to rest:
Sweet vicissitude to me,
Day and night I'm still with thee.

510. 7s. DODDRIDGE.

Happy Confidence in the Divine Favor.

Ps. iv. 8.

WHAT though downy slumbers flee,
Strangers to my couch and me ?
Sleepless, well I know to rest,
Leaning on my Father's breast.

2

While the empress of the night
Mildly sheds her silver light ;
While the vivid planets stray,
Various, through their mystic way :—

3

While the stars unnumber'd roll
Round the ever-constant pole ;
Far beyond these spangled skies,
All my soul to God shall rise,—

4

'Midst the silence of the night,
Mingling with those angels bright,
Whose harmonious voices raise
Ceaseless love and ceaseless praise.

5

Through the throng, his gentle ear
Shall my tuneless accents hear :
His kind presence shall impart
Secret comfort to my heart.

6

He, in these serenest hours,
Guides my intellectual pow'rs,—
Bears my sweetest thoughts above,
On the wings of faith and love.

7

Happy who are call'd to share
Such a tender Parent's care!
Blest alternative to me,
Thus to sleep or wake with thee.

511. 7s. DODDRIDGE.

Happy Confidence in the Divine Favor.

Ps. iv. 8.

WHAT if death my sleep invade ?
Should I be of death afraid ?
While encircled by thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.

2

What if beams of op'ning day
Shine around my breathless clay ?
Brighter visions from on high
Shall regale my mental eye.

3

Tender friends my loss may mourn,
From their kind embraces torn : —
Dearer, better friends I have,
In the realms beyond the grave.

4

See the guardian angels nigh
Wait to waft my soul on high !
See the golden gates display'd!
See the crown to grace my head !

5

See a flood of sacred light,
Which shall yield no more to night!
Transitory world, farewell!
Jesus calls with him to dwell.

6

With thy heav'nly presence blest,
Death is life, and labor rest:
Welcome life or death to me !
Still secure, for still with thee.

512. S. M.

Reliance on the Care of our Heavenly Father.

Ps. iv. 8.

ANOTHER day is past,
The hours for ever fled ;
And time is bearing me away,
To mingle with the dead.

2

My mind in perfect peace
My Father's care shall keep;
I yield to gentle slumbers now,
For thou canst never sleep.

3

Happy the souls alone
On thee securely stay'd!
Nor shall they be in life alarm'd,
Nor be in death dismay'd.

513. C. M. H. K. White.

Evening Hymn, for Family Worship.

Ps. cxli. 2.

O LORD, another day is flown;
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fost'ring hand.

2

And wilt thou bend a list'ning ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

3

Oh! let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad, in ev'ry heart,
Thine everlasting peace.

4

Thus chasten'd, cleans'd, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The Sun of righteousness shall shine
In glory on our head.

514. 8s. S——.

A Night Song, written in an Hour of Temptation.

Ps. cxviii. 13.

IMMACULATE Saviour and Friend,
My Guardian by night and by day,
With comforts and gladness descend,
And speak my opposers away:
Thy presence alone can dispel
These monsters of hell from my breast,—
Can only salvation reveal,
And hush my temptations to rest.

2

My eyelids refuse their repose,
And slumbers depart from my eyes:
My Sun, in the darkest extreme
With beams of salvation arise;
Thy Spirit of wisdom impart,
My ev'ry desire to control;
Thy likeness impress on my heart,
To cleanse and to perfect my soul.

3

Thy blood and thy merits I sing,
Which hide my transgressions from view:
Thy grace and thy Spirit, my King,
Shall ev'ry corruption subdue:
Till death with his message shall come,
My heart of thy favor assure;
Then take me to dwell near thy throne,
Where sorrow and sin are no more.

515. 8.9. 8.9. Bowring.

A Star-light Evening's Devotion.

Ps. viii. 3.

THE cold wind strips the yellow leaf;
The stars are twinkling faintly o'er us;
All Nature wears her garb of grief,
While day's fair book is clos'd before us.

2

Oh! in an hour so still as this,
From care, and toil, and tumult stealing,
I'll consecrate an hour to bliss—
To sweet devotion's holy feeling:

3

And rise to Thee—to Thee, whose hand
Unroll'd the golden map of heaven;
Mantled, with beauty, all the land;
Gave light to morn, and shade to even:

4

Being, whose all-pervading might
The laws of countless worlds disposes:
Yet gives the sparkling dews their light,
Their beauty to the blushing roses.

5

Tho' dark may be earth's vale, and damp,
Ten thousand stars shine sweetly o'er us;
And immortality's pure lamp
Gladdens and gilds our path before us.

516. 6.5. 7.5. Miss Bowles.

Evening Tranquillity.

OUR day calmly closes
In joys pure and deep:
Peace again strews with roses
The pillow of sleep.

2

His eye is still waking,
To guard us from ill,
At the word of whose speaking
The tempest is still.

517. WATTS.

A Summer's Evening.

HOW fine has the day been! how bright was the sun!
How lovely and joyful the course that he run!
Though he rose in a mist, when his race he begun,
And there follow'd some droppings of rain:
But, now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretels a bright rising again.

2

JUST SUCH IS THE CHRISTIAN!—His course he begins,
Like the sun, in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears:—then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way:
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace;
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array.

518. 8.8.4. 8,8.4.

ROBY.

Evening an Emblem of Death.

THERE is a beam upon the hill;
There is a light that lingers still
On ocean's breast:
There is a blush of rosy light
Steals o'er the diadem of night,
Far in the west.

2

Though setting now the smiling ray,
And falling softly round my way
Eve's parting glow;
It tells of days to come, as bright
As that which now has turn'd its flight
To skies below.

3

So, when life's changing hour has pass'd,
And death's cold shades are gath'ring fast
Around my head;
A ray of heav'n will pierce the gloom,
And shed its lustre round my tomb,
When day is fled.

519. 112th.

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAG.

Saturday Evening.

SWEET is the last, the parting ray,
That ushers placid ev'ning in;
When, with the still, expiring day,
The Sabbath's peaceful hours begin:
How grateful to the anxious breast
The sacred hours of holy rest!

2

Hush'd is the tumult of the day,
And worldly cares and business cease,
While soft the vesper breezes play,
To hymn the glad return of peace:
Delightful season! kindly giv'n
To turn the wand'ring thoughts to heav'n.

3

Oft as this peaceful hour shall come,
Lord, raise my thoughts from earthly things,
And bear them to my heav'nly home,
On faith and hope's celestial wings,—
Till the last gleam of life decay
In one eternal SABBATH-DAY!

Morning and Evening.

520. 112th. BOWRING.

Saturday Evening.

THE week is past! and has it brought
Some beams of sweet and soothing thought!
If it has left some mem'ry dear
Of heav'nly raptures tasted here,
It has not wing'd its flight in vain,
Though it should ne'er return again.

2

And who would sigh for its return?
We are but pilgrims, born to mourn;
And moments, as they onward flow,
Cut short the thread of human woe,
And bring us nearer to the scenes
Where sorrow ends, and heav'n begins.

Lord's Day.

521. 12. 11. 12. 11. EDMESTON.

Lord's Day Morning.

Rev. i. 10.

NOW let us repose from our labor and sorrow;
Let all that is anxious and sad pass away;
The rough cares of life lay aside till to-morrow;
But let us be tranquil and happy to-day.

2

To-day on the mount, we would seek for thy blessing;
O Spirit of holiness, meet with us there!
Our hearts then will feel—(thy sweet influence possessing,)
The rapture of praise and the fervor of pray'r.

522. L. M. JOS. STENNETT.

Lord's Day Morning.

Gen. ii. 3. Ex. xx. 8—11.

ANOTHER six days' work is done;
Another Sabbath is begun:
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest;
Improve the day thy God has blest.

2

Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heav'n,
And gives this day the food of sev'n.

3

Oh! that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies:
And draw from heav'n that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

4

This heav'nly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,—
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5

With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In varied scenes, both old and new;
With praise, we think on mercies past;
With hope, we future pleasures taste.

6

In holy duties let the day—
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

523. C. M. BARBAULD.

Lord's Day Morning.

Ps. cxviii. 24. Is. lviii. 13.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2

Oh! what a night was that, which wrapt
A sinful world in gloom!
Oh! what a Sun, which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,
And praise on ev'ry tongue.

4

Ten thousand thousand lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

524. 8.8. 8.4. O. P.

Lord's Day Morning.

Gen. ii. 3. Ex. xx. 8—11. Is. lviii. 13.

WELCOME, returning day of rest,
Welcome to soul's by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to this reviving breast,
Sweet Sabbath day!

2

United hymns of pray'r and praise,
To Him whose love still guides our ways,
We hasten, at thy dawn, to raise,
Sweet Sabbath day!

3

Oh! may we feel that Saviour near
Whose presence dries the mourner's tear,
And makes thy hallow'd hours more dear,
Sweet Sabbath day!

4

May thy delightful season prove
How much we owe our Saviour's love;
And fit us for the joys above,
Sweet Sabbath day!

525. L. M. Miss Tuck.

Lord's Day Morning.

Gen. ii. 3. Ex. xx. 8—11. Is. lviii. 13.

HAIL! sacred day of holy thought,
Sweet Sabbath of serene repose;
Be earth's low pleasures all forgot
In joys the worldling never knows.

2

The peaceful strains that fill the grove,
Now, with increasing sweetness flow,
In notes of harmony and love,
Like Paradise renew'd below.

3

And now more pure the dew-drop seems,
And lovelier is the flow'ret's bloom,
And brighter are the morning's beams,
And richer is its sweet perfume.

4

Fair emblem of eternal rest!
Where nothing earthly shall control,
Nor sin nor grief nor care molest,
Or cloud that sabbath of the soul.

5

There *was* a Sabbath once, below,
Brighter than fancy's loveliest dream;
Free from the canker-worm of woe;
Unsullied as the solar beam:

6

And such a Sabbath, bright and pure,
In all its beauty shall return,—
In all its glory to endure:—
Who would not greet *that* Sabbath morn!

526. C. M. Barbauld.

The Rest of the Holy Sabbath.

Ex. xvi. 23.

SLEEP—sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born!
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

2

To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not violate this day,—
The sabbath of my soul.

527. 10s. Browne.

This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.

Ps. cxviii. 24. Gen. ii. 3. Ex. xx. 8—11. Is. lviii. 13.

HAIL, happy day! the day of holy rest,
When saints assemble, and on dainties feast;
When all in smiles the God of grace descends,
Opens his stores, and entertains his friends.

2

Let earth and all its vanities be gone,
Move from my sight, and leave my soul alone ;
Its flatt'ring, fading glories I despise,
And to immortal beauties turn my eyes.

3

Fain would I mount and penetrate the skies,
And on my Saviour's glories fix my eyes:
Oh! meet my rising soul, thou God of love,
And waft it to the blissful realms above!

4

Or, if I may not climb the starry height,
And see thee blazing on a throne of light ;
If still the veil betwixt us must divide,
And still my Saviour's matchless glories hide ;—

5

Yet here display the wonders of thy grace;
Look through the skies, and show thy smiling face;
Stoop down, blest King of glory, from above,
And earth shall kindle with seraphic love.

528. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Eternal Sabbath.

Heb. iv. 9.

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

2

No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3

No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun ;
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

529. C. M. CENNICK.

Lord's Day Evening.

Heb. iv. 9.

WHEN, dearest Saviour, when shall I
Behold thee all serene ;
Blest in perpetual sabbath day,
Without a veil between ?

2

Assist me while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares;
Incline my roving heart to pray,
And then accept my pray'rs.

3

Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend;
To light my path to ceaseless joys,—
To sabbaths without end.

530. C. M. BROWNE.

Lord's Day Evening.

Heb. iv. 9.

FREQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quick'ning beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns!
How languid are its flames!

2

Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
Unlike them as we live.

3

Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The sabbath ne'er shall end :—

4

Where we shall breathe in heav'nly air,
With heav'nly lustre shine ;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine :—

Lord's Day.

5

Where we, in high, seraphic strains,
Shall all our pow'rs employ;
Delighted range th' ethereal plains,
And take our fill of joy.

531. L. M. EDMESTON.

The Calm of a Sabbath Eve.

Is. lviii. 13.

THIS time, how lovely and how still!
Peace shines and smiles on all below:
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with ev'ning's setting glow!

2

Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels thy sweet calm, and melts in love;
And, while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees a smiling heav'n above.

532. L. M. EDMESTON.

A Summer Lord's Day Evening.

Gen. ii. 3. Ex. xx. 11. Is. lviii. 13.

IS there a time when moments flow
More peacefully than all beside?
It is, of all the times below,
A Sabbath eve in summer's tide.

2

Oh! then the setting sun smiles fair;
And all below and all above,
The diff'rent forms of nature, wear
One universal garb of love.

3

And then the peace that Jesus beams,
The life of grace, the death of sin,
With nature's placid woods and streams,
Is peace without, and peace within.

4

Delightful scene! a world at rest,
A God all love, no grief, no fear,
A heav'nly hope, a peaceful breast,
A smile unsullied by a tear.

5

If heav'n be ever felt below,
A scene so heav'nly, sure, as this,
May cause a heart on earth to know
Some foretaste of celestial bliss.

6

Delightful hour! how soon will night
Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign!
And soon the morn's returning light
Will call us to the world again!

7

Yet will there dawn, at last, a day;
A sun, that never sets, shall rise;
Night will not veil his glorious ray:—
The heav'nly sabbath never dies.

Lord's Supper.

533. L. M. A.

This do in remembrance of me.

Luke xxii. 19. 1 Cor. xi. 24, 25.
2 Tim. ii. 8.

YES, we'll record thy matchless love,
Thou dearest, tend'rest, best of friends;
Thy dying love the noblest praise
Of long eternity transcends.

2

'Tis pleasure more than earth can give,
Thy beauties through these veils to see;
Celestial food thy table yields,
And happy they who sit with thee!

534. C. M. COWPER.

Welcome to the Table.

Matt. xxvi. 26—28. Mark xiv. 22—24.
Luke xxii. 19, 20. 1 Cor. xi. 23—26.

THIS is the feast of heav'nly wine;
Jesus invites to sup;
The juices of the living vine
Were press'd to fill the cup.

2

Oh! bless the Saviour, ye that eat,
With royal dainties fed;
Not heav'n affords a costlier treat,
For Jesus is the bread.

3
The vile, the lost,—he calls to them!
Ye trembling souls, appear!
The righteous in their own esteem
Have no acceptance here.

4
Approach, ye poor, no more refuse
The banquet spread for you:
Dear Saviour! this is welcome news,—
Then I may venture too!

535. L. M. STEELE.

A View of the Redeemer's Sufferings.

Is. liii. 3—12. Matt. viii. 17.

LORD, when my thoughts delighted rove
Amid the wonders of thy love,
Sweet hope revives my drooping heart,
And bids intruding fears depart.

2
But while thy suff'rings I survey,
And faith enjoys a heav'nly ray,
These dear memorials of thy pain
Present anew the dreadful scene.

3
I hear thy groans with deep surprise,
And view thy wounds with weeping eyes;
Each bleeding wound, each dying groan,
With anguish fraught, with pains unknown.

4
Repentant sorrow fills my heart,
But mingling joy allays the smart;
Oh! may my future life declare
The sorrow and the joy sincere.

5
Be all my heart, and all my days
Devoted to my Saviour's praise;
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love.

536. C. M. JOS. STENNETT.

The Riches of the Saviour's Banquet.

Matt. xxvi. 26—28. Mark xiv. 22—24.
Luke xxii. 19, 20. 1 Cor. xi. 23—26.

LORD, at thy table we behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire, that we
Should find a welcome place!

2
"Eat, O my friends," the Saviour cries,
"The feast was made for you;
For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,
And rose in triumph too."

3
With trembling faith and contrite hearts,
Lord, we accept thy love:
'Tis a rich banquet we have had,—
What will it be above!

4
Ye saints below, ye hosts of heav'n,
Join all your praising pow'rs;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.

5
Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to thee;
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

537. S. M.

Ascribed to DODDRIDGE.

Christian Fellowship at the Lord's Table.

Matt. xxvi. 26—28. Mark xiv. 22—24.
Luke xxii. 19, 20. 1 Cor. x. 16, 17. xi. 23—26.

JESUS, the Friend of man,
Invites us to his board;
The welcome summons we obey,
And own our gracious Lord.

2
Here we survey that love
Which spoke in ev'ry breath;
Crown'd ev'ry action of his life,
And triumph'd in his death.

3
Here let our pow'rs unite,
His honor'd name to raise;
Pleasure and joy fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise.

4
And while we share the gifts
His bounteous hands bestow,
Let ev'ry heart, in friendship join'd,
With kind affections glow.

5
Our souls, expanded wide
By our Redeemer's grace,
Shall, in the arms of fervent love,
All heav'n and earth embrace.

538. C. M. LEECH.

For a Time of General Sickness.

Rom. viii. 10.

DEATH, with his dread commission seal'd,
Now hastens to his arms;
In awful state he takes the field,
And sounds his dire alarms.

2

Attendant plagues around him stand,
And wait his dread command;
And pains and dying groans obey
The signal of his hand.

3

With mighty force he scatters round
His shafts of deadly pow'r;
While the grave waits its destin'd prey,
Impatient to devour.

4

Look up, ye heirs of endless joy,
Nor let your fears prevail;
Eternal life is your reward,
When life on earth shall fail.

5

The arrows that shall wound your flesh
Were giv'n him from above,
Dipp'd in the great Redeemer's blood,
And feather'd all with love.

6

These with a gentle hand he throws,
And saints lie gasping too;
But heav'nly strength supports their souls,
And bears them conqu'rors through.

7

Joyful, they stretch their wings abroad,
And all in triumph rise
To the fair palace of their God,—
To mansions in the skies.

539. S. PEARCE.

For a Sick Chamber.

Written when deprived by Sickness of attending Public Worship.

Ps. xlii. 4.

THE fabric of nature is fair,
But fairer the temple of grace;
To saints 'tis the joy of the earth,
The most glorious and beautiful place.

2

To this temple I once could resort,
With crowds of the people of God;
Enraptur'd we enter'd his courts,
And hail'd the Redeemer's abode.

3

The Father of mercies we prais'd,
And prostrated low at his throne;
The Saviour we lov'd and ador'd,
Who lov'd us and made us his own.

4

How oft to the message of peace,
To sinners address'd from the sky,
We listen'd—extolling that grace
Which sets us, once rebels, on high!

5

Faith clave to the crucified Lamb;
Hope, smiling, exalted its head;
Love warm'd at Immanuel's name,
And vow'd to observe what he said.

6

What pleasure appear'd in the looks
Of the brethren and sisters around!
With transport all seem'd to reflect
On the blessings in Jesus they found.

7

Sweet moments! if aught upon earth
Resembles the joy of the skies,
It is when the hearts of the flock,
Conjoin'd, to their Shepherd arise.

8

But ah! these sweet moments are fled!
Pale sickness compels me to stay
Where no voice of the turtle is heard,
As the moments are hasting away.

9

My God! thou art holy and good;
Thy plans are all righteous and wise:
Oh! help me, submissive, to wait
Till thy love shall command me to rise:—

10

If to follow thee here in thy courts,
May it be with fresh ardor and zeal;
With success, and increasing delight,
Performing the whole of thy will:—

11

Or should'st thou in bondage detain,
To visit thy temples no more,
Prepare me for mansions above,
Where nothing exists to deplore!—

12

Where Jesus, the Sun of the place,
Refulgent, incessantly shines;
Eternally blessing his saints,
And pouring delight on their minds.

13

There—there are no prisons, to hold
The captive from tasting delight:
There—there the day never is clos'd
With shadows, or darkness, or night.

14
There, myriads and myriads shall meet,
In our Saviour's high praises to join;
While, transported, we fall at his feet,
And extol his redemption divine.
15
Enough then—my heart shall no more
Of its present bereavements complain:
Ineffable joys are in store,
And a blissful eternity's mine!

540. C. M. WATTS.

Complaint and Hope, under great Pain.

Job vii. 3, 4. Ps. vi. 6.

LORD! I am pain'd; but I resign
To thy superior will:
'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom all divine,
Appoints the pains I feel.
2
Dark are thy ways of providence,
While those that love thee groan:
Thy reasons lie conceal'd from sense,
Mysterious and unknown.
3
Yet nature may have leave to speak,
And plead before her God;
Lest the o'erburthen'd heart should break
Beneath thine heavy rod.
4
These groans and sighs and flowing tears
Give my poor spirit ease;
While ev'ry groan my Father hears,
And ev'ry tear he sees.
5
Is not some smiling hour at hand,
With peace upon its wings?
Give it, O God, thy swift command,
With all the joys it brings.

541. 8.7. 8.7. D. DALE.

Wearisome nights are appointed to me.

Job vii. 3, 4. Ps. vi. 6.

NIGHT spreads her mantle o'er the sky,
And all around are sleeping,
While I, in tears of agony,
My restless couch am steeping:
I sigh for morn—the rising ray
Awakes the earth to gladness;
I turn my sick'ning soul away—
It smiles upon my sadness.
2
The wave so sparkling in the beam
That trembles o'er the river,
A moment sheds its quiv'ring gleam,
Then shuns the sight for ever:
So soft a ray can pleasure shed,
While secret snares surround it;
So swift that faithless hope is fled
Which wins the heart to wound it.
3
But though all earthly hope be fled,
A brighter hope remaineth;
Ev'n while these storms hang o'er my head,
I know my Saviour reigneth: [clay,
Though worms may waste this with'ring
When flesh and spirit sever;
My soul shall see eternal day,
And dwell with God for ever.

542. CONDER.

Blindness.

THE taper has quiver'd its last:
O hope! must I bid thee farewell?
I must! for the mandate is pass'd,
That consigns me in darkness to dwell.
2
In vain on my eyeballs shall play
The blaze of meridian skies;
No sun shall e'er gladden my day,
No moon on my midnight arise.
3
No more at the glories of dawn
Shall my bosom with ecstasy heave;
Farewell to the blush of the morn,
And the blush of fond, lingering eve!
4
Farewell to the sweets of the spring,
Which she throws from her mantle of green!
The gales all their fragrancy bring;
But, alas! they all blossom unseen!
5
Farewell to the light of the eye!
To the heart-cheering smile of a friend!
Now, beauty—(and why should I sigh?)—
Thine enchantments are all at an end!
6
But ah! there existed a few—
Shall I see their lov'd faces no more?—
There was one—oh, how dear was the view!—
For ever, alas! is it o'er?

7

Ah! no 'tis a feverish dream;
My eyes are but clos'd for the night:
At the dawn of eternity's beam
I shall wake into transport and light!

8

And still, though the day-light is fled,
Does mem'ry the twilight prolong:
Bright visions encircle my head,
And wake into rapture my song.

9

The sun that gilds memory's fields
Dispenses perpetual day;
The spring of the fancy ne'er yields,
Deflow'ring, to winter's stern sway.

10

The forms that once lovely appear'd
Still lovely in memory bloom;
The flow'rets which fancy has rear'd
Still blossom and smile on the tomb.

11

My friend shall grow wrinkled and old;
All wither'd ev'n beauty shall be:
The change I shall never behold,
And age shall be beauty to me.

12

And time shall so silently steal
When I sink into peaceful decay,
That the ev'ning I scarcely shall feel,
But fancy it still to be day.

13

Death's footsteps around I shall hear,
But view not the frown on his face;
Nor the features of those who are dear
Ever start in a stranger to trace.

14

But why should terrestrial ties
Round my heart and my fancy entwine?
O faith! lend me wings to arise,
And make bright futurity mine!

15

And o'er me thy radiance pour,
Thou world of pure day-light and bliss!
My soul shall then murmur no more
To be shut out for ever from this.

16

This life's but a feverish dream,
And short is mortality's night:—
At the dawn of eternity's beam
I shall wake into transport and light!

17

Oh, the wonders that hour shall unfold!
What glories around me shall blaze!
Oh! the bliss when that sun I behold,
And for ever rejoice in his rays!

543. C. M. STEELE.

Desiring the Presence of God in Affliction.

Jam. v. 13.

THOU only centre of my rest,
Look down with pitying eye,
While, with protracted pain oppress'd,
I breathe the plaintive sigh.

2

Thy gracious presence, O my God,
My ev'ry wish contains;
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.

3

This can my ev'ry care control,
And gild the gloom with light;
This is the sunshine of the soul,—
Without it all is night.

4

My Lord, my life, oh! cheer my heart
With thy reviving ray;
And bid these mournful shades depart,
And bring the dawn of day!

5

Oh! happy scenes of pure delight!
Where thy full beams impart
Unclouded beauty to the sight,
And rapture to the heart.

6

Her part in those fair realms of bliss
My spirit longs to know;
My wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.

7

Lord, shall the breathings of my heart
Aspire in vain to thee?
Confirm my hope, that where thou art
I shall for ever be.

8

Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
The darksome hours away;
And rise, on faith's expanded wing,
To everlasting day.

544. 112th.

From the German: translated by BOWRING.

Consolation in Distress.

2 Kings iv. 26. Neh. ix. 33. Ps. cxix. 75. 1 Thes. iii. 2, 3.

HOW vain are sighs! how vain regret!
Complaint could ne'er subdue distress:

Ev'n though with grief our couch be wet,
We shall not therefore weep the less:—
No! tears but add a gloom the more
To that which was so dark before.

2

When joy should dawn, our God decrees;
But only sends that joy to bless:
And oft his searching vision sees
Joy in apparent wretchedness:
He comes unlook'd for—and whene'er
He comes, both peace and joy are there.

3

Then deem not, in thy gloomiest hour,
That God abandons thee to woe:
Wilt thou mistrust his awful pow'r,
Or wilt thou doubt his goodness?—No!
Yet a few hours—and time shall prove
His changeless, countless, matchless love.

4

His rule is wondrous—at his will
This mighty universe, with all
Its beings, vibrates, or is still—
And kingdoms rise, and kingdoms fall:
He lifts the lowly, sinks the high,
In his uncounsell'd majesty.

5

Oh! then be calm—and tread serene,
With pray'r and praise, life's varying road;
'Tis gay with flow'rs—its paths are green,
And thou art guided by thy God:
Be calm—for thine eternal rest
Is near—and heav'n will make thee blest.

545. C. M. STEELE.

Submission to the Divine Will under Affliction.

1 Sam. iii. 18.

PEACE, my complaining, doubting heart;
Ye busy cares, be still;
Adore the just, the sov'reign Lord,
Nor murmur at his will.

2

Unerring wisdom guides his hand;
Nor dares my guilty fear,
Amid the sharpest pains I feel,
Pronounce his hand severe.

3

Let me reflect, with humble awe,
Whene'er my heart complains,—
Compar'd with what my sins deserve,
How easy are my pains!

4

Yes, Lord, I own thy sov'reign hand,
Thou just and wise and kind:
Be ev'ry anxious thought suppress'd,
And all my soul resign'd.

546. 112th. BOWRING.

Be still, and know that I am God.

Ps. xlvi. 10. 2 Kings iv. 26.

LORD, let my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils this mortal eye;
And calmly wait thy holy will,
Though wrapt in fears and mystery:
Thy purposes I cannot see,
Yet all is well—since rul'd by thee.

2

When, mounted on thy clouded car,
Thy wisdom sends affliction down,
I can discern thy light afar,
Still sweetly beaming through thy frown;
And, should I faint a moment—then
I think of thee, and smile again.

3

So, trusting in thy love, I tread
The narrow path of duty on:
What, tho' some cherish'd joys are fled?
What, tho' some flatt'ring dreams are gone?
Yet purer, brighter joys remain:
Why should my spirit, then, complain!

547. C. M. EDMESTON.

I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.

Ps. cxix. 75.

O THOU whose mercy guides my way!
Though now it seem severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say
There is no mercy here!

2

Oh! grant me to desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
More than the sweetest earthly gain
Succeeded by a frown.

3

Then, though thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see;
The gracious hand that strikes the blow
Was wounded once for me.

548. L. M. Bowring.

Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.

Heb. xii. 6. Ps. cxix. 75.

WHEN disciplin'd by long distress,
And led thro' various paths of woe,
Say, dost thou love thy children less?
No, ever-gracious Father! no.

2

No distance can outreach thine eye,
No night obscure thine endless day:
Be this my comfort when I sigh,
Be this my safeguard when I stray.

549. L. M. Cotton.

Affliction Sanctified.

Ps. xciv. 12. cxix. 71. 75. Heb. xii. 6.

AMID these various scenes of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils;
And shall I murmur at my God,
When sov'reign love directs the rod?

2

Peace, rebel thoughts! I'll not complain:
My Father's smiles suspend my pain;
Smiles—that a thousand joys impart,
And pour the balm that heals the smart.

3

Though heav'n afflicts, I'll not repine;
Each heart-felt comfort still is mine;
Comforts—that shall o'er death prevail,
And journey with me through the vale.

4

Dear Jesus, smooth that rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day;
To milder skies, and lighter plains,
Where everlasting sunshine reigns.

550. C. M. Cowper's Guion.

Love Increased by Suffering.

Ps. xciv. 12. cxix. 71.

BEFORE the pow'r of love divine
Creation fades away,
Till only God is seen to shine
In all that we survey.

2

In gulphs of awful night, we find
The God of our desires;
'Tis there he stamps the yielding mind,
And doubles all its fires.

3

Flames of encircling love invest,
And pierce it sweetly through;
'Tis fill'd with sacred joy, yet press'd
With sacred sorrow too.

4

Fresh causes of distress occur
Where'er I look or move;
The comforts I to all prefer,
Are—solitude and love.

5

Exile, nor prison do I fear;
Love makes my courage great;
I find a Saviour ev'ry where,—
His grace in ev'ry state.

6

There, sorrow for his sake is found
A joy beyond compare;
There, no presumptuous thoughts abound;
No pride can enter there.

7

Nor castle walls, nor dungeons deep,
Exclude his quick'ning beams;
There I could sit, and sing, and weep,
And dwell on heav'nly themes.

551. C. M. Watts.

A Sight of Heaven in Sickness.

Ps. xciv. 12. cxix. 71.

OFT have I sat in secret sighs,
To feel my flesh decay!
Then groan'd aloud, with frighted eyes,
To view the tott'ring clay.

2

But I forbid my sorrows now;
Nor dares the flesh complain:
Diseases bring their profit too,—
The joy o'ercomes the pain.

3

My cheerful soul, now, all the day
Sits waiting here, and sings:
Looks through the ruins of her clay,
And practises her wings.

4

Faith almost changes into sight,
While, from afar, she spies
Her fair inheritance, in light,
Above created skies.

552. C. M. WATTS.

Happy Frailty.

2 Cor. v. 1—8.

"HOW meanly dwells th' immortal mind!
How vile these bodies are!
Why was a clod of earth design'd
T' enclose a heav'nly star!

2

Weak cottage, where our souls reside!
This flesh, a tott'ring wall!
With frightful breaches gaping wide,
The building bends to fall.

3

Around it storms of trouble blow,
And waves of sorrow roll;
Cold waves and winter storms beat thro',
And pain the tenant-soul.

4

Alas! how frail our state!" said I,
And thus went mourning on;
Till, darting from the cleaving sky,
A gleam of glory shone.

5

My spirit felt the glory come,
And breath'd her native air;
Then she remember'd heav'n her home,
And she a pris'ner here.

6

Straight she began to change her key;
And, joyful in her pains,
She sung the frailty of her clay
In pleasurable strains.

7

"How weak the prison where I dwell!
Flesh but a tott'ring wall!
The breaches cheerfully foretel
The house must shortly fall.

8

No more, my friends, shall I complain,
Though all my heart-strings ache;
Welcome disease, and ev'ry pain
That makes the cottage shake.

9

Now let the tempest blow around;
Now swell the surges high;
And beat this house of bondage down,
To let the stranger fly.

10

I have a mansion built above,
By the eternal hand:
And should the earth's old basis move,
My heav'nly house must stand."

553. C. M. HEGINBOTHOM.

Comfort in Sickness.

Ps. xli. 3.

WHEN sickness shakes the languid frame,
Each dazzling pleasure flies;
Phantoms of bliss no more obscure
Our long-deluded eyes.

2

Then the tremendous arm of death
Its fatal sceptre shows;
And nature faints beneath the weight
Of complicated woes.

3

The tott'ring frame of mortal life
Shall crumble into dust;
Nature shall faint; but learn, my soul,
In nature's God to trust.

4

He whose believing heart is fix'd
Securely on his God,
From ev'ry frown may draw a joy,
And kiss the chast'ning rod.

5

Nor him shall death itself alarm;
On heav'n his soul relies;
With joy he views his Saviour's love,
And with composure dies.

554. C. M. TOPLADY.

Sickness Sweetened.

Ps. civ. 34.

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond the cage,
And long to fly away:—

2

Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above:—

3

Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own:—

4

Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suff'ring paid:—

5
Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quick'ning breath :—
6
Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend :—
7
Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.
8
If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be;
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee!

555. 8.7. 8.7. 4.7. S. PEARCE.

Sweet Affliction.—A Song in a Storm.

Ps. xciv. 12. civ. 34. cxix. 71.

IN the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,
Jesus whispers consolation,
And supports my fainting soul:
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord.
2
Thus the lion yields me honey;
From the eater food is giv'n:
Strengthen'd thus, I still press forward,
Singing, as I wade to heav'n,—
Sweet affliction!
And my sins are all forgiv'n.
3
'Mid the gloom, the vivid lightnings
With increasing brightness play;
'Mid the thorn-brake, beauteous flow'rets
Look more beautiful and gay:
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!
4
So, in darkest dispensations
Does my gracious Lord appear,
With his richest consolations,
To re-animate and cheer:
Sweet affliction!
Thus to bring my Saviour near.
5
Floods of tribulation heighten;
Billows still around me roar:
Those that know not Christ ye frighten;
But *my* soul defies your pow'r:
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord.
6
In the sacred page recorded,
Thus his word securely stands:
"Fear not, I'm, in trouble, near thee;
Nought shall pluck thee from my hands."
Sweet affliction!
Ev'ry word my love demands.
7
All I meet, I find assists me
In my path to heav'nly joy;
Where, though trials now attend me,
Trials never more annoy:
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

556. JERVIS.

Gratitude and Praise for Recovery from Sickness.

Ps. ciii. 2, 3. cxvi. 1. cxviii. 21.

HOW vast is the tribute I owe,
Of gratitude, homage, and praise,
To the Giver of all I possess,
The life and the length of my days!
2
Thou alone, the Great Author of all!
The faithful, unchangeable Friend!
Thou alone all our griefs canst remove,
Thou alone from all sorrows defend.
3
When the ills I foreboded were come,
I pour'd out my sighs and my tears;
And to him who alone can relieve
My soul breath'd its vows and its pray'rs.
4
When my heart throbb'd with anguish and [pain,
When paleness my cheek overspread,
When sickness pervaded my frame,
Then my soul on my Maker was stay'd.
5
When death's awful image was nigh,
And no mortal was able to save,
Thou didst brighten the valley of death,
And illumine the gloom of the grave.

6

In mercy, thy presence dispels
The shades of affliction's dark night ;
And turns the sad scene of despair
To a morning of joy and delight.

7

Great Source of my comforts restor'd !
Thou healer and balm of my woes !
Thou hope and desire of my soul !
On thy mercy I'll ever repose.

8

How boundless the gratitude due
To thee, O thou God of my praise !
The fountain of all I possess,
The life and the light of my days !

557. C. M. WATTS.

Prayer for Zeal, after Recovery from Sickness.

WHEN death and everlasting things
Approach and strike the sight,
The soul unfolds itself, and brings
Its hidden thoughts to light :

2

The timid Christian speaks for God,
With courage owns his name ;
And spreads the Saviour's grace abroad,—
The zeal subdues the shame.

3

Lord, shall my soul again conceal
Her faith—if death retire?
Shall shame subdue the lively zeal,
And quench th' ethereal fire ?

4

Oh ! may my thoughts for ever keep
The grave and heav'n in view ;
Lest, if my zeal and courage sleep,
My lips grow silent too.

558. 10 8s.

On a Sudden and Afflictive Providence.

Prov. xxvii. 1.

THOUGH the worn mariner prevail,
When tempest-tost on many a wave ;
The stream that ripples through the vale
May be the cotter's wat'ry grave :
Though age his shatter'd bark may buoy,
Amid the tempest of disease ;
The skiff of youth, and health, and joy,
May sink beneath the softest breeze :
Youth bears no talisman to charm ;
Nor health, the conqu'ror to disarm.

2

Though all creation round thee smile,
Wait for thy change in solemn fear ;
Lest Satan blind thy soul the while,
And death, when least in thought, be near :
Happy, if ready,—then, in love
The invitation will be giv'n,
From thorns below to thrones above,
" And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n :"—
The rivulets of life pass'd by,
Safe launch'd into eternity.

559. 8.8. 8.8. 8.9. 8.9.

LE BRETON'S SEL.

The Child of Sorrow.

IN youth's fair morn, when first I threw
My eyes across life's chequer'd road,
On airy pinions fancy flew ;
With gay delight my bosom glow'd ;
And while its varied sweets I shar'd,
And hope still promis'd bliss to-morrow,
I liv'd in ease, and little fear'd
I should become the child of sorrow.

2

But soon those transient visions fled,
And life's realities arose ;
Affliction, frowning o'er me, shed
Her bitter cup of mingled woes :
And oft, to hide the grief that prey'd
Upon my heart, a smile I'd borrow :
The starting tear the cheat betray'd,
And show'd me still the child of sorrow.

3

Though painful long the lesson prov'd,
'Twas salutary in the end :
My mind, from earthly joys remov'd,
With ardor sought a heav'nly Friend ;
Nor sought in vain ; for soon I found
Faith could discern a brighter morrow ;—
Calm resignation heal each wound,
And hope still cheer the child of sorrow.

4

What, though the tempest o'er me rise,
And threat'ning clouds around me lour ?
The Friend on whom my soul relies
Will guide me through each trying hour :
Still in his word will I confide,
And thence my sweetest comforts borrow :
He who has all my wants supplied
Will ne'er forsake the child of sorrow.

560. 8.6. 8.6. 8.8. CONDER.

The Poor Man's Consolation.

Luke vi. 20. Jam. ii. 5.

AS much have I of worldly good
As e'er my Master had;
I diet on as dainty food,
And am as richly clad, [board,
Though plain my garb, though scant my
As Mary's son, and nature's Lord.

2

As much the world's good-will I share,
Its favors and applause,
As He whose blessed name I bear,—
Hated without a cause;
Despis'd, rejected, mock'd by pride,
Betray'd, forsaken, crucified.

3

Why should I court my Master's foe?
Why should I fear its frown?
Why should I seek for rest below,
Or sigh for brief renown?—
A pilgrim to a better land,
An heir of joys at God's right hand.

561. D. L. M. M. LA SOURCE.

Translated by H. M. WILLIAMS.

A Prison Hymn.

Heb. xi. 36.

OH! calm the tumults that invade
Our souls, and lend thy pow'rful aid:
Great Source of mercy! soothe our pains,
And break—oh! break our cruel chains!
To Thee the captive pours his cry;
To Thee the mourner loves to fly:
The incense of our tears receive—
'Tis all the incense we can give.

2

Eternal Pow'r! our cause defend:
O God! of Innocence the friend!
With Thee for ever she resides;
In Thee for ever she confides:
Thou know'st the secrets of the breast;
Thou know'st th' oppressor and th' opprest:
O Lord! our wrongs with pity see,
While we, adoring, look to Thee!

562. 112th. DALE.

The Martyr to his Apostate Judge.

NO!—think not I can ever be
False to my Saviour's hallow'd name,
For aught that *thou* could'st offer me—
A little life—a little fame:
'Twere weak indeed, to lose for them
A bright, unfading diadem.

2

Hear, then, my firm resolve—and now
The guards, the racks, the flames prepare;
And brand me false and frail as thou,
If I retract or tremble there:
Go thou, thy bleeding Lord disown;
Be mine the faithful martyr's crown!

3

Aye, thou may'st smile,—but not in scorn,
Proud minion of a despot's will;
Thy direst vengeance have I borne,
And stand prepar'd to bear it still:
My pride, my glory it shall be
To die for Him who died for me!

4

And if one passing pang I feel,
Deluded crowd! 'tis felt for you:
Ev'n thus resolv'd the truth to seal,
I would that ye were martyrs too!
Blest Saviour!—Lord of earth and heav'n—
Oh! be their sins and mine forgiv'n!

563. 8.6. 8.6. 8.6. 8.8.6.

From KNOX.

The days of thy mourning shall be ended.

Is. lx. 20.

OH! weep not for the joys that fade
Like ev'ning lights away—
For hopes that, like the stars decay'd,
Have left thy mortal day;
For clouds of sorrow will depart,
And brilliant skies be giv'n;
And though on earth the tear may start,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart
Amid the bow'rs of heav'n.

2

Oh! weep not for the friends that pass
Into the lonesome grave,
As breezes sweep the wither'd grass
Along the restless wave;
For though thy pleasures may depart,
And darksome days be giv'n,—
And lonely though on earth thou art,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart
When friends rejoin in heav'n.

564. L. M. COWPER.

Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.

Matt. xviii. 20.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.

2

For thou, within no walls confin'd,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3

Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4

Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heav'n before our eyes.

565. L. M. BARBAULD.

Christian Friendship.

Ps. lv. 14. cxxxiii. 1.

HOW blest the sacred tie, that binds
In sweet communion kindred minds!
How swift the heav'nly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!

2

To each the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love! what holy fear!
How does the gen'rous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3

Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe;
Their ardent pray'rs together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4

Together they frequent the place
Where God reveals his smiling face:
How high, how strong their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

5

Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When nature droops her sick'ning fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heav'n of joy, a heav'n of love.

566. S. M. FAWCETT.

Christian Love.

Ps. cxxxiii. 1. John xiii. 34. 1 Pet. iii. 8.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Resembles that above.

2

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent pray'rs;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,—
Our comforts and our cares.

3

We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burthens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4

When we are call'd to part,
It gives us mutual pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5

This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6

From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

567. C. M. SWAIN.

Christian Love.

Ps. cxxxiii. 1. John xiii. 34. 1 Pet. iii. 8.

HOW sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil his word:—

2

When each can feel his brother sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart:—

3
When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love:—
4
When love, in one delightful stream,
Through ev'ry bosom flows;
And union sweet, with dear esteem,
In ev'ry action glows.
5
Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heav'n, that finds
His bosom glow with love.

568. S. M. BEDDOME.

Ye are all one in Christ Jesus.

Gal. iii. 28.

LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread:
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.
2
Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.
3
Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
And ev'ry heart is love.

569. 7s. C. WESLEY.

The Harmony of Love.

Eph. v. 2. Col. ii. 2.
1 Pet. iii. 8.

LORD, subdue our selfish will;
Each to each our tempers suit,
By thy modulating skill,
Heart to heart, as lute to lute.
2
Sweetly on our spirits move;
Gently touch the trembling strings;
Make the harmony of love
Music for the King of kings!

570. 148th. MONTGOMERY.

Christian Unity.

Ps. cxxxiii.

HOW beautiful the sight
Of brethren who agree
In friendship to unite,
And bonds of charity:
'Tis like the precious ointment shéd
O'er all his robes from Aaron's head.
2
'Tis like the dew that fills
The cups of Hermon's flow'rs,
Or Zion's fruitful hills,
Bright with the heav'nly show'rs,
When mingling odors breathe around,
And glory rests on all the ground.
3
For there the Lord commands
Blessings, a boundless store,
From his unsparing hands—
Yea, life for evermore:
Thrice happy they who meet above,
To spend eternity in love!

571. 7.6. 7.6. D.

S. M. WARING.

Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!

Ps. cxxxiii.

WHILE earth-born strifes are swelling,
How cheering to behold
Peace, love, and concord dwelling
In God's own gather'd fold!
Though climes or names may sever,
Though wide the pasture spread,
That flock is one, for ever,
In its immortal Head.
2
What spicy odors, blended,
O'er Aaron's locks were roll'd!—
O'er Aaron's robes descended,
Down to the fringing gold!
But there are sweets more holy
Than eastern groves may yield;
Or laden gales waft slowly
From Sheba's fragrant field.

3

Perfum'd with costlier treasure,
Our Priest anointed prays:
'Twas pour'd beyond all measure
On Him of endless days:
His people, too, shall share it;
For still it downward flows:
His robe, whoe'er may wear it,
Sheds sweetness as it goes.

4

As blooms the lowly flower,
On Hermon's mighty side;
And drinks the dew's soft shower,
To distant plains denied—
They bloom, a home possessing
Where Zion's summits soar:
For there—there rests the blessing—
Ev'n life for evermore.

572. 11. 11. 10. 10. 10. 10.

FROM THE DUTCH.

Christian Union.

Ps. cxxxiii. 1.

HOW sweet to see the joy-conferring union
Of friends and brothers bound in fond communion!
Who not by force of birth or blood alone,
But by their mutual sympathies are known;
And ev'ry heart and ev'ry mind relies
On the endearments of fraternal ties.

2

Oh! blest abode, where love is ever vernal;
Where tranquil peace and concord are eternal;
Where none usurp or seek the highest claim,
But each, in love, asserts the others' fame:
Oh! what are all earth's joys, compar'd to thee—
Lovely, fraternal unanimity!

573. 8.8. 8.8. 7.7. 7.7.

REV. T. GRINFIELD.

What are meetings, here, but partings?

WHAT are meetings, here, but partings?
What are ecstasies, but smartings?
Unions what, but separations?
What attachments, but vexations?
Ev'ry smile but brings its tear,
Love its ache, and hope its fear;
All that's sweet must bitter prove;
All we hold most dear—remove!

2

Foes may harm us; but the dearest,
Ever, here, are the severest:
Sorrows wound us; but we borrow
From delight the keenest sorrow:
'Tis to love our farewells owe
All their emphasis of woe:
Most it charms that most annoys;
Joys are griefs, and griefs are joys!

3

Heav'nward rise!—'tis Heav'n, in kindness,
Mars our bliss, to heal our blindness;
Hope from vanity to sever;
Off'ring joys that bloom for ever,
In that amaranthine clime,
Far above the tears of time,
Where nor fear nor hope intrude,
Lost in pure beatitude!

574. 6.5. 6.5. 6.6. 6.5.

ALARIC A. WATTS.

When shall we meet again?

WHEN shall we meet again?—
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreathe her chain
Round us for ever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows
In this dark vale of woes,—
Never—no, never!

2

But where no storms can chill,—
Friends ne'er deceive us;
Where, with protracted thrill,
Hope cannot grieve us:—
There, with the pure in heart,
Far from sin's venom'd dart,
There we may meet, to part
Never—no, never!

575. 8.7. 8.7. T. G.

The Christian Pilgrimage cheered by the Star of Hope.

THO' trav'lling through a wilderness,
Where duty's call divides us,—
Though many a wintry storm distress,—
The star of hope shall guide us.

2

And this shall cheer the lonely way,
And gild the gloom of sorrow;
And, through the shades of parting day,
Point to a brighter morrow.

3

Ev'n should this star be clouded here,
And should we meet—ah! never,
The transient joys of life to share,—
'Twill not be dimm'd for ever.

4

No!—we shall meet, though parted here,
To part again—oh, never!
But, joyful, with our Saviour there
To spend a long for ever!

576. 7s. NEWTON.

A Parting Hymn.

AS the sun's enliv'ning eye
Shines in ev'ry place the same,
So the Lord is always nigh
To the souls that love his name.

2

For a season call'd to part,
Let us, then, ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever present Friend.

3

Jesus, hear our humble pray'r,
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep;
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

4

In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten ev'ry cross and pain:
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

577. S. S. S. 4.

The Farewell.

Acts xx. 25. 38.

WHEN the sad, parting word we hear,
That seems of past delights to tell,
Who then, without a sacred tear,
Can say Farewell?

2

And are we ever doom'd to mourn
That ev'n our joys may lead to pain?
Alas! the rose without a thorn
We seek in vain.

3

Yet hope may charm our grief away,
And pour her animating strain,
That friends belov'd—some future day
Shall meet again.

4

While friendship weeps, her aid she lends
The deep-inflicted wound to heal;
And calms the sorrow which attends
The last farewell.

578. S. S. S. 3. MISS E. M.

The Hope of Christian Friendship, in the Anticipation of Parting.

WHY do we shed the silent tear,
That kindred minds, no longer near,
Perhaps no more shall mingle here
Together?

2

Ere bow'd beneath affliction's rod,
The peaceful paths of life we trod,
And journey'd to the house of God
Together.

3

No separate wish our thoughts employ'd,
No separate care our bliss alloy'd,
Ever we sorrow'd or enjoy'd
Together.

Social Meetings.

4

Let not that gentle heart repine,
Inestimably dear to mine,
Should heav'n no more our lot assign
Together.

5

We have a fairer home on high,
Where we shall dwell for ever nigh,
And spend a blest eternity
Together.

579. 8.7. 8.8. T. MOORE.

Meeting of Christian Friends in Heaven.

OH! 'tis sweet to think—hereafter,
When the spirit leaves this sphere,
Love, with deathless wings, shall waft her
To those she long hath mourn'd for here.

2

Hearts from which 'twas death to sever,
Eyes the world can ne'er restore,
There, more warm, more bright than ever,
Shall meet us, and be lost no more.

580. 112th. MISS BOWLES.

The Hope of Christian Friendship, in the Anticipation of Parting.

'TIS sweet to think—'tis passing sweet,
That friends, long-sever'd friends, shall meet;
That kindred souls, on earth disjoin'd,
Shall meet from earthly dross refin'd,
Their mortal cares and frailties o'er,
And mingle hearts, to part no more.

2

But for this hope, this blessed stay,
When earthly comforts fade away,
Oh! who could view th' expiring eye,
Nor wish with those they love to die?
Who could receive their parting breath,
Nor long to follow them in death?

3

But we have brighter hopes—we know
How short this pilgrimage of woe:
We know that our Redeemer lives;
We trust the promises he gives;
And part, in hope to meet above,
Where all is joy, and all is love.

Circumstances of Public and National Interest.

581. C. M. BODEN.

For Societies for the Relief of the Distressed.

Job xxix. 13. Ps. xvi. 2, 3. cxvi. 12.

BRIGHT Source of everlasting love!
To thee our souls we raise;
And to thy sov'reign bounty rear
A monument of praise.

2

Thy mercy gilds the path of life
With ev'ry cheering ray;
Kindly restrains the rising tear,
Or wipes that tear away.

3

When, sunk in guilt, our souls approach'd
The borders of despair;
Thy grace, through Jesus' blood, proclaim'd
A free salvation near.

4

What shall we render, bounteous Lord,
For thy benignity?
The goodness sinful worms can yield
Extendeth not to thee.

5

To tents of woe, to beds of pain,
Our cheerful feet repair;
And with the gifts thy hand bestows
Relieve the mourner's there.

6

The widow's heart shall sing for joy;
The orphan shall be glad:
And hung'ring souls we'll gladly point
To Christ, the living bread.

582. 8.8. 8.8. 10.10.

STOCKPORT COL.

Charity.

1 Cor. xiii.

AWAKE the soft, harmonious lays!
And let the sweetest songs arise!
'Tis heav'n-born charity we praise,
The source of all our earthly joys:
Hail, charity! what heart but glows with thee—
Bright emanation of the Deity!

2

Compassion's voice salutes the ear,
Hark! how she pours the gentle sigh:
How softly steals the lucid tear
From sympathizing pity's eye!
Hail, charity! what heart but glows with thee—
Bright emanation of the Deity!

3

To thee the widow's cheerful song,
With joy, the grateful tribute pays:
To thee the helpless orphan's tongue
Aspires in artless notes of praise
Hail, charity! what heart but glows with thee—
Bright emanation of the Deity!

583. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Good Samaritan.

Luke x. 30—37.

FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
All-pow'rful, from above;
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2

Oh! may our sympathizing breasts
That gen'rous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3

When the most helpless sons of grief
In deep distress are laid;
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4

So Jesus look'd on dying man,
When thron'd above the skies;
And, 'midst th' embraces of his God,
He felt compassion rise.

5

On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground;
And shed the richest of his blood,
A balm for ev'ry wound.

584. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Relieving Christ in his Members.

Matt. xxv. 35—40. Ps. xvi. 2, 3.

JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties, how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum!
How pay the mighty debt!

2

High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine:
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine!

3

But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace;
Whose humble names thou wilt confess
Before thy Father's face.

4

In them thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,
And visited and cheer'd;
And in their accents of distress,
My Saviour's voice is heard.

585. EDMESTON.

Relieving Christ in his Members.

Ps. xvi. 2, 3. Matt. xxv. 35—40.

THE willow that droops by the side of the river,
And drinks all its life from the stream that flows by,
In return, spends that life in the cause of the giver,
And shadows the stream from the heat of the sky.

2

My Saviour, my God, it is thou,—I adore thee!—
Yes, thou art this life-giving fountain to me:
But I am all weakness—a suppliant before thee;
I cannot return this protection to thee.

3

But ah! thou hast many a lov'd one, in sorrow,
Who wanders along this bleak world all alone:
For such, from the good thou hast sent, would I borrow;
And this my Redeemer will graciously own.

586. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Providing a Heavenly Treasure.

Luke xii. 33.

THESE mortal joys, how soon they fade!
How swiftly pass away!
The dying flow'r reclines its head,
The beauty of a day.

2

But there are joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store;
Treasure, beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

3

To that my rising soul aspires,
Secure to find her rest;
And glories in such wide desires,
Of all her wish possess'd.

4

The seeds, which piety and love
Have scatter'd here below,
In the fair, fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.

5

The mite my willing hands can give
At Jesus' feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
And heav'n at large repay.

587. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

For Sunday Schools.

WITHIN these walls be peace,
Love through our borders found;
In all our little palaces
Prosperity abound.

2

God scorns not humble things:
Here, though the proud despise,
The children of the King of kings
Are training for the skies.

588. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Appeal from Poor Children.

FRIENDS of the poor, the young, the weak,
Regard our humble train;
Compassion at your hands we seek:—
Shall *children* plead in vain?

2

Were you not children once?—Renew
The time when young as we:
Think of the friends that nourish'd you,
And hearken to our plea.

3

Are there not feelings from above,
In ev'ry heart, that reign?
The pulse, the voice, the look of love:—
Shall *nature* plead in vain?

4

Have you no dear ones round your hearth,
As weak and young as we?
Think—if like ours had been their birth,
Could you resist their plea?

5

Have you not known a Saviour's grace,
For man's redemption slain?
Behold that Saviour in our place:—
Shall *Jesus* plead in vain?

6

No!—by his early griefs and tears,
When poor and young as we,—
By all his woes in after years,
Accept your Saviour's plea.

589. L. M. HEGINBOTHOM.

National Mercies.

Ps. xxxiii. 12. cxliv. 15.

THRICE happy nation! where the Lord
The banners of his love displays;
Reveals the secrets of his word,
And gives the blessings of his grace.

2

Around our coasts, by thy command,
The seas, a mighty bulwark, roar:
Our mightier bulwark is thy hand;
Thy hand defends our favor'd shore.

3

Still let the Lord on Britain smile,
While we with grateful hearts adore;
Nor ever leave his chosen isle
Till time and nature are no more.

590. L. M. WATTS.

National Thanksgiving.

Numb. xxiii. 23. 2 Cor. i. 10.

INFINITE God, thy counsels stand,
Like mountains of eternal brass;
Pillars to prop our sinking land,
Or guardian rocks to break the seas.

2

Part of thy church, by thy command,
Stands rais'd upon the British isles;
"There," said the Lord, "to ages stand,
Firm as the everlasting hills."

3

In vain the Spanish ocean roar'd;
Its billows swell'd against our shore:
Its billows sunk beneath thy word,
With all the floating war they bore.

4

Beneath the senate and the throne,
Engines of dreadful thunder lay;
There, the dark deeds of fire were sown,
To spring a bright, but dismal day.

5

Thy love beheld the black design,
Thy love, that guards our island round;
Strange! how it quench'd the fiery mine,
And crush'd the tempest underground.

SECOND PART.

6

Assume, my tongue, a nobler strain,
Sing the new wonders of the Lord;
The foes revive their pow'rs again;
Again they die beneath his sword.

7

"'Tis done!" they cried, and laugh'd aloud,
The courts of darkness rang with joy;
Th' old serpent hiss'd, and hell grew proud,
While Zion mourn'd her ruin nigh.

8

But lo! the great Deliv'rer sails,
Commission'd from Jehovah's hand!
And smiling seas and wishing gales,
Convey him to the longing land.

9

The happy day and happy year,
Both, in our new salvation meet:
The day that quench'd the burning snare,
The year that burnt th' invading fleet.

10

Now did thine arm, O God of hosts!
Now did thine arm shine dazzling bright;
The sons of might their hands had lost,—
The men of blood forgot to fight.

11

Brigades of angels lin'd the way,
And guarded WILLIAM to his throne:
There, ye celestial warriors, stay,
And make his palace like your own.

12

Then, mighty God, the earth shall know,
And learn the worship of the sky:
Angels and Britons join below
To raise their hallelujahs high.

591. S.7. 8.7. D. J. CROSSE.

National Thanksgiving and Prayer.

1 Tim. ii. 1, 2.

LORD of heav'n and earth and ocean,
Hear us from thy bright abode,
While our hearts, with deep devotion,
Own their great and gracious God:
Now, with joy we come before thee,
Seek thy face—thy mercies sing:
Lord of life and light and glory,
Guard thy church, and guide our king.

2

Health and ev'ry needful blessing
Are thy bounteous gifts alone;
Comforts undeserv'd possessing,
Here we bend before thy throne:
While the babe, the youth, the hoary,
Their united tribute bring,
Lord of life and light and glory,
Shield our isle, and save our king,

3

Thee, with humble adoration,
Lord, we praise for mercies past;
Still, to this most favor'd nation
May those mercies ever last:
Britons, then, through future story,
Songs of ceaseless praise shall sing:
Lord of life and light and glory,
Bless thy people—bless our king.

592. S.7. 8.7.4. COOPER.

The Britannia safely brought to Port.

Ps. cvii. 23—31.

MANY storms our ship has weather'd,
Many tempests shook her mast;
But the heav'nly hand that steers her,
Brings her safe to port at last:
Hallelujah!

2

Tell the haughty foe that threatens,
Britain's God still rules the seas;
He can raise the waves, or still them,
Sink or save, whene'er he please:
Hallelujah!

3

Oft has Britain bow'd before him,
Mourn'd her crimes, and sought her God
Oft the righteous pray'r has sav'd her;
Often stay'd th' uplifted rod:
Hallelujah!

4

Now again we'll crowd his temple,
Bow the knee before his throne;
Plead the mercy he has promis'd,—
Plead the name by which he's known:
Hallelujah!

5

Britain's God! ye shores resound it:
Let the name be echo'd round:
Shout it, ev'ry land and nation!
Fleets and armies, catch the sound!
Hallelujah!

593. C. M. STEELE.

Supplication in Time of Public Distress.

Joel i. 14, 15.

SEE, gracious God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

2

Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful pow'r display:
Yet mercy spares the guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3

Oh! turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace:
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

4

Then, should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear;
Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God, be near.

594. L. M. STEELE.

Supplication in Time of War.

Ps. xxviii. 9.

LORD, how shall wretched sinners dare
Look up to thy divine abode;
Or offer their imperfect pray'r
Before a just and holy God?

2

Bright terrors guard thine awful seat,
And dazzling glories veil thy face;
Yet mercy calls us to thy feet:
Thy throne is still a throne of grace.

3

Oh! may our souls thy grace adore;
May Jesus plead our humble claim,
While thy protection we implore,
In his prevailing, glorious name.

4

With all the boasted pomp of war,
In vain we dare the hostile field;
In vain, unless the Lord be there:
Thine arm alone is Britain's shield.

5

Let past experience of thy care
Support our hope, our trust invite:
Again attend our humble pray'r;
Again be mercy thy delight.

6

Oh! when shall time the period bring
When raging war shall waste no more:
When peace shall stretch her balmy wing
From Europe's coast to India's shore!

7

When shall the gospel's healing ray,—
Kind source of amity divine,—
Spread o'er the world celestial day?
When shall the nations, Lord, be thine?

595. L. M. STEELE.

The Divine Sovereignty over the Wars and Tumults of Nations.

Ps. xlvi. 9. lxv. 7. cxlvii. 14.

GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies!
A word of thine almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise:
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

2

When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult, reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter dyes the hostile plain!—

3

Thy sov'reign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their pow'r;
Thy law the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.

4

Then peace returns with balmy wing;
Sweet peace! with her what blessings fled!
Glad plenty laughs, the valleys sing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.

5

Thou good and wise and righteous Lord!
All move subservient to thy will;
And peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.

6

To thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection we implore:
Oh! may our hearts and lives and tongues
Confess thy goodness, and adore.

Circumstances of Public and National Interest.

596. 112th. STEELE.

Praise for the Return of Peace.

Ps. xlvi. 9. cxlvii. 14.

GREAT God, inspire our hearts and tongues
Thy wondrous goodness to proclaim;
And bid our animating songs
Glow with devotion's ardent flame:
To thee let favor'd Britain raise
Her sweetest notes of thankful praise.

2

Beneath the hostile, dreadful sword,
Has many a mourning patriot bled;
And many a mourning heart deplor'd
A friend—a son—a brother, dead:
The sword is sheath'd—ye Britons, raise
To God your grateful notes of praise.

3

The horrors of the bloody field,
Which sadden'd vict'ry's fairest plume,
To scenes of pleasure now shall yield;
And peace her gentle reign resume:
To God, ye favor'd Britons, raise
Your sweetest notes of thankful praise.

4

Kind peace! from thy propitious smiles
What num'rous, various blessings flow!
Great God! to thee these happy isles
Unnumber'd obligations owe:
The sword is sheath'd—ye Britons, raise
To God your thankful notes of praise.

5

Crown, gracious God, thy gifts of peace
With gifts yet nobler, more divine!
Oh, let thine all-prevailing grace
Make Britain more entirely thine!
Then shall our happy nation raise
Sublimer notes of thankful praise.

DEATH.

Various Views and Anticipations of Death.

597. 7s. COWPER.

Death Forgotten.

HE who sits from day to day
Where the prison'd lark is hung,
Heedless of his loudest lay,
Scarcely knows that he has sung.

2

Daily visitations come,
Publishing to all aloud,—
Soon the grave must be your home,
And your only suit a shroud.

3

But the monitory strain,
Oft repeated in our ears,
Seems to sound, alas! in vain,—
Wins no notice, wakes no fears.

4

Pleasure's call attention wins,
Hear it often as we may;
New as ever seem our sins,
Though committed ev'ry day.

5

Death and judgment, heav'n and hell,
These alone, so often heard,
No more move us than the bell
When some stranger is interr'd.

6

Oh! then, ere the turf or tomb
Cover us from ev'ry eye,
Spirit of instruction, come;
Make us learn that we must die.

598. L. M. HEGINBOTHOM.

It is high time to awake out of sleep.

Rom. xiii. 11, 12. Matt. xxv. 1—13.
1 Thes. v. 6.

AWAKE, awake, my sluggish soul;
Awake, and view the setting sun;
See how the shades of death advance,
Ere half the task of life is done.

2

Death! 'tis an awful, solemn sound;
Oh! let it wake the slumb'ring ear!
Apace the dreadful conqu'ror comes,
With all his pale companions near.

3

Blest Jesus! let this awful scene
Be ever present to my view:
Teach me to gird my loins about,
And trim my dying lamp anew.

4

Then, when the king of terror comes,
My soul will hail the happy day:
Then, come, my Saviour, from above,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay.

599. C. M. WATTS.

Death and Eternity:
A Meditation in a Burial-ground.

Job xiv. 10.

MY thoughts, that often mount the skies,
Go, search the world beneath;
Where nature all in ruin lies,
And owns her sov'reign—death.

2

The tyrant, how he triumphs here!
His trophies spread aronnd!
And heaps of dust and bones appear
Through all the hollow gronnd.

3

Those skulls, what ghastly figures now!
How loathsome to the eyes!
There are the heads we lately knew,
So beauteous and so wise.

4

But where the souls, those deathless things
That left their dying clay?
My thonghts, now stretch out all your wings,
And trace eternity.

5

Oh, that unfathomable sea!
Those deeps without a shore!
Where living waters gently play,
Or fi'ry billows roar.

6

And must we leave the banks of life,
And try this doubtful sea?
Vain are our groans and dying strife
To gain a moment's stay.

7

There we shall swim in heav'nly bliss,
Or sink in flaming waves;
While the pale carcase, thoughtless, lies
Among the silent graves.

8

"Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand;
Then, come the joyful day:
Come death, and some celestial band,
And bear my soul away."

600 C. M. H. K. WHITE.

The great Journey.

Job xvi. 22.

THROUGH sorrow's night and danger's path,
Amid the deep'ning gloom,
We soldiers of the King of kings
Are marching to the tomb.

2

There, when the cares of life are o'er,
And all our pow'rs decay,
Our cold remains, in solitude,
Shall sleep the years away.

3

Our labors donc, securely laid
In this our last retreat;
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

4

Yet not thus lifeless, in the grave,
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise,
To seek its kindred sky.

5

These ashes too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last trumpet sound, and break
The long and dreary sleep.

6

Then, love's soft dew o'er ev'ry eye
Shall shed its mildest rays;
And the long-silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.

601. C. M. STEELE.

Sin the Sting of Death.

1 Cor. xv. 56.

DEATH! 'tis a name with terror fraught;
It rends the guilty heart,
When conscience wakes remorseful thought
With agonizing smart.

2

'Tis guilt alone provokes the frown
Which all the soul alarms;—
Gives terror to the monarch's crown,
Aud conquest to his arms.

3

Dear Saviour! thy victorious love
Can all his force control;
Can bid the pangs of guilt remove,
And cheer the trembling soul.

4

Victorious love! thy wondrous pow'r
From sin and death can raise;
Can gild the dark, departing hour,
And tune its groans to praise.

5

Then shall the joyful spirit soar,
To life beyond the sky,
Where gloomy death can frown no more,—
Where guilt and terror die.

602. C. M. Susannah Harrison.

Faith the Antidote of Death.

Phil. i. 23. 2 Tim. i. 12.

HOW glorious is the gift of faith,
That cheers the darksome tomb;
And through the damp and noisome grave
Can shed a rich perfume!

2

Precious the faith that lifts the soul
Above desponding fear;
Joyful, in hope of heav'n her home,
And longing to be there!

603. L. M. Dale.

Hope in Death, through the Revelation of the Gospel.

1 Thes. iv. 13, 14. 2 Tim. i. 10.

SAGES of old bewail'd their birth;
And, shudd'ring, trac'd their future doom:
For all was wretchedness on earth,
And doubt and dread beyond the tomb:

2

Did woe their "life of life" consume,
Their melancholly strains express
No hope—but in eternal gloom,—
No rest—except in nothingness.

3

Not thus, when death itself appears,
The Christian dreads the stern decree:
Hope soars above this vale of tears,
And brightens in eternity.

604. 7.6 7.6. Bowring.

The righteous hath hope in his death.

Prov. xiv. 32.

WHAT, though o'er my mortal tomb
Clouds and mists be blending?
Sweetest hopes shall chase the gloom—
Hopes to heav'n ascending.

2

These shall be my stay, my trust,
Ever bright and vernal:
Life shall blossom from the dust—
Life and joy eternal.

605. C. M. Steele.

Desiring an Interest in the Saviour, in the Anticipation of Death.

WHEN death appears before my sight
In all his dire array,
Unequal to the dreadful fight,
My courage faints away.

2

How shall I meet this potent foe,
Whose frown my soul alarms?
Dark horror sits upon his brow,
And vict'ry waits his arms.

3

Oh, for the eye of faith divine,
To pierce beyond the grave!
To see that Friend, and call him mine,
Whose arm is strong to save.

606. C. M. Beddome.

Prayer in the Prospect of Death.

Numb. xxiii. 10.

IF I must die, oh! let me die,
Trusting in Jesus' blood;
That blood which cancels all our guilt,
And reconciles to God.

2

If I must die, then let me die
In peace with all mankind;
And change these fleeting joys below
For pleasures more refin'd.

3

If I must die,—and die I must,—
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear me on his friendly wing
To my celestial home.

4

Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
May I but have a view;
Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
I'll boldly venture through.

607. C. M. Collyer.

Surely the bitterness of death is past.

1 Sam. xv. 32.

WHEN bending o'er the brink of life,
My trembling soul shall stand;
Waiting to pass death's awful flood,
Great God, at thy command:—

2
When laden with the weight of years
This broken body lies;
When weeping friends surround my bed,
And close my sightless eyes:—
3
When ev'ry long-lov'd scene of life
Stands ready to depart;
When the last sigh that shakes the frame
Shall rend this bursting heart:—
4
Great Source of life and joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave!
5
Lay thy supporting, gentle hand
Beneath my sinking head;
And let a beam of love divine
Illume my dying bed.
6
Leaning on thy dear, faithful breast,
May I resign my breath;
And in thy soft embraces lose
"The bitterness of death."

608. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Support in Death.

Ps. xxiii. 4.

BEHOLD the gloomy vale,
Which thou, my soul, must tread,
Beset with terrors fierce and pale,
That leads thee to the dead.
2
Ye pleasing scenes, adieu!
Which I so long have known
My friends, a long farewell to you;
For I must pass alone.
3
And thou, beloved clay,
Long partner of my cares,
In this rough path art torn away,
With agony and tears.
4
But see, a ray of light,
With splendors all divine, [night,
Breaks through these doleful realms of
And makes its horrors shine.
5
Where death in darkness reigns,
Jehovah is my stay;
His rod my trembling feet sustains,
His staff defends my way.
6
Kind Shepherd, lead me on;
My soul disdains to fear:
Death's gloomy phantoms all are flown,
Since *life's* great Lord is near.

609. L. M. WATTS.

Death a Blessing to the Saints.

1 Cor. iii. 22. Phil. i. 21. Rev. xiv. 13.

HOW flesh and nature dread to die!
What tim'rous thoughts our minds enslave!
But grace can raise our hopes on high,
And calm the terrors of the grave.
2
What! shall we run to gain the crown,
Yet grieve to think the goal so near?
Afraid to have our labors done,
And finish this important war?
3
Do we not dwell in clouds below,
And little know the God we love?
Why should we love this twilight so,
When 'tis all noon in worlds above?
4
There shall we see him face to face;
There shall we know the Great Unknown;
And Jesus, with his glorious grace,
Shine in full light amidst the throne.
5
'Tis best—'tis infinitely best,
To go where tempters cannot come;
Where saints and angels, ever blest,
Dwell and enjoy their heav'nly home.
6
Oh! for a visit from my God,
To drive my fears of death away;
And help me through the darksome road,
To realms of everlasting day.

610. L. M. BOWRING.

To die is gain.

Phil. i. 21.

TO die in faith, is to begin
A life releas'd from care and sin:
'Tis the first step to bliss—a bliss
Unthought of in a world like this.
2
To die in hope, is to receive
The brightest prize that heav'n can give:
To enter on a scene of joy,
Time cannot damp, nor death destroy.

611. 148th. Evan. Mag.

Thou shalt sleep with thy fathers.

Deut. xxxi. 16.

COME, death, releas'd from dread,
Thy form would I survey;
And learn to sing of Him
Who took thy sting away:
Cheerful, I'll close my dying eyes,
And sleep till Jesus bid me rise.

2

'Twas Jesus, Prince of life,
Enter'd thy dark domains;
He slept in thine embrace,
And broke thine iron chains:
Cheerful, I'll close my dying eyes,
And sleep till Jesus bid me rise.

3

Though rough the path appears,
And toils the day employ;
The ev'ning shades draw on,
The time of rest is nigh:
Cheerful, I'll close my dying eyes,
And sleep till Jesus bid me rise.

4

This garment of the flesh
My soul shall soon lay down;
And wing her joyful way,
To bow before the throne:
Cheerful, I'll close my dying eyes,
And sleep till Jesus bid me rise.

612. L. M. Heginbothom.

The Christian's Triumph over Death.

1 Cor. xv. 57.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
Thy praise shall still employ my tongue;
For ever will I make thy love
The pleasing burthen of my song.

2

When in the shades of gloomy night,
Oppress'd with dark despair, I lay;
Thy grace upheld my fainting heart,
And chas'd my dismal fears away.

3

Cheer'd with thy light, the gloomy vale
Loses its horror and its gloom:
Thy grace can make ev'n death to smile,
And spread a glory round my tomb.

4

Thou king of dread! my faith and hope
Above thine utmost malice soar:
O death! where is thy mighty sting?—
Nor boast, O grave, thy vict'ry more.

5

Thanks to thy name, thou God of love!
To thee eternal thanks I give;
I'll still pursue the glorious theme
Long as a deathless soul can live.

6

Oh! could I join those shining hosts,
And strike those golden harps above!—
But I can never, never sing
In strains proportion'd to thy love!

613. L. M. Barbauld.

The different Aspects of Death, under varied Circumstances.

WHEN life as op'ning buds is sweet,
And golden hopes the fancy greet,
And youth prepares its joys to meet,—
Alas! how *hard* it is to die!

2

When we obtain some valued prize,
And duties press, and tender ties
Forbid the soul from earth to rise,—
How *painful* then it is to die!

3

When, one by one, those ties are torn,
And friend from friend is snatch'd forlorn,
And man is left alone to mourn,—
Ah! then, we often *wish* to die!

4

When faith is firm, and conscience clear,
And words of peace the spirit cheer,
And hope's bright scenes of heav'n appear—
'Tis *joy*, 'tis *triumph* then, to die!

614. 112th. Mrs. C. B. Wilson.

The Death-bed of a despairing Sinner.

Job xvii. 15. xxvii. 20. Prov. xi. 7.

THIS is the hour when nature owns
The last destroyer's sov'reign sway;
When, amid low, convulsive groans,
The spirit leaves its house of clay;
When, from the lips, by anguish worn,
The mingled cup of life is torn!

2

This is the hour when nature lies
Pow'rless beneath the grasp of death;
When all man's proudest energies
Wax fainter than an infant's breath;
And bursting hearts are stifling, there,
The grief the dying may not share!

3

Yon chamber—mark its darken'd shade—
That scarcely shows a gleam of day;
There,—on his couch of torture laid,
The sinner breathes his life away;
And mute attendants linger near,
The death-sigh of his heart to hear!

4

The pillow by affection's hand
Has oft been smooth'd—but smooth'd in vain;
And all that fortune can command
May try to lull the sense of pain;
But in his soul reigns dark despair,—
No seraph-voice speaks comfort there!

5

Though love approach with gentlest mein,
Once more, its soothing balm to shed;—
Though friendship's purest form is seen
Beside the dying sinner's bed;—
Yet, void of heav'n's sustaining arm,
Love cannot soothe, nor friendship charm!

6

"Oh, for *one* precious hour!"—he cries,
"But one brief hour of all I've lost,—
To fit my spirit for the skies,
Before the fatal gulf is cross'd,—
Grant me, oh! grant *one* hour," he cries,—
His first—last pray'r—the spirit flies!

615. C. M. WATTS.

The Presence of God worth dying for; or, the Death of Moses.

Deut. xxxii. 49, 50. xxxiv. 5.
1 Cor. iii. 22. Phil. i. 21.

LORD, 'tis an infinite delight
To see thy lovely face;
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
And feel thy vital rays.

2

This Gabriel knows, and sings thy name
With rapture on his tongue;
Moses the saint enjoys the same,
And heav'n repeats the song.

3

Thy love—a sea without a shore,
Spreads life and joy abroad:
Oh! 'tis a heav'n worth dying for,
To see a smiling God!

4

Show me thy face, and I'll away
From all inferior things;
Speak, Lord, and here I quit my clay,
And stretch my airy wings.

5

Sweet was the journey to the sky
The wondrous prophet tried! [die;"
"Climb up the mount," says God, "and
The prophet climb'd—and died.

6

Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breast;
His Maker kiss'd his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest.

616. L. M. BARBAULD.

The peaceful Death of the Righteous.

Ps. xxxvii. 37.

SWEET is the scene when "Christians" [die,
When holy souls retire to rest;
How mildly beams the closing eye!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2

So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3

Triumphant, smiles the victor's brow,
Fann'd by some guardian angel's wing:
O grave! where is thy vict'ry now?
And where, insidious death! thy sting?

617. 7. 7. 7. 5. BOWRING.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace.

Ps. xxxvii. 37.

MARK the righteous man, and see
Peace and joy his steps attend;
All his path is purity—
Happy is his end.

2

Come, and see his dying bed;
Peacefully his moments roll:
Angels hover round his head;
Heav'n receives his soul.

3

Come, and view his mortal grave;
Silence and repose are there:
Never more shall sorrow's wave
Wreck the slumberer.

618. C. M. WATTS.

The Welcome Messenger.

Gen. xlix. 33. Ps. xxxvii. 37.

LORD! when we see a saint of thine
Lie, gasping out his breath,
With longing eyes, and looks divine,
Smiling and pleas'd in death;

2

How we could ev'n contend to lay
Our limbs upon that bed;
And ask thine envoy to convey
Our spirits in his stead!

3

Our souls are rising on the wing,
To venture in his place;
For when grim death has lost his sting,
He has an angel's face.

4

Jesus! then purge my crimes away;
'Tis guilt creates my fears!
'Tis guilt gives death its fierce array,
And all the arms it bears.

5

Oh! if my threat'ning sins were gone,
And death had lost his sting;
I could invite the angel on,
And chide his lazy wing.

6

Away, these interposing days,
And let the lovers meet;
The angel has a cold embrace,
But kind, and soft, and sweet.

7

I'd leap at once my sev'nty years;
I'd rush into his arms;
And lose my breath, and all my cares,
Amid those heav'nly charms.

619. 7s. TOPLADY.

A Dying Believer to his Soul.

1 Cor. xv. 57.

DEATHLESS principle, arise!
Soar, thou native of the skies!—

S

Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought.

2

Burst thy shackles—drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away:
Singing, to thy crown remove;
Swift of wing, and fir'd with love!

3

Shudder not to pass the stream;
Venture all thy care on Him;
Him—whose dying love and pow'r
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar.

4

See the haven full in view!
Love divine shall bear thee through;
Weigh thine anchor, spread thy sail;
Trust to that propitious gale!

620. 7.6. 7.6. 7.7. CONDER.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.

Rev. xiv. 13.

CHRIST watches o'er the embers
Of all his faithful dead;
There's life for all the members
In him, the living Head:
Their dust he weighs and measures;
Their ev'ry atom treasures.

2

He, once a victor bleeding,
Slew death, destroy'd the grave;
Now thron'd, yet interceding,
He lives, thy soul to save:
He comes, O day of wonder!
The graves are rent asunder.

3

But oh, that vast transition!
How shall a creature dare
Gaze on the awful vision,
To find a Saviour there?
They whom he deigns to cherish
Shall never, never perish.

4

Their Saviour shall receive them,
From sin and death releas'd;
He shall, himself, present them
Before the Father, dress'd
In robes of spotless whiteness,
All beauty, joy, and brightness.

621. 10s. ROBY.

The Peaceful Death of a Christian.

Ps. xxxvii. 37.

HARK! on that sigh a soul has ris'n to rest:
Sweet was the smile that bade it burst to life;
A heav'n-born beam illum'd the dying breast,
And gently still'd its last, convulsive strife.

2

Attend, ye sons of wealth, and pomp, and pow'r;
Gaze on that form, and mark its heav'nly mien:
Your gayest looks, in pleasure's brightest hour,
Ne'er wore one feature of that bliss serene.

3

Death came not clad in form of fear, or pain,
But gently rose, his mission to fulfil,
Soft as the shadow stealing o'er the plain,—
Soft as the night-breeze dying on the hill!

4

Calm was the setting of that summer sun;
And round its throne still glory bursts on high:
Though veil'd awhile, its race is not yet run,—
It decks another, and a brighter sky.

622. L. M. WATTS.

Farewell to a Departed Believer.

FAREWELL, bright soul! a short farewell,
Till we shall meet again above,
In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell,
And trees of life bear fruits of love.

2

There, glory sits on ev'ry face;
There, friendship smiles in ev'ry eye;
There, shall our tongues relate the grace
That led us homeward to the sky.

3

O'er all the names of Christ our King
Shall our harmonious voices rove;
Our harps shall sound from ev'ry string
The wonders of his bleeding love.

4

Come, sov'reign Lord, dear Saviour! come;
Remove these separating days;
Send thy bright wheels to fetch us home,—
That golden hour, how long it stays!

623. 112th. DR. HUIE.

It is well.

2 Kings iv. 26.

O YE, who, with the silent tear
And sadden'd step, assemble here,
To bear these cold, these lov'd remains,
Where dark and cheerless silence reigns;
Your sorrows hush, your griefs dispel,
The Saviour lives,—and "all is well!"

2

Those eyes, indeed, are rayless now;
And pale that cheek, and chill that brow;
Yet could that lifeless form declare
The joys its soul is call'd to share,
How would those lips rejoice to tell,
The Saviour lives—and "all is well!"

624. C. M. STEELE.

On the Death of Friends.

WHILE to the grave our friends are borne.
Around their cold remains
How all the tender passions mourn,
And each fond heart complains!

2

But down to earth, alas! in vain
We bend our weeping eyes;
Ah! let us leave these seats of pain,
And upward learn to rise.

3

Hope smiles amid the deepest gloom,
And beams a healing ray;
And guides us from the darksome tomb
To realms of endless day.

4

Jesus, who left his blest abode,
(Amazing grace!) to die,
Mark'd, when he rose, the shining road
To his own courts on high.

5

When hope to those bright courts ascends,
The tears forget to flow;
Hope views our absent, happy friends,
And calms the swelling woe.

6

Then let our hearts repine no more,
That earthly comfort dies;
But lasting happiness explore,
And ask it from the skies.

625. 8s. ANON.

Funeral Hymn, for a Child.

Matt. xix. 14. Mark x. 14. Luke xviii. 16.

COME, children, and look at the grave
Where, low, your companion is laid;
And learn, that time's next rolling wave
May number us too with the dead.

2

In the morning of life we may die;
And we too may shortly be borne—
To the place where forgotten all lie,
From whence we can never return.

3

Is there nothing to comfort us then,
'Mid prospects so gloomy and drear?
Oh, yes!—the kind Saviour of men
In love and in pity draws near.

4

"Behold! little children," he cries,
"I come, dying sinners to save;
To wipe ev'ry tear from their eyes,
And ransom their dust from the grave.

5

There's room in the arms of my love
For all that are weary of sin;
There's room in the mansions above
For all that love me to come in."

6

Then let us to Jesus repair,
That friend who is mighty to save
Our souls from the gulph of despair,
And ransom our dust from the grave.

626. C. M. STEELE.

He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down.

Job xiv. 2. 1. Ps. xc. 5, 6. ciii. 15, 16.
Is. xl. 6—8. Jam. iv. 14. 1 Pet. i. 24.

LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour;—
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flow'r,
That ev'n in blooming dies.

2

Death spreads like winter's frozen arms,
And beauty smiles no more:
Ah! where are now those rising charms
Which pleas'd our eyes before?

3

The once lov'd form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And wither'd all her joys.

4

But wait the interposing gloom,
Behold! stern winter flies!
And drest in beauty's fairest bloom
The flow'ry tribes arise.

5

Hope looks beyond the bounds of time;
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

6

Cease then, fond nature, cease thy tears,—
Religion points on high;
There, everlasting spring appears,
And joys that cannot die.

627. C. M. STEELE.

On the Death of a Young Person.

WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

2

While pity prompts the rising sigh,
Oh! may this truth, imprest
With awful pow'r,—I TOO MUST DIE!—
Sink deep in ev'ry breast.

3

Let this vain world allure no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour,—
To-morrow, death may come.

4

The voice of this alarming scene
May ev'ry heart obey;
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5

Oh! let us fly—to Jesus fly,'
Whose pow'rful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

6

Great God, thy sov'reign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing pow'r;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

628. New 50th. EDMESTON.

On the Death of a Pious Child.

FULL many a flow'r is scatter'd by the breeze,
And many a blossom shaken from the trees,
And many a morning-beam in tempests flies,
And many a dew-drop shines awhile and dies;
But oft'ner, far, the dream that fancy weaves,
Of future joy and happiness, deceives.

2

Oh, see how soon the flow'rs of life decay!
How soon terrestrial pleasures pass away!
Yet mourn not, as of hope bereft, its doom;
Nor water with thy tears its early tomb:
This star of comfort, for a moment giv'n,
Just rose on earth, then set, to rise in heav'n.

3

On seraph-wings the new-born spirit flies
To brighter regions, and serener skies:
No ill can reach it now—it rests above,
Safe in the bosom of celestial love;
Beyond the reach of grief, or care, or pain;
Where perfect joy and deathless pleasures reign.

629. 112th. KNOX.

Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness.

Ps. lxxxviii. 18.

MY joys are fled—the transient dream,
That chain'd my heart to scenes below,
Is darken'd, like the ev'ning beam,
And leaves me in a night of woe,
To look, and long, and sigh—in vain,
To meet my much-lov'd friends again.

2

While here, like Gilead's drops of balm,
They heal'd the sorrows of my breast;
But earth has now no pow'r to calm
My spirit in forgetful rest—
Till I shall stretch me, side by side,
With those that lov'd me—and have died.

3

They died!—and, through a world of gloom,
Of with'ring grief, and chilling fear,
I journey onward to the tomb,
With scarce a wish to linger here;
But, with a prospect to rejoin
The friends belov'd, that once were mine

630. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Be still, and know that I am God.

Ps. xlvi. 10.

PEACE! 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand
That blasts our joys in death;
Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back the breath.

2

'Tis he, the Potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above,
Whose steady counsels wisely rule;
Nor from their purpose move.

3

'Tis he, whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice;
Yet scatters, with unwearied hand,
A thousand rich supplies.

4

Fair garlands of immortal bliss,
He weaves for ev'ry brow;
And shall rebellious passions rise,
When he corrects us now?

5

Silent, we own Jehovah's name;
We kiss the scourging hand;
And yield our comforts and our life
To thy supreme command.

631. C. M. WATTS.

Death of Kindred Improved.

MUST friends and kindred droop and die?
Must helpers be withdrawn?
While sorrow, with a weeping eye,
Counts up her comforts—gone?

2

Be thou our comfort, mighty God!
Our helper and our friend;
Nor leave us, in this dang'rous road,
Till all our trials end.

3

Oh, may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led!
While love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead.

4

Let us be wean'd from all below;
Let hope our grief dispel:
Death will invite our souls to go
Where our best kindred dwell.

632. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Comfort under the Loss of Ministers.

Josh. i. 2. 5.

NOW let our mourning hearts revive
And all our tears be dry; [grief,
Why should those eyes be drown'd in
Which view a Saviour nigh?

2

What, though the arm of conq'ring death
Ev'n God's own house invade?
What, though the prophet and the priest
Be number'd with the dead?

3

Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,—
The aged and the young,—
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
And mute th' instructive tongue;—

4

Th' Eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

5

"Lo! I am with you," saith the Lord,
"Your safeguard and your guide;
Your Saviour still—and happy they
Who in my love confide!"

6

Through ev'ry scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

633. C. M. DALE.

Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.

Numb. xxiii. 10.

DEAR as thou wert, and justly dear,
I would not weep for thee;
One thought shall check the starting tear,—
It is—that thou art free.

2

And thus shall faith's consoling pow'r
The tears of love restrain;
Oh! who that saw thy parting hour
Could wish thee here again!

3

Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustain'd by grace divine:
Oh! may such grace on me be shed,
And make my end like thine.

Funeral Occasions.

634. 8.8.4. 8.8.6. BOWRING.

Whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.

John xi. 26.

[shroud

THEY are not gone—whom death's dark
Has curtain'd from our mortal eye;
They are not gone:
Down to their bed of rest they bow'd—
It was their portal to the sky—
The pathway to their throne.

2

They cannot die—"whose spirits here
Were one with Christ, their living Head:"
They cannot die:
Though the time-wasted sepulchre,
In which their vestiges are laid,
Crumbled in dust may lie.

3

They are not dead—whose ashes fill
That melancholy house of clay:
They are not dead:
They live in brighter glory still,
Than ever cheer'd their earthly way,
Full beaming round their head.

635. 8.7. 8.7. COLLYER.

The Happiness of Departed Saints, the Consolation of Survivors.

Rev. xxi. 3, 4. 23. 25.

CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above.

2

While our silent steps are straying,
Lonely, through night's deep'ning shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.

3

Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never—never die!

4

Endless pleasure, pain excluding,
Sickness, there, no more can come;
There, no fear of woe, intruding,
Sheds o'er heav'n a moment's gloom.

THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE STATE.

Time and Eternity.

636. 7.6. 7.6. 7.7. 7.6. BURTON.

The Flight of Time, and the Brevity of Life.

Job vii. 6. ix. 25, 26. Ps. cii. 11. cxliv. 4.

TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb:
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclos'd in death's cold arms.

2

Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb:
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty, soon, above;
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

637. L. M. STEELE.

The Shortness of Time, and the Frailty of Man.

Ps. xxxix.

ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days!
Teach me to know how frail I am,—
To spend the remnant to thy praise.

2

My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears:
How frail, at best, is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3
Vain his ambition, noise, and show!
Vain are the cares which rack his mind!
He heaps up treasures, mix'd with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.
4
Oh, be a nobler portion mine!
My God! I bow before thy throne:
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.

638. 8.7. 8.7. 7.7. KELLY.

What is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.

Jam. iv. 14. Ps. cxliv. 4.

WHAT is life? 'tis but a vapor;
Soon it vanishes away:
Life is but a dying taper:
O my soul, why wish to stay?
Why not stretch thy wings, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy!
2
See that glory!—how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints:
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns, the King of saints:
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.
3
Joyful crowds, his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love:
While his glorious praise, resounding,
Fills the blissful courts above:
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

639. 8.6. 8.6. 8.8. JANE TAYLOR.

What is your life?

Jam. iv. 14. Is. xl. 6—8.

OH! what is life?—'Tis like a flow'r
That blossoms—and is gone:
It flourishes its little hour,
With all its beauty on:—
Death comes—and, like a wintry day,
It cuts the lovely flow'r away.
2
Oh! what is life?—'Tis like the bow
That glistens in the sky:
We love to see its colors glow—
But while we look they die:
Life fails as soon: to-day 'tis here—
To-morrow it may disappear.
3
Lord, what is life?—If spent with thee,
In humble praise and pray'r,
How long or short our life may be,
We feel no anxious care:
Though life depart, our joys shall last
When life and all its joys are past.

640. 6.4. 6.4. MRS. FRY.

The Swiftness of Time, and the Trials of Life, terminate in the Christian's Joy.

2 Cor. iv. 17.

WHAT though the moments fly?
Mourn not their speed;
Sweet shall thy portion be
Whither they lead.
2
Though sorrow count the hours,
Hoping the last,
Let not thy spirits faint
Ere they be past.
3
Smile when the moments fly—
Smile when they stay—
Life's longest, shortest night
Closes in day.

641. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow.

Prov. xxvii. 1. Jam. iv. 13—16.

TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodg'd in thy sov'reign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.
2
The present moment flies,
And bears our life away:
Oh! make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
3
Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thine almighty pow'r,
The aged and the young.

4

One thing demands our care;
Oh, be it still pursued!
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.

5

To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light;
Lest life's young, golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

642. 8.7. 8.7.

Take no thought for the morrow.

Matt. vi. 34.

CARE no longer for the morrow;
Ask not what it will bestow:
Haply it conceals a sorrow
Better we should never know.

2

But should unexpected pleasure
From succeeding moments rise,
Doubly sweet would be the treasure—
Doubly welcome the surprise.

643. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Give glory to the Lord your God, before he cause darkness.

Jer. xiii. 16. John ix. 4. xii. 35.

THE swift, declining day,
How fast its moments fly!
While ev'ning's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.

2

Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light;
For know, its Maker can command
An instantaneous night.

3

His word blots out the sun,
In its meridian blaze;
And cuts from smiling, vig'rous youth
The remnant of its days.

4

Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the whirling sphere;
Submissive, at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.

5

Then shall new lustre break
Through all the horrid gloom;
And lead you to unchanging light,
In your celestial home.

644. 8.8. 8.8. 9.9. MISS TUCK.

This is not your rest.

Mic. ii. 10.

THE soul, immortal and sublime,
Was never form'd to rest on earth;
No—it shall spurn the wrecks of time,
Exulting in its loftier birth:
Rejoicing in a nobler union,
Where spirits hold sublime communion.

2

This world, in all its glories drest,—
Its riches, honors, pow'r, and fame,
With all it reckons dear and blest,—
Must vanish as a baseless dream;
Fleeting as those bright hues, adorning
The earliest visits of the morning.

3

How beautiful the vernal day!
Its mingling tints and flow'rets bloom:
How dear is autumn's chasten'd ray!
How peaceful ev'ning's sweet perfume!
But while we fondly stay, admiring,
The transient beauties are expiring!

4

Friendship with kindred souls how dear!
The kindling interchange of mind,—
Affection's precious smile, or tear,—
And sympathy, for ever kind:
Death shows his soul-appalling token—
Life's sweetest charm at once is broken!

5

Who has not felt the restless glow—
The wish—the feeling undefin'd—
For something still—unknown below,
To satisfy th' immortal mind?
To more enduring joys aspiring,—
A brighter, "better world desiring?"

6

The soul, immortal and sublime,
Was never form'd to rest on earth;
No—it shall spurn the wrecks of time,
Exulting in its heav'nly birth:
Rejoicing in a nobler union,
Where spirits hold sublime communion.

645. L. M. BOWRING.

The Present and the Future Compared.

WHILE days and weeks pass gently by,
How little do we deem that these
Are germs of immortality—
The buds of mightiest destinies!

2

Time's visions are but treachery,
Soon wreck'd on dark oblivion's wave;
Its paths, however bright they be,
Lead to one common spot—the grave.

3

A higher destiny is mine,
And brighter hopes, and holier cares;—
Thoughts, stretching on to joys divine:
Hours, pregnant with eternal years!

4

My thoughts ascend above the earth,
And seek their primal, high abode,—
The country of their heav'nly birth—
The glorious paradise of God!

646. C. M. STEELE.

The Vanities of Time, compared with unseen Realities.

2 Cor. iv. 18.

HOW long shall earth's alluring toys
Detain our hearts and eyes;
Regardless of immortal joys,
And strangers to the skies?

2

These transient scenes will soon decay;
They fade upon the sight;
And quickly will their brightest day
Be lost in endless night.

3

Their brightest day, alas, how vain!
With conscious sighs we own;
While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain,
O'ershade the smiling noon.

4

Oh! could our thoughts and wishes fly—
Above these gloomy shades,
To those resplendent worlds on high
Which sorrow ne'er invades!—

5

There, joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospect rise,
Unconscious of decay.

647. 7 8s.

From the Spanish: translated by BOWRING.

The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.

2 Cor. iv. 18.

THE glorious things of heav'nly birth
Unchang'd, eternal, shall remain;
While the most steadfast things of earth
Are all unstable—trembling—vain:—
The sport of mutability,
The things of earth, though fair they be,
Will fade and perish speedily.

2

The things we see above are bright,
Unfading, pure, and beautiful;
While all below is dark as night,—
Unintellectual, selfish, dull:
I know not what the senses see
To wean us from eternity,
To scenes that fade so speedily.

3

The spirit has its native seat
In the celestial heights above;
Earth is its prison—its retreat,—
Where, lost in mists, 'tis doom'd to rove:
Feeble and dim, and tremblingly,
Man wanders on, perplex'd to be
'Mid things of earth, that fade and flee.

4

The things of earth are like a river,—
A summer river, swiftly dry;
The things above endure for ever,—
Their ocean is immensity:
There, streams of joy, which ne'er shall be
Exhausted, roll eternally;
And thither let our spirits flee.

648. 5 7s. BOWRING.

The Aspect of Immortality to the Christian.

Rom. ii. 7.

ROUND us, o'er us, is there aught
Which can fill our highest thought?
Aught which may deserve to be
With our noblest aims inwrought?
Yes! 'tis Immortality!

2

Is there, when around the soul
All the waves of trouble roll,—
Is there aught, whose energy
Can that rolling tide control?
Yes! 'tis Immortality!

3

Whither may the soul repair,
When the blast of worldly care
Snaps the flow'r, and blights the tree?
Where is comfort?—tell me where,
But in Immortality!

4

Immortality shall cheer
All my path, however drear;
Still its holy light shall be
Sunshine, blessed sunshine, here:
Welcome, Immortality!

649. 12. 11. 12. 11. PARKEN.

To-morrow.

HOW sweet to the heart is the thought of to-morrow,
When hope's lively pictures bright glories display!
How sweet, when we can from futurity borrow
A balm for the griefs that afflict us to-day.

2

When six days of labor, each other succeeding,
With hurry and toil have my spirit oppress'd;
What pleasure to think, as the last is receding,
To-morrow will be a sweet sabbath of rest!

3

And when the vain shadows of time are retiring,—
When life is fast fleeting, and death is in sight,—
The Christian, believing, exulting, expiring,
Beholds a to-morrow of endless delight.

650. 7. 6. 7. 6. EDMESTON.

The Prospect of a Happy Eternity, a Balm for the Sorrows of Time.

2 Cor. iv. 17, 18.

WHEN all that most we cherish'd
Of earthly joys is gone;
When all we lov'd has perish'd,
And we are left forlorn:—

2

If still the heart is clinging
To flow'rs that bloom below,—
That languish in their springing,
And wither ere they blow:—

3

What disappointments cover
The path-way that we tread!
Dark clouds around it hover,
And all its sun has fled.

4

But if eternal gladness
To faith's keen eye appear,
That beam dispels our sadness,—
That prospect calms our fear.

651. 8. 7. 8. 7. D. CONDER.

Anticipation of the Future State.

OH, the hour when this material
Shall have vanish'd like a cloud!
When, amid the wide ethereal,
All th' invisible shall crowd;
And the naked soul, surrounded
With realities unknown,
Triumph in the view unbounded,—
Feel herself with God, alone.

2

In that sudden, strange transition,
By what new, and finer sense
Shall she grasp the mighty vision,
And receive its influence!
Angels guard the new immortal,
Through the wonder-teeming space,
To the everlasting portal,—
To the spirit's resting place.

Time and Eternity.

3

Will she, there, no fond emotion,
Nought of earthly love retain?
Or, absorb'd in pure devotion,
Will no mortal trace remain?
Can the grave those ties dissever
With the very heart-strings twin'd?
Must she part, and part for ever,
With the friends she leaves behind?

4

No! the past she still remembers:
Faith and hope, surviving, too,
Ever watch those sleeping embers,
Which must rise and live anew:
For the widow'd, lonely spirit,
(Incomplete till cloth'd afresh,)
Longs perfection to inherit,—
Longs to triumph in the flesh.

5

Angels, let the ransom'd stranger
In your tender care be blest;
Hoping, trusting, free from danger,
Till the trumpet end her rest:
Till the trump which shakes creation
Through the circling heav'ns shall roll;
Till the day of consummation,
Till the bridal of the soul.

6

Can I trust a fellow-being,
Can I trust an *angel's* care?
O thou merciful ALL-SEEING!
Beam around my spirit there.
Jesus, blessed Mediator,
Thou the airy path hast trod:
Thou, the Judge, the Consummator,
Shepherd of the fold of God!

7

Blessed fold! no foe can enter,
And no friend departeth thence;
Jesus is their Sun, their Centre,
And their shield—Omnipotence.
Blessed!—for the Lamb shall feed them;
All their tears shall wipe away;
To the living fountains lead them,
Till fruition's perfect day.

8

Lo! it comes—that day of wonder;
Louder chorals shake the skies:
Hades' gates are burst asunder;
See the new-cloth'd myriads rise!
Thought, repress thy weak endeavor;
Here, must reason prostrate fall:
Oh! th' ineffable FOR EVER,—
And the eternal ALL IN ALL!

652. 8. 7. 8. 7. B. BARTON.

Now, we see through a glass, darkly.

1 Cor. xiii. 12.

NOW, we see, beyond the portal
Of the grave's brief resting place,
Glimpses of those joys immortal
Which await the heirs of grace.

2

Now, we feel, at times, in sorrow,
Hopes whereon the heart can stay,—
Preludes of a brighter morrow,
Which shall chase our griefs away.

3

Oh! if such the hopes attendant
While by faith we darkly see,—
How unspeakably transcendent
Must the full fruition be!

The Resurrection and Judgment.

653. C. M. WATTS.

A Prospect of the Resurrection.

1 Thes. iv. 16, 17.

LO! I behold the scatter'd shades;
The dawn of heav'n appears;
The sweet, immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

2

I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around;
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.

3

I hear the voice—"Ye dead arise!"
And lo! the graves obey;
And waking saints with joyful eyes
Salute th' expected day

4

They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the midway air,—
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

5

Oh! may our humble spirits stand
Among them, cloth'd in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

6

How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our victorious King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies,
On love's triumphant wing!

654. 8.7. 8.7. 4.7.

The Day of Judgment.

Rev. i. 7.

LO! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain!
Twice ten thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Boundless glory to the Lamb!

2

Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,—
Heav'n and earth—shall flee away;
All who hate him, must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
"Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!"

3

Now, redemption, long-expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now, shall meet him in the air!
Hallelujah!
See the Son of God appear!

655. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Day of Judgment.

2 Pet. iii. 10—12.

MY waken'd soul, extend thy wings
Beyond the verge of mortal things;
See this vain world in smoke decay,
And rocks and mountains melt away!

2

Behold the fiery deluge roll,
Thro' heav'n's wide arch, from pole to pole:
Pale sun, no more thy lustre boast;
Tremble and fall, ye starry host!

3

This wreck of nature all around,—
The angel's shout, the trumpet's sound,—
All, the descending Judge proclaim,
And echo his tremendous name.

4

Children of Adam! all appear
With rev'rence round his awful bar;
For, as his lips pronounce, ye go—
To endless bliss, or endless woe!

5

Lord, to my wond'ring eyes display
The pomp of that tremendous day;
And let thy grace my soul prepare
To meet its full redemption there.

656. 12s. KNOX.

The Day of Judgment.

2 Pet. iii. 10—12. Rev. i. 7.

LO! a fire of destruction shall compass the earth,
From the east to the west, from the south to the north:
And to ashes the labors of man shall be turn'd,
And the beauties of nature be blasted and burn'd.

2

And the heav'ns and their glories shall all pass away,
Like the morn-dews that shine on the green, leafy spray;
And a trump shall be blown—and the dead shall awake
From their long, silent sleep, that no morning could break.

3

And the Judge shall descend, on his chariot—the cloud;
And the awe shall be deep, and the wail shall be loud;
And, with justice, the race of mankind shall be giv'n
To the terrors of hell, or the glories of heav'n.

The Resurrection and Judgment.

657. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Day of Judgment.

1 Thes. iv. 16.

AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2

How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heav'n before his face,
Astonish'd, shrink away?

3

But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead;
Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

4

Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Flee to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

658. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Come, ye blessed of my Father.

Matt. xxv. 31—34. 1 Thes. iv. 16, 17.

LO! he cometh, countless trumpets
Blow to raise the sleeping dead;
'Midst ten thousand saints and angels
See their great, exalted Head:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God.

2

Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the Judge appear;
Truth and justice go before him,—
Now the joyful sentence hear:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine.

3

"Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Enter into life and joy;
Banish all your fears and sorrows;
Endless praise be your employ:"
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome to the skies!

659. L. M. WATTS.

Come, Lord Jesus.

Rev. xxii. 20.

YE heav'nly gates, loose all your chains!
Let the eternal pillars bow!
Blest Saviour, cleave the starry plains,
And make the crystal mountains flow.

2

Put thy bright robes of triumph on;
And bless our eyes, and bless our ears,—
Thou absent Love, thou dear Unknown,
Thou Fairest of ten thousand fairs.

3

Oh! may our spirits shake their wings,
Eager to meet thy flying throne;
Oh! may we rise from mortal things,
T' attend thy shining chariot down!

4

Serenely may our eyes survey
The blazing earth, and melting hills;
And smile to see the lightnings play,
And flash along before thy wheels!

5

Oh! for a shout of violent joys,
To join the trumpet's thund'ring sound,—
When the last herald shakes the skies,
Awakes the graves, and tears the ground!

6

Ye slumb'ring saints, a heav'nly host
Stands waiting at your gaping tombs;
Let ev'ry particle of dust
Leap into life, for Jesus comes!

Heaven.

660. C. M. BROWNE.

Heaven.

Col. i. 12. Rev. xv. 3.

THERE is a land of living joy,
Beyond the utmost skies;
Where scenes of bliss, without alloy,
In boundless prospects rise.

2

High seated on a blazing throne
Th' eternal God appears;
Puts all his smiling glories on,
And awes, at once, and cheers.

3

At his right hand, the slaughter'd Lamb
Assumes his royal seat;
Adoring angels round him stand,
His ministers of state.

4

Each breast with strong devotion glows;
Love ev'ry heart inspires;
Whilst God's own Spirit gently blows,
And fans the holy fires.

5

In strains celestial, ev'ry tongue
Shall God's high praise proclaim;
And all in concert join the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

661. L. M. Miss Tuck.

Heaven.

Col. i. 12.

THERE is a region, lovelier far
Than sages tell, or poets sing;
Brighter than summer's beauties are,
And softer than the tints of spring.

2

It is not fann'd by summer's gale;
'Tis not refresh'd by vernal show'rs;
It never needs the moon-beam, pale,—
For there are known no ev'ning hours.

3

No—for this world is ever bright
With a pure radiance all its own:
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it, from th' eternal throne.

4

It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose:
No cloud obscures the radiant scene—
There, not a tear of sorrow flows.

5

In vain the philosophic eye
May seek to view the fair abode,
Or find it, in the curtain'd sky:
It is—The dwelling-place of God!

662. C. M. Steele.

The Promised Land.

Is. xxxiii. 17.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2

Fair, distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3

There, pain and sickness never come;
And grief no more complains:
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns!

4

There, rich varieties of joy
For ever feast the mind;
Pleasures which fill, but never cloy,
Immortal and refin'd.

5

No factious strife, no envy, there,
The sons of peace molest;
But harmony and love sincere
Fill ev'ry happy breast.

6

No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

7

There, no alternate night is known,
Nor moon's faint, sickly ray:
But glory from the sacred throne
Spreads everlasting day.

8

Oh! may the heav'nly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear ev'ry thought above.

663. C. M. S. Stennett.

The Promised Land.

Lev. xx. 24. Is. xxxiii. 17.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2

Oh! the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3

There, gen'rous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow:
There, rocks and hills and brooks and vales
With milk and honey flow.

4

O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There, God the Sun for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5

No chilling winds—no pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

6

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

7

Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless, I'd launch away.

664. L. M. DR. RYLAND.

Paradise.

Rev. ii. 7.

FAIR are the flow'rs, and fair the trees,
And sweet the groves of paradise;
And rills of love nnceasing flow,
To water all the garden through.

2

There is no thorn, no briar seen,
But all is beautiful and green:
No barren spot, no stony ground
In all that garden can be found.

3

Jesus, the Sun of Righteousness,
Shines on it with his cheering rays;
And vivifies the lovely flow'rs
With dews of grace and heav'nly show'rs.

665. L. M. *From* H. K. WHITE.

The Inheritance of the Saints, in Light.

Col. i. 12.

HAIL, heav'nly scenes of endless peace!
Where all the storms of passion cease;
Life's suff'rings and its struggles o'er,
The wearied spirit weeps no more:

2

But wears th' eternal smile of joy,
Attaining bliss without alloy!
Welcome! thrice welcome! happy bow'rs,
Where no distressing tempest lours:

3

Where the pure, azure heav'ns display
The everlasting beams of day;
Where the transporting seraph choirs
Pour their sweet strains from golden lyres:

4

Where the calm spirit sinks to ease,
Lull'd by angelic symphonies!
Oh! then to think of meeting there
The friends whose graves receiv'd our tear!

5

The child long lost, the friend bereav'd,
Back to our sorrowing hearts receiv'd,
Shall meet in bliss, with Christ to reign,
Never to grieve nor part again.

666. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

The Heavenly Rest.

Heb. iv. 9.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand'rers giv'n;
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for ev'ry wounded breast—
'Tis found above—in heav'n.

2

There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of ev'n;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose, in heav'n!

3

There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driv'n;
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heav'n!

4

There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects, giv'n;
And views the tempest passing by,
The ev'ning shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heav'n!

5

There, fragrant flow'rs, immortal, bloom,
And joys supreme are giv'n:
There, rays divine disperse the gloom:—
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn of heav'n!

667. L. M. STEELE.

The Glorious Presence of Christ in Heaven.

John xvii. 24.

OH! for a sweet, inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,—
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns!

2

There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall;
And with delightful worship own
His smile their bliss, their heav'n, their all.

3

Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise;
And love and joy and triumph spread
Through all th' assemblies of the skies.

4

He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture, while they gaze:
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

5

There, all the fav'rites of the Lamb
Shall join, at last, the heav'nly choir:
Oh, may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire!

6

Dear Saviour, let thy Spirit seal
Our int'rest in that blissful place;
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

668. C. M. STEELE.

The Joys of Heaven.

COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart;
Inspire each lifeless tongue:
And let the joys of heav'n impart
Their influence to our song.

2

Then, to the shining seats of bliss
The wings of faith shall soar;
And all the charms of paradise
Our raptur'd thoughts explore.

3

Pleasures unsullied flourish there,
Beyond the reach of time:
Not blooming Eden smil'd so fair
In all her flow'ry prime.

4

Sorrow and pain, and ev'ry care,
And discord, there, shall cease;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.

5

The soul, from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its pow'r no more!
But, cloth'd in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

6

There, on a throne, (how dazzling bright!)
Th' exalted Saviour shines;
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heav'nly minds.

7

There, shall the foll'wers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs;
And endless honors to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

8

Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love;
Our feeble notes inspire;
Till, in thy blissful courts above,
We join th' angelic choir.

669. 7s. RAFFLES.

The Glory of Heaven, and the Happiness of Glorified Saints.

Rev. vii. 15—17. xxi. 4. 16—21.

HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Far above these lower skies,
Fair and exquisitely bright
Heav'n's unfading mansions rise:
Glad, within these blest abodes,
Dwell the raptur'd saints above,
Where no anxious care corrodes,
Happy in Immanuel's love!

2

Once, the big, unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrow'd cheek,
Told, in eloquence sincere,
Tales of woe they could not speak:
But, these days of weeping o'er,
Pass'd this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never—never weep again!

3

'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark!—their songs melodious rise,—
Songs of praise to Jesus' love!

Happy spirits !—ye are fled—
Ev'ry sorrow left behind ;
Lull'd to rest the aching head,
Sooth'd the anguish of the mind !

4

All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturb'd repose :
There, no cloud can intervene ;
There, no angry tempest blows !
Ev'ry tear is wip'd away ;
Sighs no more shall heave the breast ;
Night is lost in endless day—
Sorrow, in eternal rest !

670. C. M. WATTS.

The Song of Angels.

EARTH has engross'd my love too long ;
'Tis time to raise my eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

2

There, the blest man, my Saviour, sits,—
The God, how bright he shines !
And scatters infinite delights
O'er all the happy minds.

3

Seraphs with elevated strains
Circle the throne around ;
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

4

Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs,—
Jesus, my love, they sing !
Jesus, the name of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from ev'ry string.

5

Hark ! how, beyond the narrow bounds
Of earth and time, they run ;
And speak in most majestic sounds
The Godhead of the Son.

6

And now they sink the lofty tone,
And gentler notes they play ;
And bring th' Eternal Godhead down
To dwell in humble clay.

7

Oh, sacred beauties of the man !
(The God resides within !)
His flesh all pure, without a stain—
His soul without a sin.

8

Then, how he look'd, and how he smil'd !
What wondrous things he said !
Sweet cherubs, stay,—dwell here awhile,
And tell what Jesus did.

9

At his command the blind awake,
And feel the gladsome rays ;
He bids the dumb attempt to speak—
They try their tongues in praise.

10

He sheds a thousand blessings round,
Where'er he turns his eye :
He speaks,—and at the sov'reign sound
The hellish legions fly.

11

While thus with unambitious strife
Th' ethereal minstrels rove
Through all the labors of his life,
And wonders of his love,—

12

In the full choir a broken string
Groans with a strange surprise ;
The rest in silence mourn their King,
That loves, and bleeds, and dies !

13

Seraph and saint, with drooping wings,
Cease their harmonious breath ;
No blooming trees, nor bubbling springs,
While Jesus sleeps in death.

14

Then, all at once, to living strains
They summon ev'ry chord ;
Break up the tomb, and burst his chains,
And show their rising Lord.

15

Around, the flaming army throngs,
To guard him to the skies ;
With loud hosannas on their tongues,
And triumph in their eyes.

16

In awful state the conqu'ring God
Ascends his shining throne ;
While tuneful angels sound abroad
The vict'ries he has won.

17

Now let me rise, and join their song,
And be an angel too ;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

18

I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise :
Oh ! for some heav'nly notes, to bear
My spirit to the skies !

671. H. ROGERS.

The last Plague of Egypt.

Ex. xii. 29, 30.

'TIS midnight—'tis midnight o'er Egypt's dark sky,
And in whirlwind and storm the Sirocco sweeps by:
All arid and hot is its death-breathing blast,—
Each sleeper breathes thick, and each bosom beats fast.

2

And the young mother wakes and arouses from rest,
And presses more closely her babe to her breast;
But the heart that she presses is death-like and still,
And the lips that she kisses are breathless and chill.

3

And the young brother clings to the elder in fear,
As the gust falls so dirge-like and sad on his ear;
But that brother returns not the trembling embrace:
He speaks not—he breathes not—death lies in his place.

4

And the first-born of Egypt are dying around;
'Tis a sigh—'tis a moan—and then slumber more sound:
They but wake from their sleep, and their spirits have fled—
They but wake into *life*, to repose with the *dead*.

5

And there, lay the infant still smiling in death,
That scarce heav'd its breast as it yielded its breath;
And there lay the boy, yet in youth's budding bloom,
With the calmness of sleep—but the hue of the tomb!

6

And there, fell the youth in the pride of his prime,
In the morning of life—in the spring-tide of crime:
And unnerv'd is that arm, and fast clos'd is that eye,
And cold is that bosom which once beat so high.

7

And the fond mother's hope, and the fond father's trust,
And the widow's sole stay, are returning to dust:
Egypt has not a place where there is not one dead,
From the proud monarch's palace to penury's shed.

8

And the hearths of that country are desolate now,
And the crown of her glory is struck from her brow:
But while proud Egypt trembles, all Israel is free—
Unfetter'd—unbound as the wave of the sea.

672. 8.8. 8.6. 8.6. 8.4.

MONTGOMERY.

Manifestations of the Divine Benignity.

Ex. xvii. 6. xxxiv. 6. 1 John iv. 8. 16.

I SEEK the valley:—all alone
I seem in this sequester'd place:
Not so; I meet unseen, yet known,
My Maker face to face;
My heart perceives his presence nigh,
And hears his voice proclaim—
While, bright, his glory passes by—
His noblest name.

2

LOVE is that name,—for God is LOVE!
Here, where, unbuilt by mortal hands—
Mountains below, and heav'n above—
His awful temple stands,
I worship:—"Lord! though I am dust
And ashes in thy sight,
Be thou my strength; in thee I trust;
Be thou my light."

3

Hither, of old, th' Almighty came;
Clouds were his car, his steeds the wind;
Before him went devouring flame,
And thunder roll'd behind:
At his approach the mountains reel'd,
Like vessels, to and fro:
Earth, heaving like a sea, reveal'd
The gulphs below.

4

Borne through the wilderness in wrath,
He seem'd in *pow'r* alone a God;
But blessings follow'd in his path,
For Mercy seiz'd his rod:
She smote the rock,—and, as he pass'd,
Forth gush'd a living stream:
The fire, the earthquake, and the blast,
Fled as a dream.

673. EDMESTON.

And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took an harp, and played with his hand: so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him.

1 Sam. xvi. 23.

OH! speak to my spirit, sweet harp of heav'n!
For the waves of sorrow swell;
To the pow'r of chords like thine 'tis giv'n
The rising storm to quell:
Sorrow and gloom and fear depart,
As thy chords, harmonious, ring;
Like the demon that fled at the lovely art
Of Israel's minstrel-king.

2

Were I doom'd to tread a weary course,
Of ev'ry joy bereft;
Still—still I should have a sweet resource,
If only my harp were left:
In the thorny road, on the stormy sea,
In the gloomy vale of care,
I could rise, as to heav'n, in ecstasy,
And fly from my sorrows, there!

674. CONGREGATIONAL MAG.

The Doom of Babylon.

Is. xiii. 19—22.

THY glory, O Babel, shall vanish away,
With thy pride, and thy pomp, and thy battle array:
Thou *light of Chaldea*, thy light shall burn pale;
And thy joys, and thy pleasures, and beauty shall fail.

2

Thou *glory of kingdoms*, thy glory shall fall,
With the pomp and the splendor of palace and hall;
Not ev'n the wild Arab or shepherd shall dare
To stretch for a moment their tent-curtains there.

3

In the scenes of thy revels, the halls of thy pride,
The beasts of the desart in covert shall hide;
And the lion shall find in thy ruins his lair,
And the brood of the serpent shall nestle them there.

4

And the dragon shall dwell in thy palace of state,
And the bittern and owl shall exult o'er thy fate;
And the brightness of ages shall vanish away,
And still thou shalt dwell in the gloom of decay.

675. Byron.

The Destruction of Sennacherib.

2 Kings xix. 35. 2 Chr. xxxii. 21. Is. xxxvii. 36.

THE Assyrian came down, like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

2

Like the leaves on the forest when summer is green,
That host, with their banners, at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown:—

3

For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breath'd in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heav'd, and for ever grew still!

4

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray on the rock-beating surf.

5

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

6

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

676. 112th. Emily Taylor.

The different Destinations of the Righteous and the Unrighteous.

Ps. xxxvii.

OH! do not grieve, though men of guile
In all their pride may flourish now;
Though patient worth may droop awhile,
And pine in want, distress'd and low:
Go, read, with heav'n-instructed eyes,
Its aim—its end—its destinies.

2

Thine own appointed path pursue,
With calm reliance on thy God:
These evil days are short and few;
And ev'ry thorn in meekness trod
Shall be a pledge of peace to thee—
A pledge of blessings yet to be.

677. Knox.

Dreams of the Past.

Is. xxix. 8.

IN the watches of night, when the blessings of slumber
On the eyes of the weary have fall'n, like the dew,
My spirit, reliev'd from its care and its cumber,
Returns to the joys that its infancy knew:

I hear the sweet words of my father and mother;
I sport on the plain, with my sister and brother;
I feel that the love which we bear for each other
Is an union of bliss that will ever be true.

2

Oh! blest are the visions in which we recover
The joy to our youth and our infancy giv'n;
When the sunshine no shadow of darkness comes over,
No arrow of pain to the bosom is driv'n!

But, at morning, I wake from the dreams I had cherish'd,
And alas! from the land of existence have perish'd
The brethren that lov'd me, the parents that nourish'd;
And I weep, and I long to be with them—in heav'n.

678. H. Rogers.

The Conqueror from Edom and Bozrah.

Is. lxiii. 1—5.

OH! who is it comes from the field of the slain,
Array'd in his garb of the dark crimson stain?
Who is it that passeth thus wrathfully by,
With his raiment so deeply empurpled in dye?

2

"It is I—It is I, who have risen, at length,
In the day of my wrath, with the sword of my strength;
It is I, who have spoken, nor spoken in vain,
Now return'd with the spoils from the field of the slain."

3

And why, O thou Victor—oh! why thus imbue
Thy garments of snow with the deep crimson hue?
And why, mighty Victor, thy raiment thus red,
As though thou hadst trodden where thousands had bled?

4

"I have trodden the wine-press of Edom alone;
Yet their armies are scatter'd, their banners are strown;
And still will I tread o'er the hosts of their pride,
Till in crimson yet deeper my raiment is dyed.

5

There was not a helper in Israel, that day,
No arm that could save from the hostile array:
I look'd—but alas! there was no one to save,
No hand that could snatch from the grasp of the grave.

6

But I have aris'n in my glory, at length,
In the day of my wrath—with the sword of my strength,
With the seal on my arm, and the stain on my vest;
And where I have fought shall my people be blest!"

679. KNOX.

Rachel Weeping.

Jer. xxxi. 15—17.

A VOICE comes from Ramah, a voice of despair—
For death's gloomy angel is triumphing there:
The children of beauty his arrows have smote,
And Rachel is weeping for hers that are not.

2

Alas! for the parent whose hope and whose trust
Are wither'd and broken, and hid in the dust—
Where the blossom of summer all lovely appears;
But the dew-drops of ev'ning are mingled with tears.

3

A voice comes from Ramah, a voice of dismay—
But the words of Jehovah can soothe it away:
They tell of a region where grief is forgot—
And Rachel is solac'd for those that are not.

680. S. M. WARING.

Libera nos Domine.

In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our wealth; in the hour of death; and in the day of judgment—Good Lord, deliver us. LITANY.

Ps. iv. 1.

SWEET is creation's incense, giv'n
Back to its source, all-bounteous heav'n!
Lo, flow'ry vales break forth in song,
And sunny hills the strain prolong!—
Whence heard we, then, the note of pain,
Or groaning elements complain? *
Child of mortality, for thee,
'Tis nature's voice of sympathy:
From thine, her kindred sorrows grew;
For she has lost her Eden too:
Hark! that sigh from sea to sea!
Libera nos Domine!

2

Bring, then, the solemn harp, and share
In nature's hope, and nature's pray'r:
And thou, her Lord, for whom did flow
Deep draughts of more than nature's woe—
By all the paschal moon did see,
In shades of sad Gethsemane;
By all that was on Calv'ry done,
Beneath the horror-clouded sun;
By thine ascent to heav'n's high seat;
By thy thence-mission'd Paraclete;
Hear, whene'er we cry to thee,
Libera nos Domine!

3

If thou dost trace o'er pleasant ground
Our path, with bloom and verdure crown'd,
Forbid the exile's feet to roam,
Unmindful of his heav'nly home,
Till darken'd joys, or closing day,
O'ertake the pilgrim on his way:
If trouble, wave on wave, shall seem
To cross his steps, an endless stream;
And strings, erewhile with joy that rang,
Mute o'er those willow'd waters hang;
Thou who art where we would be,
Libera nos Domine!

4

But there's a tide remains, at last
To pass, when all the rest are pass'd;
And deep to deep proclaims afar
How mighty death's dark billows are:
Yet thou—omnipotent to save—
Didst cross that Jordan's parted wave;
And bear into the land of rest
The graven jewels on thy breast:
Where thou hast trod, we too will go;
For there no floods shall overflow:
With us in the waters be:
Libera nos Domine!

5

And since once more thou wilt appear,
With trump that ev'n the dead shall hear,
Stamp now thine image in this clay;
And own it in that awful day,

* Rom. viii. 22.

When, wide unfurl'd, all flesh shall see
Thy perfect law; and ev'ry knee
Shall bend, and ev'ry tongue avow,
Thou, Lord, art righteous—only thou!

If then the voice of pray'r we raise,
Ere pray'r shall quite dissolve in praise,
Faith shall breathe that latest plea,
Libera nos Domine!

681. 11s. D. L. Richardson.

Nature.

THE fair smile of morning, the glory of noon,
The bright stars adorning the path of the moon,—
The mist-cover'd mountain, the valley and plain,
The lake and the fountain, the river and main,—
Their influence combining, illume and control
The care and repining that darken the soul.

2

The timid spring, stealing through light and perfume;
The summer's revealing of beauty and bloom;
The rich autumn, glowing with fruit-treasures crown'd;
The pale winter, throwing his snow-wreaths around;—
All widely diffusing a charm on the earth,
Wake loftier musing, and holier mirth.

3

There is not a sorrow that has not a balm
From nature to borrow, in tempest or calm;
There is not a scene, there is not a scene,
But virtue and reason may gaze on, serene;
And own it possessing a zest for the glad,—
A solace and blessing to comfort the sad!

682. 7.6 7.6. S. M. Waring.

The God of Nature.

Ps. xiv. 1. xix. 1—6. Rom. i. 20.

COME, leave these vales below thee:
Come, stretch thine eagle eye;
And nature more shall show thee
Of Him thou canst not spy.

2

Gaze on the fire-stream, pouring
Down Etna's viny steep;
Go where the billows' roaring
Is loudest on the deep:

3

Where thunders roll before him,
And where his lightnings shine,
Bow, tremble, and adore him;
For God—this God is thine.

4

Now, round his footsteps springing,
What wreaths embalm the air!
While hills break forth in singing,
Go, trace his footsteps there:

5

When morn's first beam from slumbers
Awakes the dewy flow'rs;
Or with that bird whose numbers
Charm starry midnight hours:

6

To him let rapture wing thee,
From heights where eagles dwell
Or let the glad bee bring thee
Home to her thymy cell.

7

Where'er thou wilt, observe him
In things that fairest shine;
Then, joyful, fly to serve him,
For God—that God is thine.

683. 11.6. 11.6. D. BOWRING.

The God of Nature.

Ps. xiv. 1. xix. 1—6. Rom. i. 20.

GREAT All in All! I bend in dust before thee:
Ev'n so veil'd cherubs bend:
In calm devotion, lowly I adore thee,
All-wise, all-present Friend!
Thou to the earth its emerald robes hast giv'n,
Or curtain'd it in snow;
And the bright sun, and the soft moon, in heav'n,
Before thy presence bow.

2

Thy pow'r and wisdom spread the map of nature,—
That map so fair and bright;—
Rear'd the vast arch of heav'n—on ev'ry creature
Pouring its streams of light:
Thine influence feeds the early spring-rose, glowing,
Quickens the teeming sea:
Thine is the storm through the dark forest blowing,—
Thine, heav'n's soft harmony.

3

Thine is the beam on ocean's bosom glancing,
Thine is the thunder-cloud:
Thine are the lamps that light our steps, advancing
To the tomb's solitude:
Thou speakest—and all nature's pregnant bosom
Heaves with thy mighty breath:
Thou frownest—man, ev'n like a frost-nipp'd blossom,
Drops in the lap of death.

4

A thousand worlds, which roll around us brightly,
Thee in their orbits bless:
Ten thousand suns, which shine above us nightly,
Proclaim thy righteousness:
Thou didst create the world—thy sov'reign mandate
First woke it into day;
And the same pow'r that measur'd, weigh'd, and spann'd it,
Shall bid that world decay.

5

Thou Pow'r sublime! whose throne is firmly seated
O'er stars and glowing suns,
Oh! could I praise thee—could my soul, elated,
Waft thee seraphic tones!
Had I the lyres of angels—could I bring thee
An off'ring worthy thee,
In what bright notes of glory would I sing thee!—
Blest notes of ecstasy!

684. B. Barton.

The Beauties of Nature.

OH! who, that has an eye to see,
A heart to feel,—a tongue to bless,—
With cold insensibility
Can gaze on nature's loveliness?—

2

The bright sun's animating beams;
The pale moon's mild and pensive ray;
The living freshness of the streams;
The glories of a new-born day.

3

Sweet are her charms! oh! why should [vice
Unwisely, impiously destroy them!
Even this world were paradise,
Would man but virtuously enjoy them.

685. Bowring.

A Tranquil Rural Scene.

NOTHING is breathing below, above,
But the spirit of harmony, joy, and love:
Nothing is seen or heard around
But beauty's smiles and music's sound—
Music re-echo'd in earth and air,
Beauty that's visible every where:
Join the concert and share the joy;
Why should the cares of earth alloy
Pleasures which heav'n itself has giv'n,—
Heav'nly pleasures, which lead to heav'n?

686. 6.6.11. 6.6.11. Barton.

The Dawning of Day.

THE morning is breaking,
The day is awaking,
And beauty and glory are beaming around:
Bright flow'rets are blowing,
Cool streamlets are flowing, [resound.
And meadows and woodlands with music

2

The lark, upward winging,
His matin is singing,
Delighted the homage of nature to pay;
And thus man's devotion,
With hallow'd emotion, [day.
Should rise to his God with the dawning of

687. Bowring.

Reflections on the Starry Heavens.

Ps. viii. 3, 4. xix. 1.

GENTLY the shades of night descend;
Thy temple, Lord! is calm and still;
A thousand lamps of ether blend,
A thousand fires that temple fill—
To honor thee:—'Tis bright and fair,
As if the very heav'ns, imprest
With thy pure image smiling there,
In all their loveliest robes were drest:
Yet thou canst turn thy friendly eye
From that immeasurable throne;
Thou, smiling on humanity,
Dost claim earth's children for thine own.

688. Newton.

A Thought on the Sea-shore.

IN ev'ry object here, I see [thee:
Something, O Lord, that leads to
Firm as the rocks thy promise stands;
Thy mercies, countless as the sands;
Thy love, a sea immensely wide;
Thy grace, an ever-flowing tide.

2

In ev'ry object here, I see
Something, my heart, that points to thee:
Hard as the rocks that bound the strand,
Unfruitful as the barren sand,
Deep and deceitful as the ocean,
And like the tides in constant motion.

689. Edmeston.

Heavenly Influence.

OH! whence is the freshness that gives
the flow'r
Its scent and its summer hue?
It came in the dark and the midnight hour,
In drops of heavenly dew:
So, often, in sorrow, the soul receives
An influence from above, [gives
That beauty and sweetness and freshness
To patience and faith and love.

2

But the sun is high, and the dew is dry,
And the flow'r has lost its bloom;
Its bell droops low, and the passer by
Perceives no sweet perfume:

So, like, again, to the drooping flow'r,
Is the sunshine of fortune's ray;—
The graces that bloom'd in a darksome hour
Have faded and pass'd away.

690. L. M. H. K. White.

Solitude.

THE COMPLAINT.

IT is not that my lot is low,
That bids this silent tear to flow;
It is not grief that bids me moan,
It is—that I am all alone.

2

In woods and glens I love to roam,
When the tir'd hedger hies him home;
Or by the wood-land pool to rest,
When, pale, the star looks on its breast.

3

Yet, when the silent ev'ning sighs
With hallow'd airs and symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone,
And sighs that it is all alone.

4

The autumn leaf is sear and dead;
It floats upon the water's bed:
I would not be a leaf, to die
Without recording sorrow's sigh!

5

The woods and winds, with sudden wail,
Tell all the same unvaried tale;
I've none to smile when I am free,
And when I sigh, to sigh with me!

6

When, lost in thought, a friend I view,
That thinks on me, and loves me too;
I start, and, when the vision's flown,
I weep that I am all alone.

691. L. M. Conder.

Solitude.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

BUT art thou thus indeed alone?
Quite unbefriended—all unknown?
And hast thou, then, His name forgot
Who form'd thy frame, and fix'd thy lot?

2

Is not His voice in ev'ning's gale?
Beams not with Him the star so pale?
Is there a leaf can fade and die
Unnotic'd by His watchful eye?

3

Each flutt'ring hope, each anxious fear—
Each lonely sigh, each silent tear,
To thine Almighty Friend is known,—
And say'st thou—thou art "all alone"?

692. 10. 10. 6. 6. Conder.

Hope.

Rom. xv. 4. Tit. i. 2.

BRIGHT morning-star of bliss! whose cheering ray
Shines through the mist of dark futurity,
Illumes the night of woe,
And gilds the clouds of care;

2

Thou art the pulse of nature: urg'd by thee
Each diff'rent member acts his little part;
Life through the system flows,
And animates the world.

3

Kindled by thee, the world's bright meteors blaze:
Thy magic name is on the hero's shield:
The universe itself
Is pension'd on thy smiles.

4

And when from paradise an exile driv'n,
Man, silent, weeping, solitary, roam'd,
Before him thou didst fly,
And strew his path with flow'rs.

5

And oft thy syren voice would charm his grief,
Like the sweet minstrel in the court of Saul,
And sing of promis'd bliss,—
An Eden in the skies.

6

Thy voice is like the wild Eolian harp,
Or distant music to the list'ning ear,
Whose indistinctness charms,
And steals away delight.

7

When life's frail vessel drinks the briny wave,
Chill penury blasts, and storms of care descend,
Anchor'd on thee, secure,
She weathers out the storm.

8

The dungeon knows thy voice: nor gates nor bars
Can Hope exclude,—the poor man's comforter,
The antidote to pain,
The conqueror of death:—

9

For when this frame decays, and death appears,
Reclin'd on thee the suff'rer breathes his last;
And on thy wings he soars
To stand before his God.

693. 11s. BOWRING.

The Contrast of Sinful Folly and Christian Virtue.

IN folly and error the godless one reigns;
The dark grave of terror receives his remains;
The tempest beats o'er him, no port can he find—
Perdition before him and horror behind.

2

But placid and peaceful is virtue's control;
No tumult distressful rolls over its soul:
Its morning is greener than spring-tide array;
Its ev'ning serener than summer's decay.

3

There's brightness around it, there's glory above;
Religion hath bound it with meekness and love:
Nor transient nor mortal its influence is;
Eternity's portal receives it to bliss.

694. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Thoughts on a Mole-hill in a Church-yard.

TELL me, thou dust beneath my feet,
Thou dust that once had breath!
Tell me, how many mortals meet
In this small hill of death?

2

The mole that scoops, with curious toil,
Her subterranean bed,
Thinks not she ploughs a human soil,
And mines among the dead.

3

But oh! where'er she turns the ground
My kindred earth I see:
Once, ev'ry atom of this mound
Liv'd, breath'd, and felt like me.

4

Like me, these elder-born of clay
Enjoy'd the cheerful light;
Bore the brief burthen of a day,
And went to rest at night.

5

The tow'rs and temples crush'd by time,—
Stupendous wrecks!—appear
To me less mournfully sublime
Than the poor mole-hill here.

6

Once in this dust, that heav'd with breath,
What countless pulses beat!
Tell me—in this small hill of death
How many mortals meet?

7

And now their fleeting day is past:—
Beyond it, who can tell
In what mysterious region cast
Their living spirits dwell?

8

I know not—but I soon shall know,
When life's sad conflicts cease;
And this warm, beating heart lies low,
In their cold bed of peace.

695. D. C. M. T. MOORE.

*The Flight of the Carrier Pigeon Improved.**

THE bird, let loose in Eastern skies,
When hast'ning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam;
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay;
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

2

So, grant me, Lord, from ev'ry care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to thee!
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;—
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,—
Thy freedom on her wings!

696. COWPER'S GUION.

The Swallow.

I AM fond of the swallow; I learn from her flight,
Had I skill to improve it, a lesson of love:
How seldom on earth do we see her alight!
She dwells in the skies,—she is ever above.

2

It is on the wing that she takes her repose,
Suspended and pois'd in the regions of air;
'Tis not in our fields that her sustenance grow,
It is wing'd, like herself,—'tis ethereal fare.

3

She comes in the spring,—all the summer she stays;
And, dreading the cold, still she follows the sun:—
So, true to our love, we should covet his rays,
And the place where he shines not, immediately shun.

4

Our light should be love, and our nourishment pray'r;
It is dangerous food that we find upon earth:
The fruit of this world is beset with a snare;
In itself it is hurtful, as vile in its birth.

5

Let us leave it ourselves,—'tis a mortal abode,—
To bask in the sunshine of infinite love:
Let us fly the dark winter, and follow the road
That leads to the day-spring of glory above.

* The Carrier Pigeon, it is well known, flies at an elevated pitch, in order to surmount every obstacle between her and the place to which she is destined.

697. 104th. CONDER.

The sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself.

Ps. lxxxiv. 3.

THE birds have their home; they fix on their nest:
Wherever they roam, they return to their rest:
From them fondly learning, my soul would take wing;
To thee so returning, my God and my King!

2

Oh, happy the choirs who praise thee above!
What joy tunes their lyres!—their worship is love:
Yet safe, in thy keeping, and happy, they be,
In this world of weeping, whose strength is in thee.

698. S. M. WARING.

What dost thou, O wandering dove?

Partially imitated from
DOMENICO CERASOLU.

WHAT dost thou, O wandering dove,
From thy home in the rocks' riven breast?
'Tis fair—but the falcon is wheeling above:
Ah, fly to thy sheltering nest! [nest!
To thy nest!—wand'ring dove—to thy

2

Frail bark, on that bright summer sea,
That the breezes now curl but in sport—
Spread swiftly thy sail, nor, though pleasant it be,
E'er linger till safe in the port:
For the port!—little bark—for the port!

3

Tir'd roe, who the hunter dost flee,
While his arrow ev'n now's on the wing—
In yon deep, green recess there's a fountain for thee:
Go, rest by that clear, secret spring:
To the spring!—panting roe—to the spring!

4

My spirit, still hov'ring unblest,
'Mid shadows so fleeting and dim,—
Ah! know'st thou thy rock, and thy haven of rest, [Him!
And thy pure spring of joy?—then to
Then to Him!—flutt'ring spirit—to Him!

699. 10. 11. 10. 11. B. BARTON.

On the Glory usually depicted round the Head of the Saviour.

BLAMELESS as pleasing might the fancy be,
That first with glory's radiant halo crown'd thee:
Art's reverend homage should rejoice to see
The majesty of Godhead beaming round thee.

2

But had thy mien to outward sight been such,
In Godlike splendor to the sense appealing,—
What mortal hand had dar'd thy form to touch,
Though conscious ev'n the touch was fraught with healing?

3

More truly, but more darkly, prophecy
Thy vesture of humanity had painted;
Uncomely, and repulsive to the eye,
A man of sorrows, and with grief acquainted!

4

Saviour and Lord! if in thy human hour
Evangelists alone might tell thy story;
Oh! how shall painter's art, or poet's pow'r,
Pourtray thee coming in thy promis'd glory!

700. T. C. M. B. BARTON.

The Vale of Tears.

Eccles. xii. 1—7.

HOW beautiful life's op'ning scenes
Appear to childhood's view!
The flow'rs are bright, the turf is green,
The sky above is blue:
A blast may blight, a beam may scorch,
A cloud may intervene;
But lightly mark'd, and soon forgot,
They mar not such a scene:
Fancy still paints the future bright,
And hope the present cheers;
Nor can we deem the path we tread
Leads through a vale of tears.

2

But soon the lovely flow'rs, that deck'd
Our early path-way side,
Have droop'd and wither'd in their bloom,
And one by one have died:
The turf by noon's fierce heat is sear'd,
The sky is overcast;
There's thunder in the torrent's tone,
And tempest in the blast:
Fancy is but a phantom found,
And hope a dream appears;
And soon—too soon, our hearts confess
This life a vale of tears.

3

Then wasting pain and sickness trace
Their furrows on the brow;
The grasshopper, alighting down,
Is felt a burthen now:
The silver cord shall soon resign
Its feeble, slender hold;
The pitcher at the fountain break,
And bowl of purer gold:
Oh! were it not for hope's bright ray,
Which even death endears,
How weary were our pilgrimage
Through this dark vale of tears!

701. 6s. EDMESTON.

False Land.

1 Cor. xv. 33.

WHEN many a tempest blew,
And hope was almost past,
The worn and weary crew
Hail'd distant land at last.

2

Far o'er the lee it lay;
Its arms seem'd spreading wide,
To form a quiet bay,
Where ships might safely ride.

3

That refuge from the storm,
That distant bay, so fair,
Was but a cloudy form,
And melted into air!

4

So earthly hope deceives
The heart that trusts it most;
So all the beauty leaves
Some seeming happy coast.

5

But faith can look before,
And see the land of light:
That is the only shore
That never mocks the sight.

702. S. M. WARING.

Sunny Isle.

A Thought in Horace Improved.

Come, seek we, on the mighty ocean's breast,
Those favor'd fields, those islands of the blest. EPOD. 16.

THEN is there no sunny isle
In seas so bright and fair,
Where the storms come not, and the green shores smile,
Undash'd by waves of care?—
No summit so near the skies,
Where weary feet may flee?—
Where sorrow's dark deluge can never rise?
Ah, no!—it may not be!

2

Yet an ark is on the tide,
For anxious bosoms giv'n; [side
And the flood that whelms each refuge be-
But lifts it nearer heav'n:
The celestial hills appear,
In visions of ecstasy:—
But may it be wreck'd ere it anchor there?
Oh, no!—it cannot be!

3

The hues of the faithful bow
Shall fade unmourn'd away;
For the tints in that lovely sky shall glow
More bright and warm than they:
In that hav'n so bright and fair,
Beyond the stormy sea,
Nor pain shall enter, nor sorrow, nor care—
Oh, no!—it cannot be!

703. Mrs. Hemans.

The Better Land.

Is. xxxiii. 17.

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land;
Thou callest its children a happy band:
Mother! oh! where is that radiant shore?—
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?—
Is it where the flow'r of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs?"
—"Not there—not there, my child!"

2

"Is it where the feath'ry palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under many skies?—
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze;
And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
—"Not there—not there, my child!"

3

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—
Is it there, sweet mother—that better land?"
—"Not there—not there, my child!

4

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there—it is there, my child!"

704. D. C. M.

From Percy Rolle.

The Last.

THE LAST!—how gloomy are the thoughts
These simple words convey;
How deep they speak of joys to cease,
Or pass'd, like dreams, away;—
Of happy hours too swiftly flown,
Like winter sunshine o'er;
Of flow'rs that sprung within the heart,
But blossom there no more.

2

The last!—its bitterness of grief
All earthly-born must know;
But oh! there is a brighter world
Where cares are not, nor woe;
And he who knows his home is *there*,
When life itself is past,
May calmly smile, and welcome death,
His happiest hour—the last!

705. 8.8.4. 8.8. 8.4.

From DALE.

Weep not for me.

WHEN these transient scenes of pleasure
Vanish as a dream, for ever,
Weep not for me!

When the feeble pulse is ceasing;
Start not at its swift decreasing;
'Tis the fetter'd soul's releasing:
Weep not for me!

2

Though the pangs of death assail me,
Christ is mine—he cannot fail me:
Weep not for me!
Yes, though sin and death endeavor
From his love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength, for ever:
Weep not for me!

706. 6.10. 10.10. MRS. HEMANS.

The Hour of Death.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flow'rs to wither at the north-wind's breath;
And stars to set:—but all—
"All own, alike, th' unsparing hand of death."

2

Day is for mortal care;
Eve for glad meetings round the joyful hearth;
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of pray'r—
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth!

3

Youth and the op'ning rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee!—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey!

4

We know when moons shall wane;
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea;
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

5

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our path grow pale?
They have *one* season—*all* are ours, to die!

6

Thou art where billows foam;
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home;
And the world calls us forth, and thou art there!

7

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flow'rs to wither at the north-wind's breath;
And stars to set:—but all—
"All own, alike, th' unpitying hand of death."

707. 7.8. 7.8. 7.7.8. BOWRING.

The Ravages of Death.

Ps. lxxxix. 48. Eccl. viii. 8.

LOOK around thee—see Decay,
On her wing of darkness, sweeping
Earth's proud monuments away:—
See fond Memory, musing, weeping,
O'er the ruins time has made—
Strength in dust and ashes laid!
Virtue in oblivion sleeping!

2

Look around thee—wisdom, there,
Careless Death confounds with folly
In a common sepulchre!
See th' unrighteous and the holy
Blended in the gen'ral wreck!
Well those tears may wet thy cheek—
Tears of cheerless melancholy!

3

Look around thee—beauty's light
Is extinguish'd;—Death assembles
Youth's gay morn, and age's night;
And the steadfast mountain trembles
At his glance, like autumn's leaf:
'Tis in vain to seek relief;
Death, the tyrant, ne'er dissembles.

4

Look behind thee—men whose frown
Made whole nations quake before them—
What is left of their renown?
Wrecks around, oblivion o'er them:
Kings and conqu'rors, where are they?
Ask those worthless heaps of clay—
Oh! despise not, but deplore them!

5

Look before thee—all the glare,
All the pomp around thee glowing,
All that charms the eye or ear,
Strains of softest music flowing,
Grace and beauty—all are sped
Swiftly onward to the dead:
Thither thou, and thine are going.

6

Look before thee—at that vault,
Where time's ravage is recorded,
Thou wilt be compell'd to halt:
Thou wilt be no more regarded
Than the meekest, meanest slave,
Sleeping in a common grave,
Unrespected—unrewarded.

7

Look above thee—there, indeed,
May thy thoughts repose delighted:
If thy wounded bosom bleed,
If thy fondest hopes are blighted,
There a stream of comfort flows;
There the sun of splendor glows:
Wander, then, no more, benighted.

8

Look above thee—never eye
Saw such pleasures as await thee!
Thought ne'er reach'd such scenes of joy
As are there prepar'd to meet thee!
Light undying—seraph-lyres—
Angel-welcomes—cherub-choirs—
Smiling thro' heav'n's doors to greet thee!

708. POPE.

The Dying Christian to his Soul.

1 Cor. xv. 55—57.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh! quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife;
And let me languish into life!
Hark! they whisper,—angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away:"—
What is this absorbs me quite?—
Steals my senses—shuts my sight,—
Drowns my spirits—draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul—can this be death?
The world recedes—it disappears;—
Heav'n opens on my eyes—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

709. REV. G. CROLLY.

A Solemn Dirge.

Eccl. xii. 7.

"EARTH to earth, and dust to dust!"
Here, the evil and the just,
Here, the youthful and the old,
Here, the fearful and the bold,
Here, the matron and the maid,
In one silent bed are laid;
Here, the vassal and the king
Side by side lie withering;
Here, the sword and sceptre rust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

2

Age on age shall roll along
O'er the pale and mighty throng;
Those that wept, and those that weep,
With those sleepers all shall sleep,
Brothers, sisters of the worm:
Summer's sun, or winter's storm,
Song of peace, or battle's roar,
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more:
Death shall keep his sullen trust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

3

But a day is coming fast,
Earth, thy mightiest, and thy last!
It shall come in fear and wonder,
Heralded by trump and thunder;
It shall come in strife and toil,
It shall come in blood and spoil,
It shall come in empire's groans,
Burning temples, trampled thrones:
Then, ambition, rue thy lust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

4

Then shall come the judgment sign;
In the east the King shall shine,
Flashing from heav'n's golden gate,
Countless myriads round his state,
Spirits with the crown and plume:
Tremble, then, thou sullen tomb!
'Mid the blaze of living light,
Heav'n shall open on our sight!
Kingdom of the ransom'd just—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

710. 8. 8. 8. 4.

From MONTGOMERY.

The Grave.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found:
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

2

The storm that wrecks the wintry sky
No more disturbs their deep repose
Than summer ev'ning's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

3

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber, in that dreamless bed,
From all my toil!

4

But wait, my soul, and cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past:
Rely on heav'n's unchanging will
For peace at last.

5

Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam,
Soon thou shalt reach a shelt'ring port,—
A quiet home.

6

Seek the true treasure, seldom found,
Of pow'r the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heav'nly balm.

7

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
And, while the mould'ring ashes sleep
Low in the ground,—

8

The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heav'n's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day!

711. 10s. STEELE.

Elegy.

1 Thes. iv. 13.

FORGIVE, blest saint, the tributary tear,
That mourns thine exit from a world like this:
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
And stay'd thy progress to the seats of bliss.

2

No more confin'd to grov'lling scenes of night;
No more a tenant pent in mortal clay;
Now should we rather hail thy glorious flight,
And trace thy journey to the realms of day.

712. WATTS.

The Day of Judgment.

Attempted in English Sapphics.

1 Thes. iv. 16. 2 Thes. i. 7—10. 2 Pet. iii. 10—12. Rev. i. 7.

WHEN the fierce north-wind, with his airy forces,
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury;
And the red lightning, with a storm of hail, comes
Rushing amain down;

2

How the poor sailors stand amaz'd, and tremble!
While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a fierce onset to the gaping waters,
Quick to devour them.

3

Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
(If things eternal may be like those earthly)—
Such the dire terror, when the great archangel
Shakes the creation:

4

Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven;
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes;
While the dread summons thunders through death's caverns,
"Come all to judgment."

5

See the sky parting, and the Judge descending!
Now let our praises all arise to Jesus:
How he sits God-like! and the saints around him
Thron'd, yet adoring.

6

Oh! may I sit there, when he comes triumphant,
Dooming the nations! then ascend to glory,
While our hosannas all along the passage
Shout the Redeemer!

713. 8.8. 8.7. 8.8. 8.7. DURANT.

The Land of the Blessed.

In Imitation of BURNS.

Rev. xxi. 4.

WOE and wailing shall be o'er, then;
Weeping shall be heard no more, then;
Let us quickly, sweetly soar, then,
To the land of the blessed:
Not an eye shall shed a tear, there;
None shall feel of grief or fear, there;
Ev'ry face a smile shall wear, there,
In the land of the blessed.

2

They, whose wounded, bleeding heart, here,
Learn'd how hard it was to part, here,
Hop'd, amidst the sharpest smart, here,
For the land of the blessed:
Softest zephyrs o'er them blow, there;
Streams of life immortal flow, there;
Those they lost they'll love and know there,
In the land of the blessed.

3

Finest radiance smiling round them,
Still increasing joy hath found them,
Ever since death's angel crown'd them
For the land of the blessed:
Woe and wailing shall be o'er, then;
Weeping shall be known no more, then;
Let us quickly, sweetly soar, then,
To the land of the blessed.

714. EDMESTON.

Sudden Death.

The following remarkable circumstance occurred in a circle of friends, who were debating what might be considered the happiest departure. One of the party thus suddenly expired.

WHICH is the happiest death to die?
"Oh!" said one, "if I might choose,
Long at the gate of bliss would I lie,
And feast my spirit, ere it fly,
With bright, celestial views.
Mine were a ling'ring death without pain,
A death which all might love to see,
And mark how bright and sweet would be
The vict'ry I should gain!
Fain would I catch a hymn of love
From angel-harps that ring above,
And sing it as my parting breath
Quiver'd and expir'd in death;
So that those on earth might hear
The harp-notes of another sphere;
And mark, when nature faints and dies,
What springs of heav'nly life arise;
And gather from the death they view
A ray of hope, to light them through,
When they should be departing too."
"No," said another, "so not I:
Sudden as thought is the death I would die;
I would suddenly throw my shackles by,
Nor bear a single pang at parting,
Nor see the tear of sorrow starting,
Nor hear the quiv'ring lips that bless me,
Nor feel the hands of love that press me,
Nor the frame with mortal terror shaking,
Nor the heart where love's soft bands are breaking:
So would I die!
All bliss, without a pang to cloud it!
All joy, without a pain to shroud it!
Not slain, but caught up, as it were,
To meet my Saviour in the air!
So would I die!
Oh! how bright were the realms of light,
Bursting at once upon the sight!
Even so I long to go—
These parting hours how sad and slow!"

His voice grew faint, and fix'd was his eye,
As if gazing on visions of ecstasy;
The hue of his cheek and lips decay'd;
Around his month a sweet smile play'd:—
They look'd—he was dead!—
His spirit had fled,
Painless and swift as his own desire:
The soul, undress'd
From her mortal vest,
Had stepp'd in her car of heav'nly fire,
And prov'd how bright
Were the realms of light,
Bursting at once upon the sight!

SINGLE VERSES.

Praise.

715. 8s. HOGG.

Blessed be his glorious name for ever.

Ps. lxxii. 19.

BLESSED be thy name for ever!
Thou of life the guard and giver:
Thou canst guard thy creatures, sleeping,
Heal the heart long broke with weeping:
Thou who slumb'rest not, nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest:
Thou of ev'ry good the giver,
Blessed be thy name for ever!

716. D. L. M. BOWRING.

All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord, and thy saints shall bless thee.

Ps. cxlv. 10.

IN ev'ry softly whisp'ring rill,
In ev'ry flow'r, on ev'ry tree;
In ev'ry vale, on ev'ry hill,
There is a voice of melody
He pours the dew, who fill'd the sea—
Breathes from the flow'r, who rules the storm:
Him we may worship—not conceive;
See not, and hear not—yet adore.

Praise.

717. 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Hallelujah.

HALLELUJAH!—earth and sky,
To the joyful sound reply:
Hallelujah!—hence ascend
Pray'r and praise till time shall end.

718. L. M. BEDDOME.

Worthy is the Lamb.

Rev. v. 12, 13.

LOUD hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above!
In lofty songs exalt his name,—
In songs, as lasting as his love!

719. 8.7. 8.7. 4.7.

From S. M. WARING.

Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood—to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever.

Rev. i. 5, 6.

NOW to him who lov'd us—gave us
Ev'ry pledge that love could give;—
Freely shed his blood, to save us;—
Gave his life that we might live—
Be the kingdom,
And dominion—
Glory be for evermore.

720. D. L. M. *From* KNOX.

Universal Praise.

OH, praise the Lord, ye ocean waves!
Ye winds that drift the arrowy snow!
Ye hills o'er which the tempest raves!
Ye trees that in the valley blow!
Ye beasts that through the valley go!
Insects, and birds, with one accord!
Angels above, and men below;
In joyful concert praise the Lord.

721. 10s. YOUNG.

Ardent and Everlasting Praise.

PRAISE! flow for ever (if astonishment
Will give thee leave:) my praise for ever flow! [heav'n:—
Praise, ardent, cordial, constant, to high
More fragrant than Arabia sacrific'd,
And all her spicy mountains in a flame!

722. 8.7. 8.7. FAWCETT.

Universal Praise.

PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator!
Praise to thee from ev'ry tongue:
Join, my soul, with ev'ry creature—
Join the universal song!

723. D. L. M.

WATTS'S LATIN ODE: *translated by* DR. GIBBONS.

Universal Praise to the Saviour.

THE Saviour's praise, all human tongues,
Resound, and tune the noblest songs:
His praises, ye seraphic choirs,
Resound, and sweep your golden lyres;
While the glad stars, that round the pole,
'Twixt heav'n and earth, unceasing roll,
Seize from both worlds the tuneful sound,
And waft th' immortal echoes round.

SINGLE VERSES, AND FRAGMENTS.

Miscellaneous.

724. 10s.

Zeal for Immortal Souls.

Gal. iv. 19.

AWAKE, my dormant zeal! for ever flame
With gen'rous ardor for immortal souls;
And may my head, and tongue, and heart, and all,
Spend and be spent in service so divine.

725. 10s. BOWRING.

A Star-light Meditation.

AMIDST the harmony of thousand stars
I see thy glory. Oh, transporting dreams!
Beautiful visions of that land of joy
Reveal'd by God, and clad in starry light!
Delightful moment! when the gates of heav'n
Glitter resplendently upon my view.
In that soft light, so sweetly shining now,
Amidst those visions, through the shades of time,
Beneath those stars which so serenely smile—
My heart shall be devoted, Lord! to thee.

726. 10s. ROWE.

The Retrospect.

BLEST was the time, and sweetly fled the hours,
While holy love employ'd my noblest pow'rs!
The heav'ns appear'd, and the propitious skies
Unveil'd their inmost glories to my eyes.
"Oh, stay!" I cried, "ye happy moments, stay;
Nor, in your flight, snatch these delights away:
I ask no more the rising sun to view;
To mortals and their hopes I bid adieu."

727. 7s. COWPER'S GUION.

Christian Blessedness.

BLEST who, far from all mankind,
This world's shadows left behind,
Hears from heav'n a gentle strain,
Whisp'ring love, and loves again.

728. 112th. BOWRING.

Come, ye blessed of my Father.

Matt. xxv. 34.

COME, wand'ring sheep! no more alarms—
Thy shepherd calls thee to his arms:
No more fatigue—no more distress,
Shall overwhelm thy helplessness;
Nor raging storm—nor chilly rain,
Disturb thy calm of peace again.

729. 8.9. 9.8. D. CUNNINGHAM.

Longing to be with the Saviour.

DEAR Saviour, I long for the hour
When my spirit, transported, shall soar
From her prison to the light of thy throne,
And know thee as here I am known.
When—when will the clouds roll away,
And this twilight dissolve into day,
And the visions of brightness endure,
And joys be as lasting as pure?

730. BOWRING.

The Grave of the Righteous.

EV'N in the shadiest, darkest night,
The stars shine on unseen;
And the sun is clad in his robes of light
Though mists intrude between: [deep,
And the grave, though dreary, and dull, and
Is bright with a heav'n-born ray;
And its long and seemingly listless sleep
Shall be crown'd with eternal day.

731. *Translation by* BOWRING.

Sapphic Ode.

Let thy tender mercies come unto me.

Ps. cxix. 77. cxlv. 9.

EV'N the plum'd songster, wand'ring through creation,
Ev'n the poor insect, living in the sunbeam,
Ev'n the scorn'd earth-worm, at our feet extended—
All share thy mercy.

Deign, then, to hear me, Father! deign to bless me!
Nought is too lowly for thy smiles benignant—
Nothing too trifling for thy care, thy kindness—
I, too, may share them.

732. 8.6. 8.8.6. 8.6. A.

The Transient Nature of Earthly Beauty.

Job xiv. 2.

FAIRER than morning's early tear,
Or lily's snowy bloom,
Shines beauty in its vernal year;
Bright—sparkling—fascinating—clear—
Gay—thoughtless of its doom:
Death breathes a sudden poison near,
And sweeps it to the tomb!

733. 7s. BOWRING.

Fear not.

FEAR not, faint not:—tho' thou stray
In thy doubts, and thy distress,
God can make a flow'ry way
Even through the wilderness.
Faint not, fear not:—what if woe
Devastate thy path around?
God can make the streamlet flow
Even o'er the barren ground.

734. 10s. WATTS.

Abounding Grace.

Rom. v. 20, 21.

GRACE rules below, and sits enthron'd above:
How few the sparks of wrath; how slow they move,
And drop and die in boundless seas of love!

735. New 50th. D. L. RICHARDSON.

Recollections and Anticipations.

HAIL, twilight memories of past delight!
Hopes of the future blending in my dreams!
Your mingled forms of loveliness and light,
Fair as the summer morning's orient gleams,
Chase the dull gloom of sorrow's cheerless night,
And gild the soul with bliss-reviving beams!

736. 7s. MILMAN.

Anticipation of Heaven.

HALLELUJAH! Praise to God!
Now our earthly path is trod;
Pass'd are all our cares and fears;
Now we quit this vale of tears.
Hallelujah! King of kings!
Now our spirits spread their wings
To the mansions of the blest,
To thine everlasting rest.

737. D. L. Richardson.

The Beauties of Morning.

HOW fair and gay
The scene appears!
All nature wears
A smile of joy:
The dewy mountain,
The crystal fountain,
Are glitt'ring bright
In orient light.

Oh! who could rove
At such an hour
By shrub and flow'r,
In mead or grove,
Without revealing
Responsive feeling,
While nature's voice
Bids man rejoice?

738. 4. 10. 10. 6. Young.

I am the way, and the truth, and the life.

John xiv. 6.

IN his blest life
I see the path, and in his death the price,
And in his great ascent the proof supreme
Of Immortality.

739. C. M. Montgomery.

Paradise.

Rev. ii. 7.

IF God has made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound;
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Will paradise be found!

740. New 50th. Rowe.

Thy loving kindness is better than life.

Ps. lxiii. 3.

IF all the monarchs, whose command supreme
Divides the wide dominion of this ball,
Should offer each his boasted diadem,
I would not quit thy favor for them all:
These trifles with contempt I would resign;
The world's a toy while I can call thee mine.

741. New 50th. Rowe.

I am a stranger in the earth.

Ps. cxix. 19. xxxix. 12.

I'M but a stranger and a pilgrim here,
In these wild regions, wand'ring and forlorn;
Restless, and sighing for my native home:—
Longing to reach my weary space of life,
And to fulfil my task. Oh! haste the hour
Of joy and sweet repose: transporting hope!

742. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8. 8. 8.
Edmeston.

The Latter-day's Glory.

IT seems as if the summer sky
Assum'd a purer blue;
It seems as if the flow'ret's dye
Put on a brighter hue:
A loveliness so soft, so fair,
Pervades the earth, the sea, the air:
Peace dwells below, and all above
Bespeaks the heav'nly reign of love.

743. 8.7. 8.7. 7.7.

S. M. WARING.

Why weepest thou?

John xx. 13. Jer. viii. 22.

JESUS died!—'twas he drank deepest
Of the woes that grieve us now:
Jesus lives!—O thou who weepest,
Hark! he says, "Why weepest thou?
Gilead's fragrant bleeding tree
Sheds its tears of balm for thee."

744. D. L. M. WATTS.

Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.

Ps. lxxiii. 25.

JESUS, my Saviour and my God!
In thee the passions of the mind,
With joys and freedom unconfin'd,
Exult and spread their pow'rs abroad:
Not all the glitt'ring things on high
Can make my heav'n if thou remove:—
I should be tir'd, and long to die;
Ev'n life were pain without thy love.

745. YOUNG.

The Worth of the Soul.

Matt. xvi. 26. Mark viii. 36, 37.

KNOW'ST thou the value of a soul immortal?
Behold this midnight glory: worlds on worlds!
Amazing pomp! Redouble this amaze!
Then thousand add; add twice ten thousand more;
Then weigh the whole:—one soul outweighs them all;
And calls th' astonishing magnificence
Of unintelligent creation poor.

746. 8.8.7. 4.4.7. WATTS.

Time flying.

Job vii. 6. ix. 25, 26.

LIKE the rivers, time is gliding;
Brightest hours have no abiding;
Use the golden moments well:
Life is wasting,
Death is hasting;
Death consigns to heav'n or hell.

747. L. M. STEELE.

Search me, O God.

Ps. cxxxix. 23, 24.

LORD, search, oh! search my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy, impart:
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heav'n and thee.

748. L. M. S. DAVIS.

Prayer for the Jews.

2 Cor. iii. 14—16.

LORD! rend the veil from Israel's eyes;
Dispel the gloomy shades of night:
Thou lovely Star of Jacob, rise,
And let his children see thy light.

749. WATTS.

Thou canst do every thing.

Job xlii. 2.

LORD! when my thoughtful soul surveys
Fire, air, and earth, and stars, and seas,
I call them all thy slaves:
Commission'd by my Father's will,
Poisons shall cure, or balm shall kill:—
Vernal suns or zephyr's breath
May burn or blast the plants to death
That sharp December saves.
What can winds or planets boast
But a precarious pow'r?
The sun is all in darkness lost!
Frost shall be fire, and fire be frost,
When he appoints the hour.

750. C. M. Watts.

Love the Sovereign Grace.

1 Cor. xiii. 8. 13.

MY passions hold a pleasing reign
While love inspires my breast;
Love, the divinest of the train,
The sov'reign of the rest.
This is the grace must live and sing,
When faith and fear shall cease;
And sound from ev'ry joyful string
Through the sweet groves of bliss.

751. D. L. M. Beddome.

Desiring Communion with God.

Ps. lxiii. 1.

MY rising soul, with strong desires,
To perfect happiness aspires,—
With steady steps would tread the road
That leads to heav'n—that leads to God.
I thirst to drink unmingled love
From the pure Fountain-head above:
My dearest Lord, I long to be
Emptied of sin, and full of thee.

752. New 50th. Bowring.

I am thine; save me.

Ps. cxix. 94. xxxi. 15.

MY lot is in thy hand—the night, the day,
The moon's pale glimm'ring, as the sunny ray,
Are thine—and thine the midnight of the grave:—
Oh! be thou there to strengthen and to save;
To light death's valley with thy beam of love,
And smile a welcome to thy throne above!

753. D. L. M. Kelly.

Oh! that I had wings like a dove; for then would I fly away, and be at rest.

Ps. lv. 6.

O SWEET abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims, freed from toil, are blest!
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.
But hush, my soul, nor dare repine!
The time my God appoints is best:
While here, to do his will be *mine*,
And *his* to fix my time of rest.

754. Watts.

Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.

Ps. xxxv. 3.

OH, for a message from above
To bear my spirits up:
Some pledge of my Creator's love
To calm my terrors and support my hope!
Let waves and thunders mix and roar,
Be thou my God, and the whole world is mine:
While thou art Sov'reign, I'm secure:
I shall be rich till thou art poor;
For all I fear, and all I wish—heav'n, earth, and hell, are thine.

755. 10s. Young.

I know whom I have believed.

2 Tim. i. 12.

O THOU Great Arbiter of life and death!
Thy call I follow to the land unknown:
I trust in Thee, and know in whom I trust;
Or life or death is equal; neither weighs;
All weight in this—oh, let me live to thee!

756. YOUNG.

God my All.

Ps. lxxiii. 25.

O THOU, my all!
My theme, my inspiration, and my crown!
My strength in age! my rise in low estate!
My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth—my world!
My light in darkness! and my life in death!
My boast through time! bliss in eternity!—
Eternity, too short to speak thy praise,
Or fathom thy profound of love to man!

757. 10s. YOUNG.

Joy and peace in believing.

Rom. xv. 13.

OH! for a joy, that weaves with art divine
The richest prospect into present peace:
A joy high privileg'd from chance, time, death!
A joy which death shall double, judgment crown!

758. 10s. YOUNG.

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

Matt. xxvii. 46. 50. Mark xv. 34. 37. Luke xxiii. 46.

OH, what a groan was there! a groan *not* HIS:
He seiz'd our dreadful right; the load sustain'd,
And heav'd the mountain from a guilty world:—
A thousand worlds *so* bought were bought too dear!

759. 112th. BOWDLER.

Unfailing Resource under every Trial.

OH! why, by passing clouds oppress'd,
Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast?
Turn, turn to him, in ev'ry pain,
Whom never suppliant sought in vain;
Thy strength in joy's extatic day,—
Thy hope, though joy should pass away.

760. 12.11. 12.11.

Take no thought for the morrow.

Matt. vi. 34.

OH! why should we seek to anticipate sorrow,
And throw the sweet flow'rs of the present away
Oh! why should we muse on the cares of to-morrow,
And lose in its gloom the bright sun of to-day?

761. 6. 10. 10. 10. STEELE.

God the Chief Good.

Ps. iv. 6.

ONE ray of solid hope
That thou art mine, is worth a thousand worlds:
Thy presence, Lord, can gild the shades of death,
And turn the darkness to celestial day.

762. 10s. YOUNG.

Dying Friends.

OUR dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
Our rugged pass to death; to break those bars
Of terror and abhorrence nature throws
'Cross our obstructed way,—and thus to make
Welcome, as *safe*, our port from ev'ry storm.

763. 10s. *From* BOWRING.

God is love.

1 John iv. 8. 16.

OUR God is love! repeats the youthful spring,
Our God is love! the summer days proclaim;
Our God is love! th' autumnal valleys sing,
And winter sweetly echoes to his name.

764. 5.5.4. 5.5.4. S. M. WARING.

We have an Advocate with the Father—Jesus Christ the righteous.

1 John ii. 1.

PLEAD Thou—oh, plead my cause!
Each self-excusing plea
My trembling soul withdraws,
And flies to thee!
Where Justice rears her throne,
Ah! who, save thee alone,
May stand, thou Righteous One?
Plead thou my cause!

765. L. M. REV T. GRINFIELD.

The Welcome Sabbath.

RETURN, thou wish'd and welcome guest;
Thou day of holiness and rest!
Thou best, the dearest of the sev'n,
Emblem and harbinger of heav'n!

766. 8. 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 8. 6.

WATTS.

Now is the day of salvation.

2 Cor. vi. 2.

SEIZE the fair minutes wing'd with haste;
The *now* that flies may be the last:
Seize the salvation ere 'tis past,
Nor mourn the blessing gone:
A thought's delay is ruin here;
A closing eye, a gasping breath,
Shuts up the golden scene in death,
And drowns you in despair.

767. 8.7. 8.7. 8.7. 7.7. D.

T. MOORE.

When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

Ps. xxvii. 8.

SINCE first thy word awoke my heart—
Thy brightness beaming o'er me,—
Where'er I turn my eyes, thou art
All light and love before me:
And, while thy smiling face I see,
All bonds of earth I sever—
Thee, O Lord! and only thee,
I live for, now and ever.

Like him, whose fetters dropp'd away
When light shone o'er his prison,
My spirit, touch'd by mercy's ray,
Has from her chains arisen:
And shall a spirit thus made free
Return to bondage?—Never!
Thee, O Lord! and only thee,
I live for, now and ever.

768. L. M. STEELE.

On the Death of an Infant.

Job xiv. 2.

SO fades the lovely, blooming flow'r,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.

769. 10s. REV. J. EAST.

Sabbath Evening.

SWEET hour! it seems the Sabbath's own repose!
Its gentle breeze feels like the breath of heav'n!
Its twilight, as the dawn of glory, beams
With soften'd radiance; while the whisp'ring airs
Swell on the ear as echoes from the blest:
My Saviour, let me give the hour to thee.

770. 10s. YOUNG.

Christian Morality.

TALK they of morals, O thou bleeding Love!
Thou maker of new morals for mankind!
The grand morality is love of thee.

771. 8 10s. & 6. BOWRING.

The glorious Land of Rest.

Heb. iv. 9.

THERE is a land where everlasting suns
Shed everlasting brightness—where the soul
Drinks from the living streams of love, that roll
By God's high throne!—myriads of glorious ones
Bring their accepted off'ring: oh! how blest
To look from this dark prison to that shrine,
T' inhale one breath of paradise divine—
And enter into that eternal rest
Which waits the sons of God!

772. 10s. MILTON.

The Glory of God in the Works of Creation.

THESE are thy glorious works, PARENT of good;
Almighty, thine this universal frame:
Thus wondrous fair; THYSELF how wondrous then!

773. L. M. BOWRING.

Acceptable Worship.

THE secret sigh, the silent pray'r,
The contrite spirit wafts above,
Will meet with sweet acceptance there,
And bloom around the throne of love.

774. BOWRING.

The day is thine, the night also is thine.

Ps. lxxiv. 16.

THINE is the ev'ning's twilight ray,
And thine the veil that shades the day:
Thine is the music, Father! thine
The morning's minstrel's songs divine.
Thy footsteps imprint the morning hills
Thy voice is heard in the music of rills,
In the song of birds and the heav'nly chorus
That nature utters, around us, o'er us:
Dead is the sense, and dull the ear,
That cannot perceive thee every where.

775. 7s. MRS. MASTERS.

The Pleasures of Religion.

1 Tim. iv. 8. vi. 6.

'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live:
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die:
After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity!

776. 10s. BOWRING.

Disinterested Obedience.

'TIS not thy wrath—'tis not thy dreadful frown,
Which keeps my step in duty's narrow way:
Lord! I would fear thee, though I fear'd not hell;
And love thee, though I had no hopes of heav'n.

777. 3. 10. 10. 6. ROWE.

I would not live alway.

Job vii. 16.

WHEN, my soul,
Oh! when shall thy release from cumbrous flesh
Pass the great seal of heav'n? What happy hour
Shall give thy thoughts a loose to soar, and trace
The intellectual world?

778. 10s. YOUNG.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was.

Eccl. xii. 7.

WHAT though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame?
Earth's highest station ends in—"Here he lies;"
And "Dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.

779. 8.6. 8.8.6. WATTS.

In him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.

Col. ii. 9.

WHATEVER speaks the Godhead great,
And fit to be ador'd—
Whatever makes the creature sweet,
And worthy of my passions, meet
Harmonious in my Lord.

780. 112th. BOWRING.

Evening Communion with God.

WHEN in the darkness, deep and dull,
The shining stars look beautiful;
When the blue heav'ns that we behold
Are sprinkled o'er with living gold,
And the calm breeze speaks whisp'ringly—
We hold communion, Lord! with thee.

781. 10s. J. H.

Be careful for nothing.

Phil. iv. 6.

WITH minds serene, quit ev'ry anxious care,
And ev'ry cross with sweet submission bear;
Your Father's care to all your wants extends,
And wisely sent is ev'ry cross he sends.

782. C. M. BURNS.

Family Prayer.

WHEN, soon or late, we reach the coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driv'n;
May we be found, no wand'rer lost,
A family in heav'n.

783. 8.8. 8.4. BOWRING.

God is love.

1 John iv. 8. 16.

YES! God is love—a thought like this
Can ev'ry gloomier thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes to bliss—
For God is love.

784. 7s. BOWRING.

Our heart shall rejoice in him.

Ps. xxxiii. 21. Phil. iii. 1. iv. 4.

YES, the Lord shall be my joy!
He shall be my hope, my strength:
My rejoicing he shall be!
He will lead my soul at length
To his own felicity.

785. WATTS.

Hope in Darkness.

Ps. xlii. 8. Cant. ii. 16.

YET, gracious God,
Yet will I seek thy smiling face:
What, though a short eclipse his beauties shroud,
And bar the influence of his rays?
'Tis but a morning vapor, or a summer cloud:
He is my Sun though he refuse to shine;
Though for a moment he depart,
I dwell for ever on his heart—
For ever he on mine.

786. S. M. WARING.

The Setting Sun an Emblem of a Glorious Futurity.

YON sapphire clouds and those gleams divine—
Oh! they tell of a rest far brighter than mine:—
A land of all that is hallow'd and dear;
A land of love undash'd with a tear;
Of spring whose warblers no winter shall dread;
Of flow'rs ne'er braided to die o'er the dead;
" Of glories unknown in a world such as this;
Of transports untold in an Eden of bliss!"

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